

FEATURE

COMICS

NOVEMBER

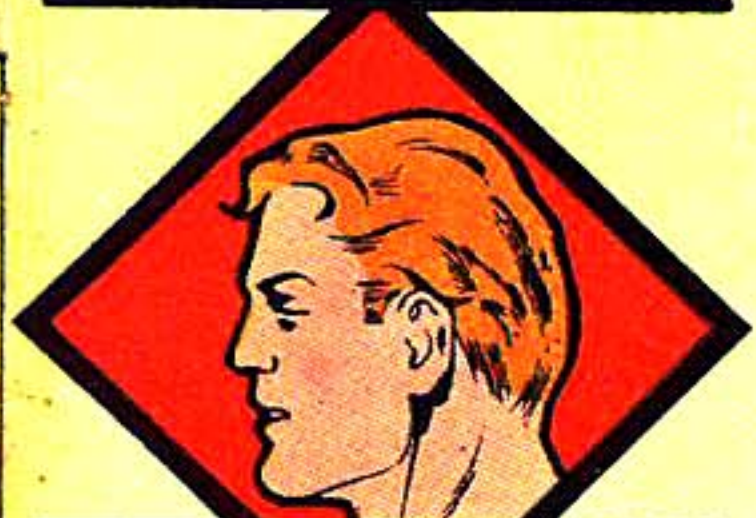
No. 50 10¢

Starring America's
comic sensation

THE **DOLL
MAN**



LALA PALOOZA



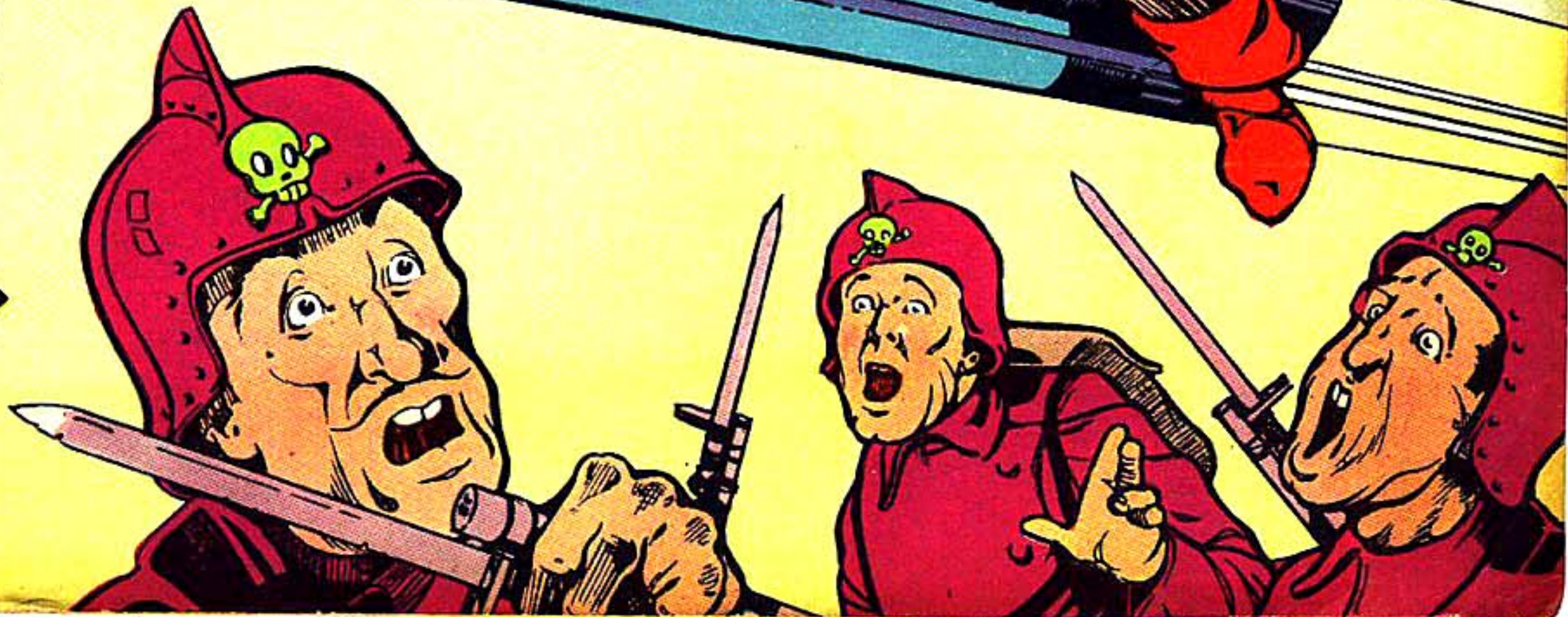
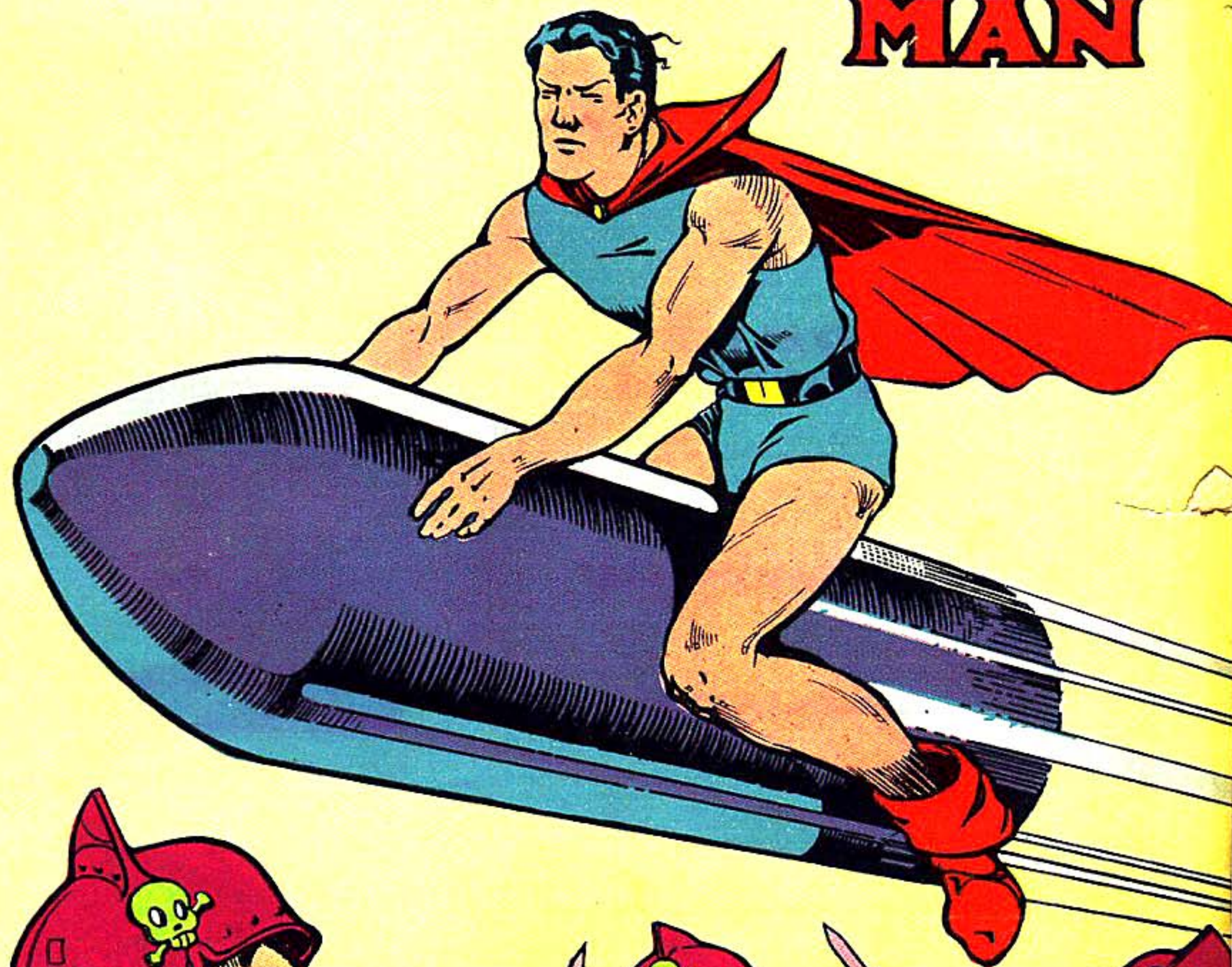
SAMAR



MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW

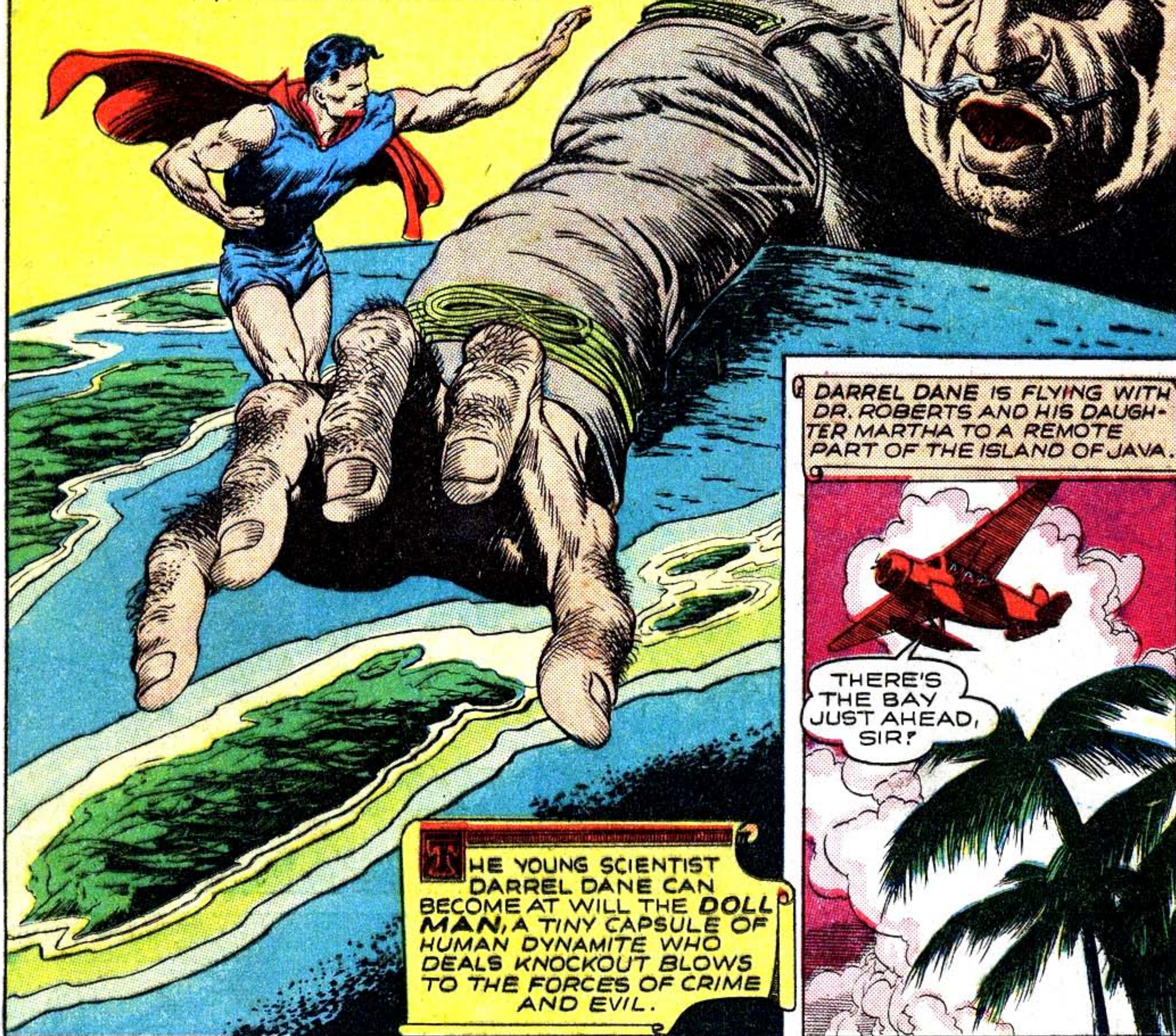




WEB COMIC
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The DOLL MAN

By William Erwin Maxwell



DARREL DANE IS FLYING WITH DR. ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA TO A REMOTE PART OF THE ISLAND OF JAVA.



THERE'S THE BAY JUST AHEAD, SIR!

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST DARREL DANE CAN BECOME AT WILL THE **DOLL MAN**, A TINY CAPSULE OF HUMAN DYNAMITE WHO DEALS KNOCKOUT BLOWS TO THE FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL.



I WONDER WHAT GRIMM HAS TO TELL ME, MARTHA? HIS MESSAGE SAID HE WAS ON HIS DEATH BED!



DARREL AND DR. ROBERTS LEAVE MARTHA IN THE PLANE AND HEAD FOR GRIMM'S SHACK.

GRIMM WAS A CLASSMATE OF MINE, BUT HE SOLD OUT TO A FOREIGN POWER AND FLED HERE IN DISGRACE.



INSIDE THE HUT THEY SEE A MOTIONLESS FIGURE.

HE LOOKS PRETTY FAR GONE, SIR.

DARREL PARTLY REVIVES THE FEVER-WRACKED GRIMM.

EASY NOW, OLD MAN?

I'VE BEEN WRONG. SEE IT ALL NOW.. BEFORE I DIE, I MUST TELL YOU.. AXIS SUBS TO ATTACK MANILA? SECRET SUBMARINE BASE AT..

SUDDENLY, A SHOT IS FIRED THROUGH THE WINDOW..

MURDERED.. TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT?

JOIN MARTHA AT THE PLANE, DR. ROBERTS, I'M GOING AFTER THAT KILLER?

BE CAREFUL, DARREL!

AS DR. ROBERTS TURNS, DARREL DANE SWIFTLY BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.

I'LL AVENGE GRIMM AND FIND OUT WHERE THAT BASE IS?

BUT TWO THUGS SUDDENLY APPEAR AND FORCE MARTHA'S FATHER INTO THE PLANE.

HOP IN, POP? YOU KNOW TOO MUCH? YOU AND THE GIRL ARE COMING WITH US?

WE GOTTA TAKE OFF BEFORE THE OTHER GUY SEES US?

THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO THE HELMET OF THE FLEEING KILLER.

I JUST HOPE THIS MUGG WILL LEAD ME TO WHERE THEY ARE TAKING MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS?

THE UNSUSPECTING THUG FOLLOWS A SECRET TRAIL THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE.

HA! HA! SURE SHOOK THAT GUY OFF EASY?

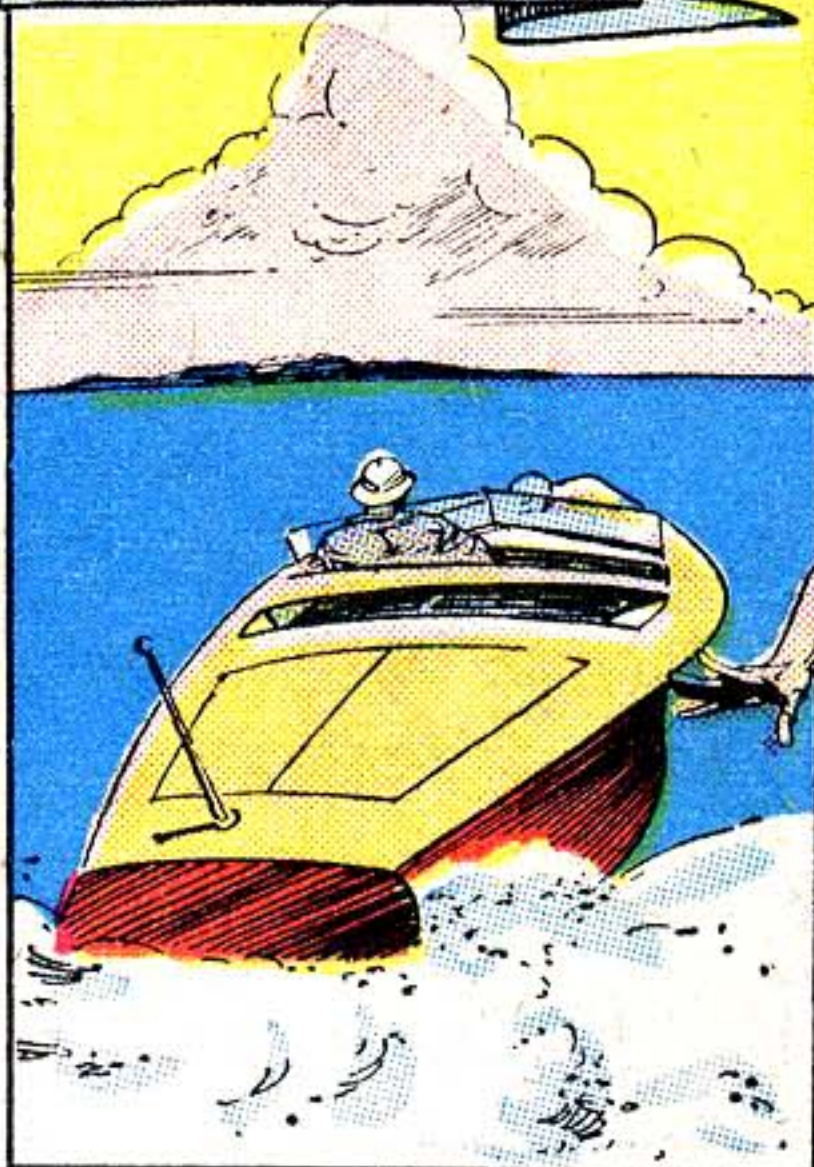
AT LAST THEY REACH THE BRINK OF A STEEP CLIFF..

GOOD? THE BOAT IS STILL HERE. NOW TO FIND THE ROPE LADDER?

THE KILLER WITH HIS UNSEEN PASSENGER CLIMBS DOWN TO A SLEEK MOTOR LAUNCH.



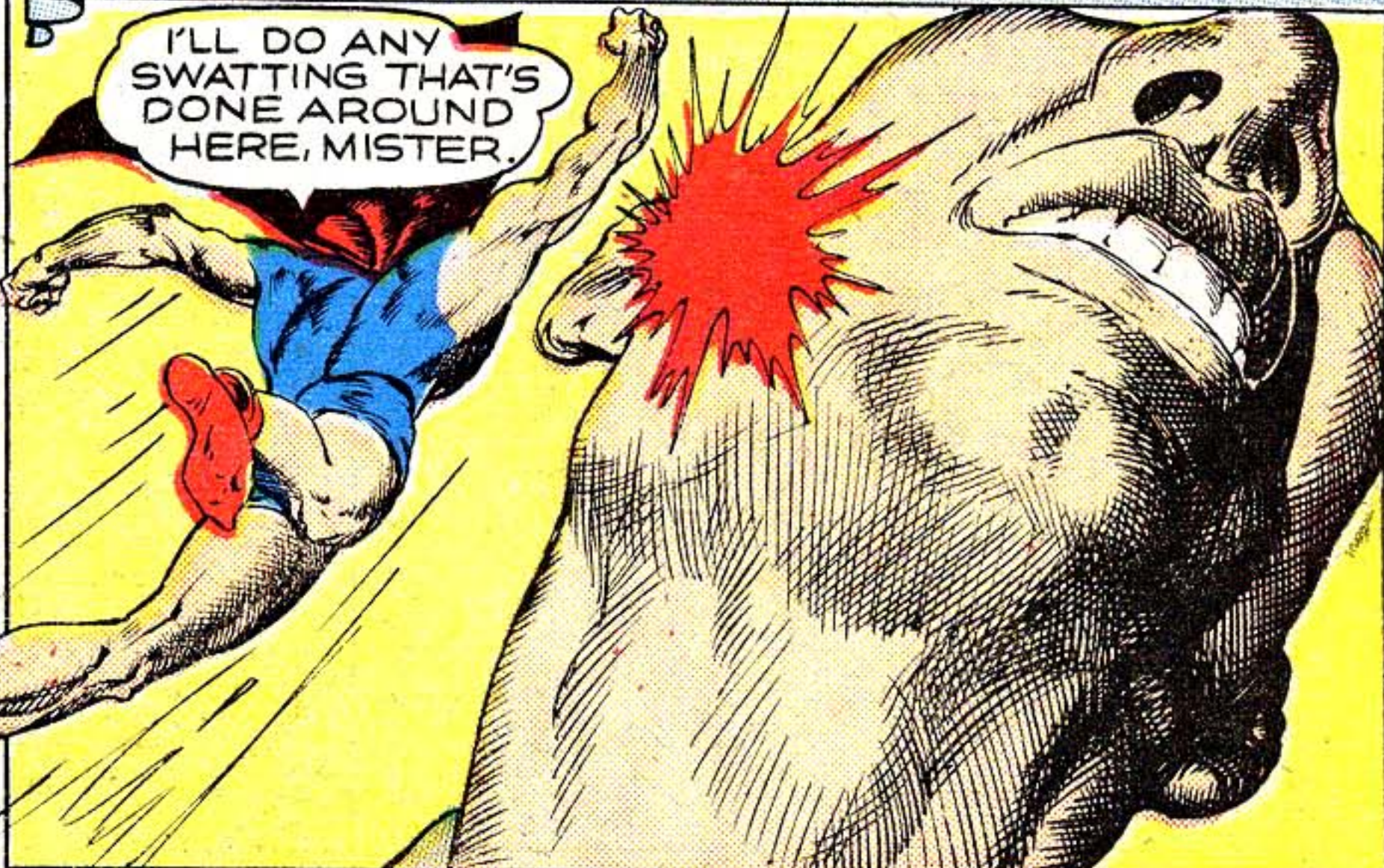
SOON THEY NEAR A WOODED ISLAND.



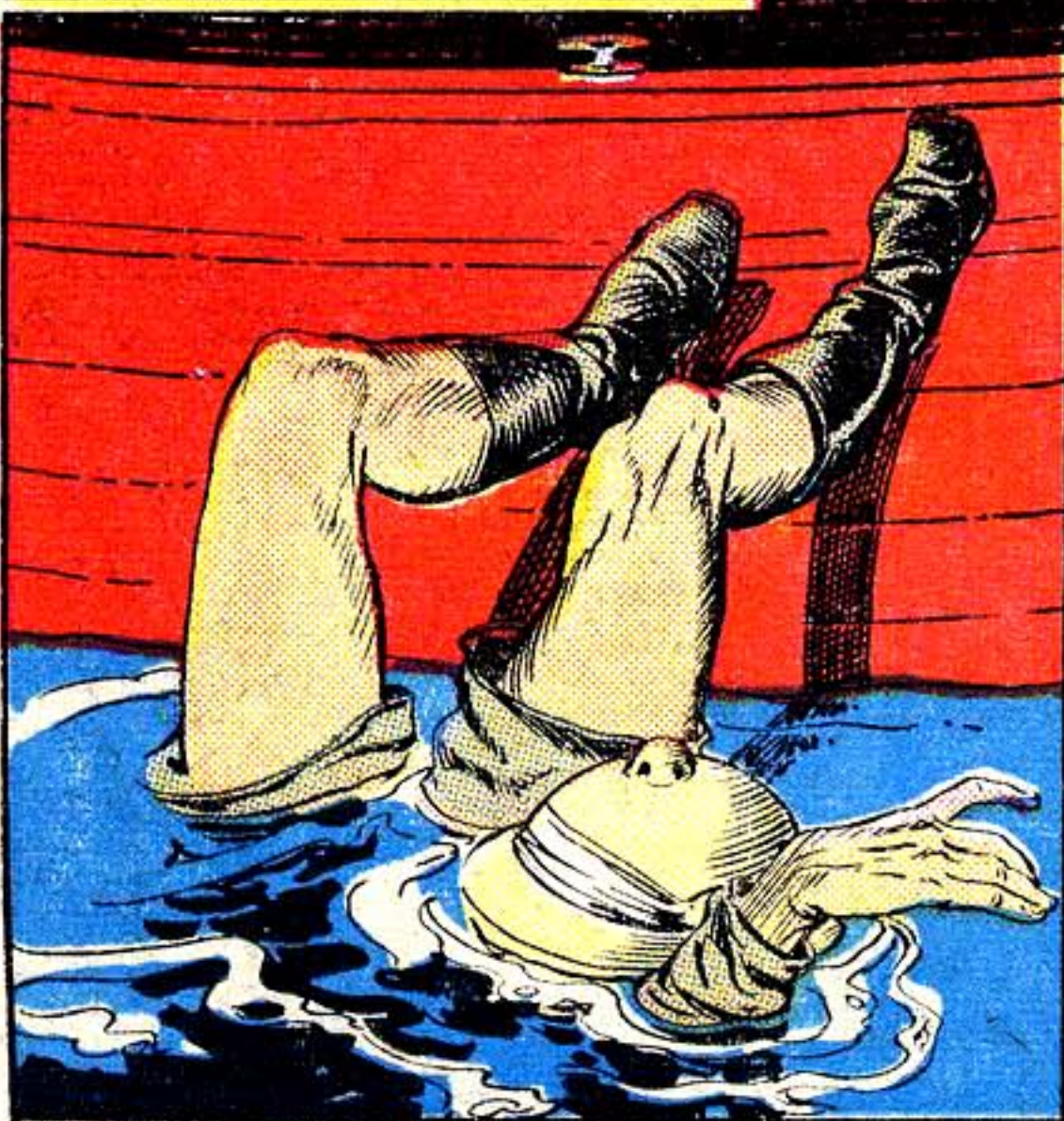
AS THE BOAT SUDDENLY LURCHES, THE DOLL MAN SKIDS OFF THE HELMET.



THE DOLL MAN SWOOPS UP AND DELIVERS A POWERFUL BLOW.



AND THE THUG FOLDS UP LIKE AN ACCORDION.



THE TINY FIGURE LEAPS TO THE STEERING WHEEL AND GUIDES THE LAUNCH TOWARD THE ISLAND.

S'FUNNY? THIS SHOULD BE THE ENEMY BASE, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF LIFE..OR OF DR. ROBERTS AND MARTHA?



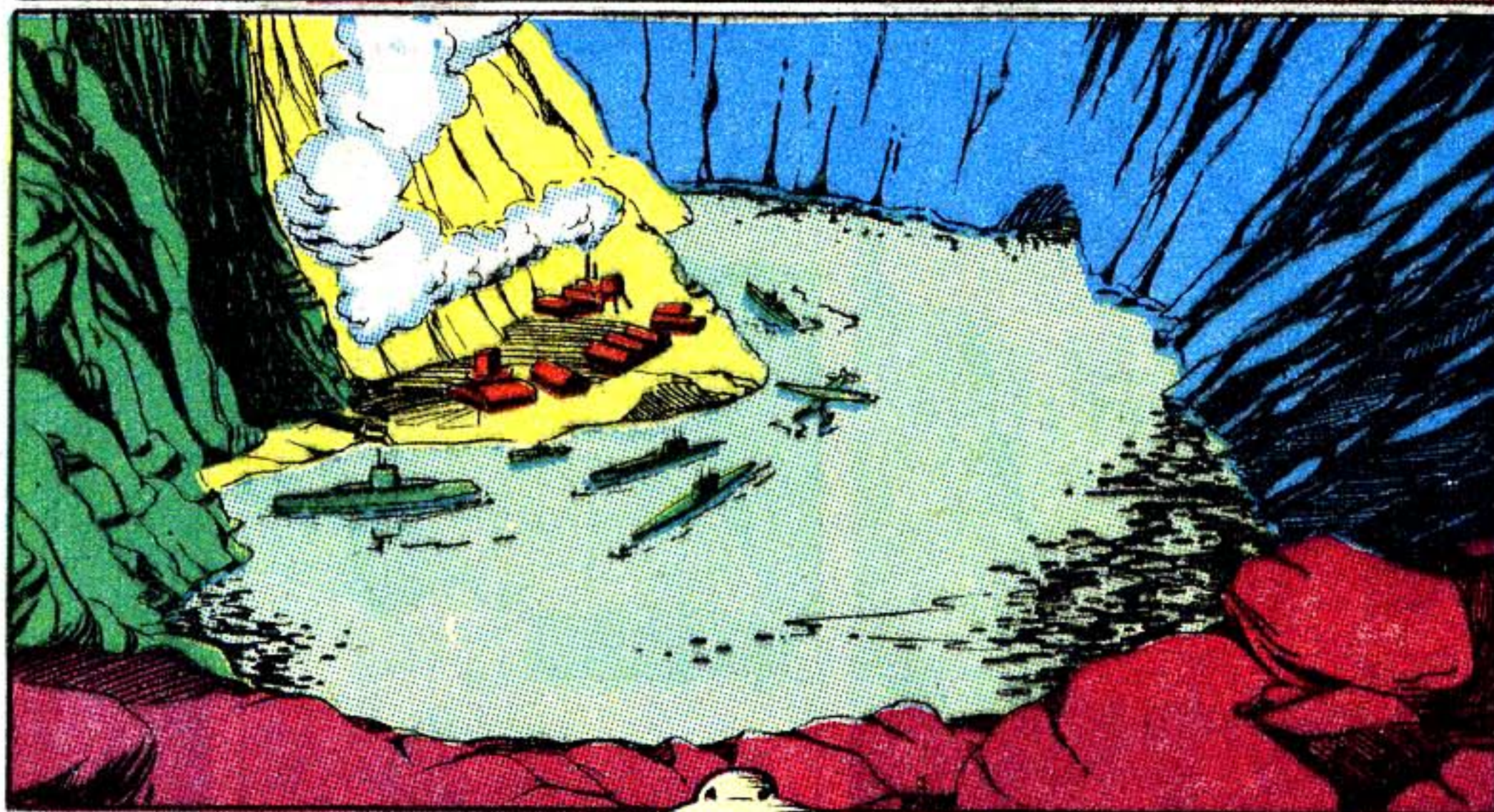
HE HEADS INTO A CONCEALED COVE.



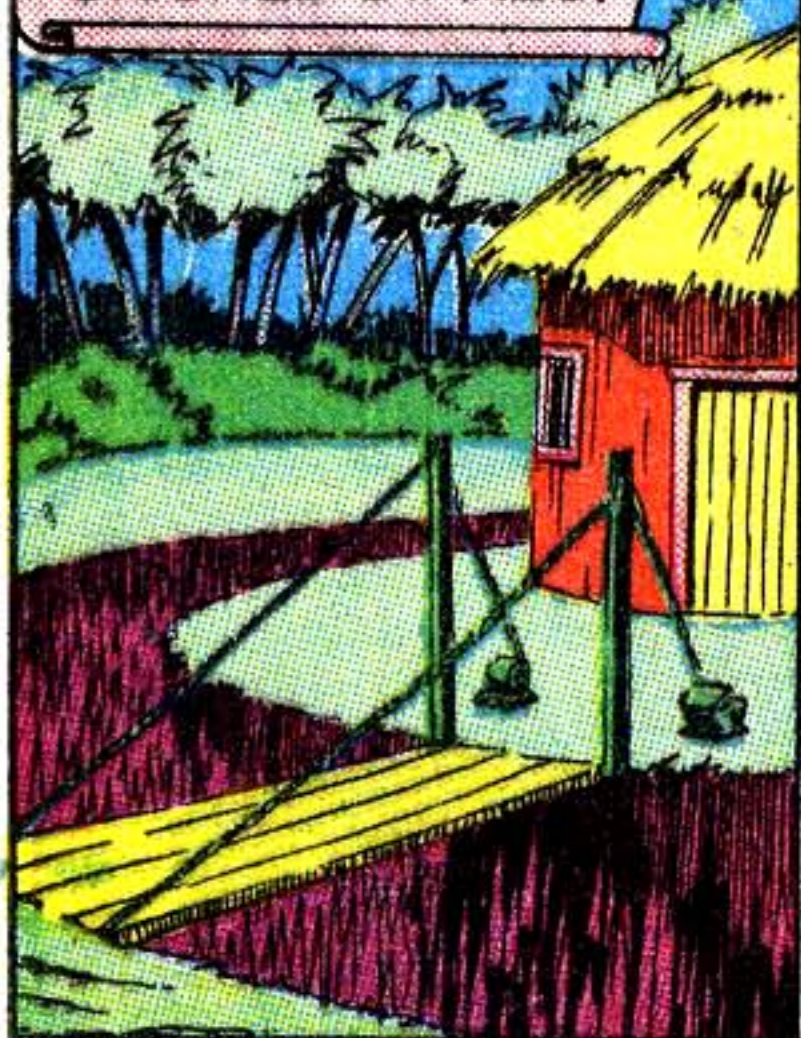
THE DOLL MAN SWOOPS UP TO THE TREETOPS.



AND GAZES DOWN ON AN AMAZING SPECTACLE, AN EXTINCT VOLCANO CRATER, FORMING A SECRET LAKE WHICH HARBORS ENEMY SUBMARINES, DESTROYERS AND PLANES.



HE SPIES A PRIMITIVE GUARDHOUSE, SURROUNDED BY A MOAT BRISTLING WITH POISONED STAKES.



A BURLY GUARD STANDS OUTSIDE.



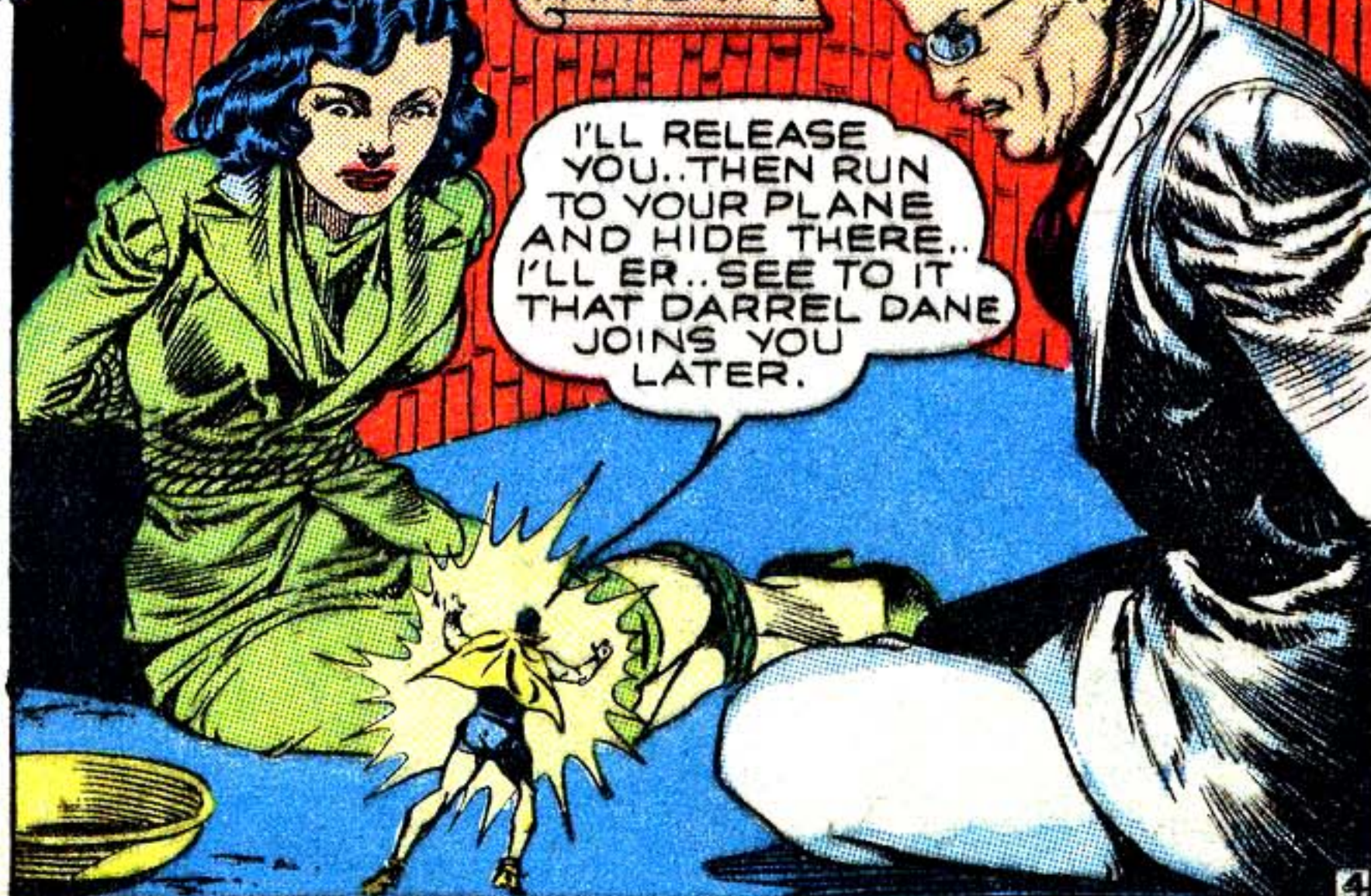
OUT OF NOWHERE COMES A MINIATURE THUNDERBOLT.



THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF THE TINY MAN'S BLOW SENDS THE GUARD HURLING THROUGH THE DOOR.



THE DOLL MAN RUSHES IN AND CONFRONTS MARTHA AND HER FATHER.



MARTHA AND DOCTOR ROBERTS FOLLOW THE DOLL MAN'S ORDERS.

HURRY, DAD? IF ONLY DARREL WERE HERE?

DARREL DANE IS CLOSER THAN MARTHA KNOWS. CHANGING BACK FROM THE DOLL MAN, HE SHOUTS INSULTS AT THE ENEMY.

HEY THERE, YOU EGG-HEADED LAME-BRAINED WALL-EYED BUNCH OF MOTH-EATEN JACKALS! COME OUT OF YOUR HOLES AND FIGHT LIKE MEN!

THE ENRAGED SOLDIERS COME RUNNING...

NOBODY CAN CALL US DOSE NAMES, FRANZ?

NO BUT SOMEONE DID, OTTO?

OTTO ENTERS THE GUARD HOUSE...

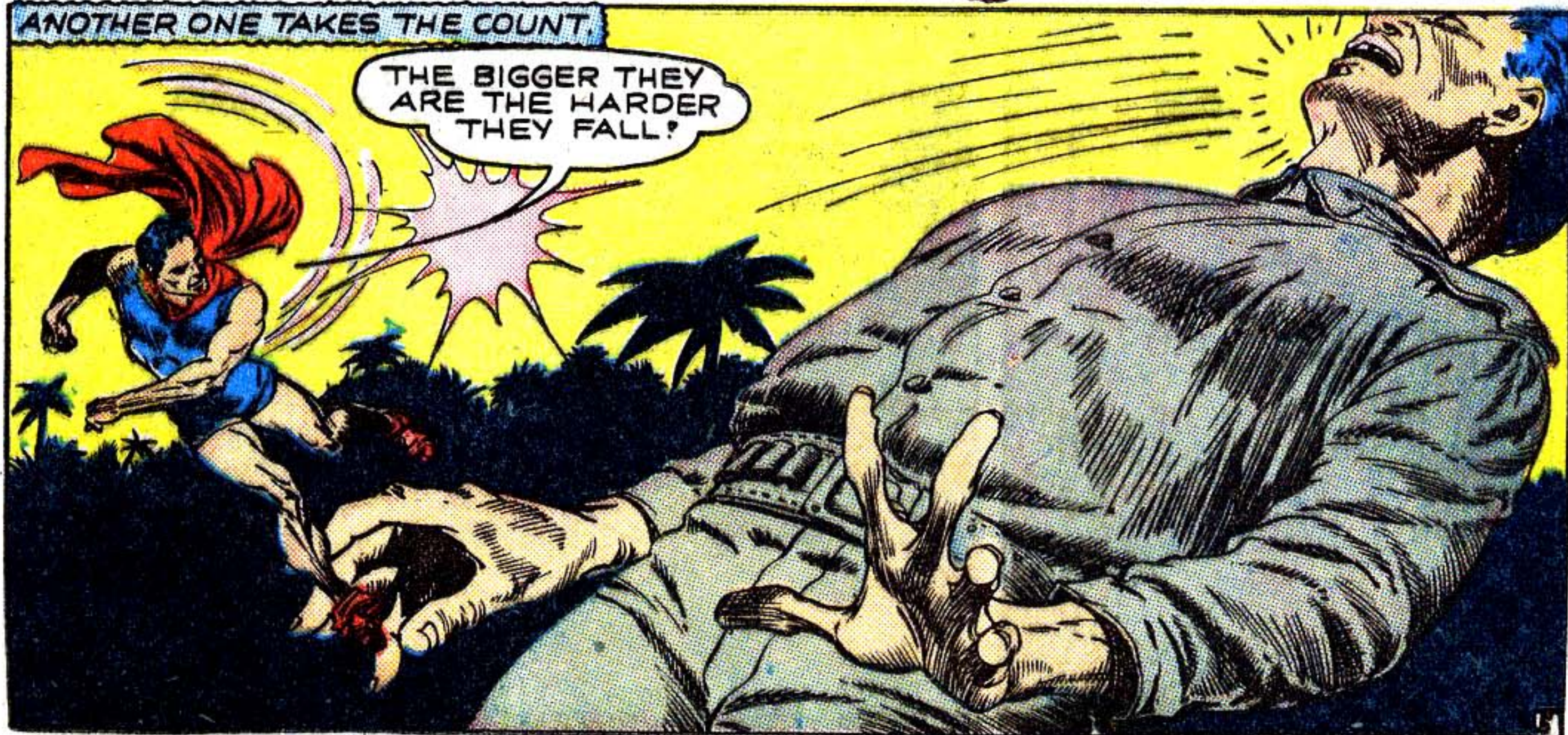
WHAT? NOBODY HERE YET?

BUT DARREL DANE HAS BECOME THE DOLL MAN AGAIN.

HAVE YOU GENTLEMEN MET?

ANOTHER ONE TAKES THE COUNT

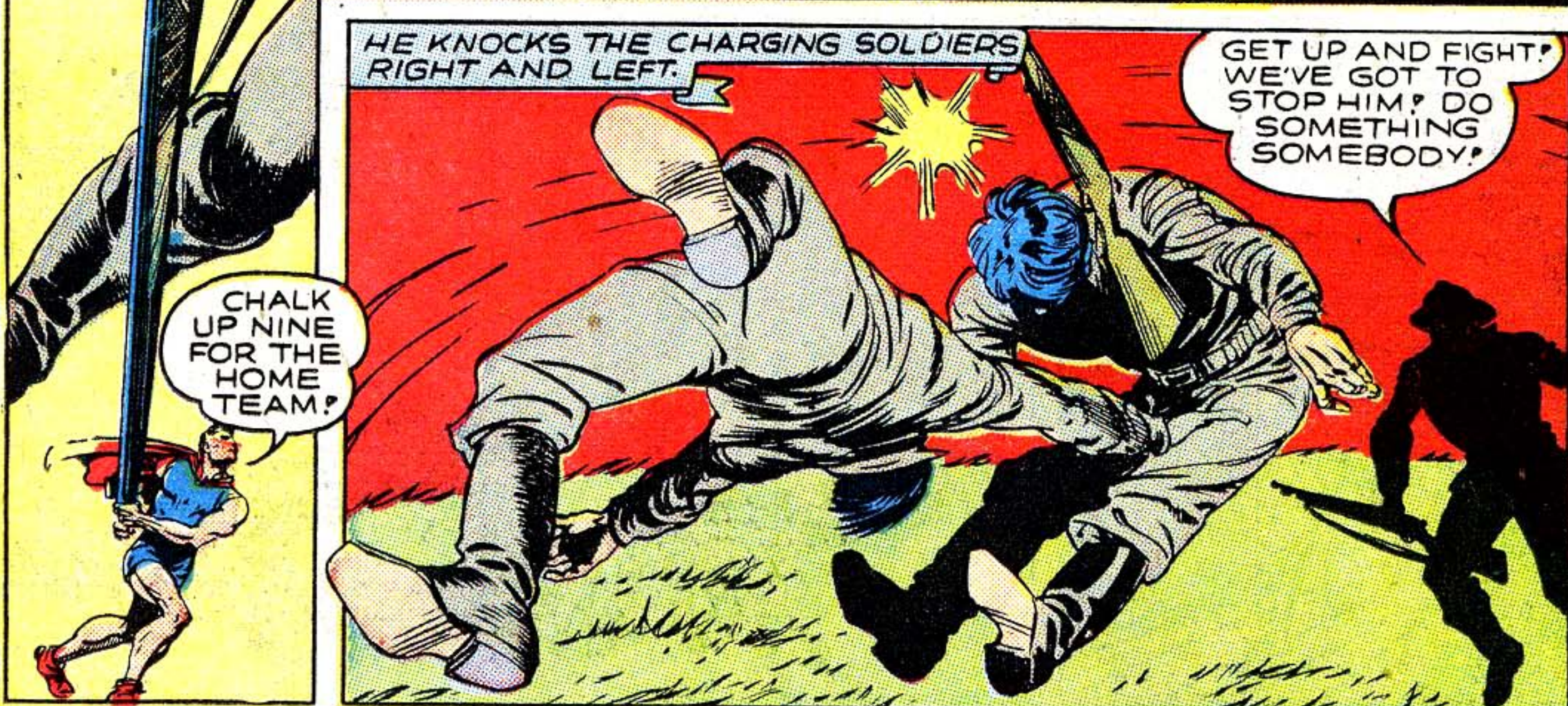
THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL!



THE DOLL MAN SEIZES A RIFLE AND WIELDS IT WITH DEVASTATING EFFECTIVENESS.



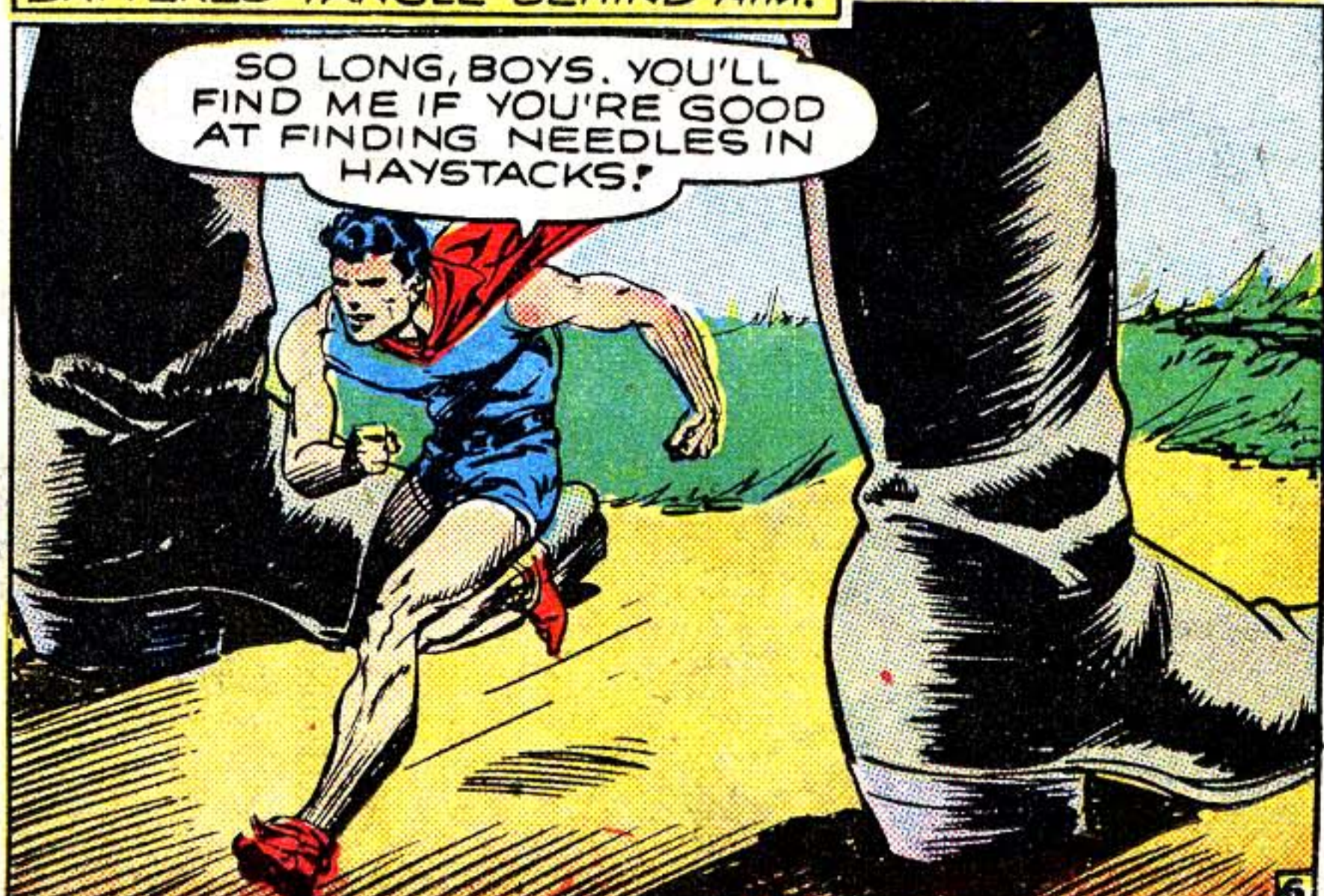
HE KNOCKS THE CHARGING SOLDIERS RIGHT AND LEFT.



THE DOLL MAN'S FURIOUS BLOWS TOPPLE THEM INTO THE MOAT.



HE RACES OUTSIDE, LEAVING A BEWILDERED AND BATTERED TANGLE BEHIND HIM.



AS THE DOLL MAN DASHES TOWARD THE PLANE WHERE DR. ROBERTS AND MARTHA ARE HIDING.

THEY MUSTN'T SUSPECT..

A SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE AND ONCE AGAIN HE IS DARREL DANE.

..THAT THE DOLL MAN AND I ARE ONE?

I.. ER UNDERSTAND THERE'S BEEN SOME VIOLENCE AROUND HERE.. DR. ROBERTS, YOU AND MARTHA HAD BETTER FLY OUTSIDE JUST BEYOND THE ISLAND.. I'LL MEET YOU LATER.. I HAVE-ER A LITTLE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO?

WELL ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO, DARRELL.

DARREL SPRINTS FOR A BOMBER.

AH, HERE'S MY CHANCE TO WIPE OUT THIS RAT'S NEST?

BUT A PILOT, CONCEALED IN THE COCKPIT, LEAPS UP, SWINGING A HEAVY FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

YOU MAY BE FULL OF FIRE, BUT THIS WILL PUT YOU OUT!

HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU? AND I'LL BORROW YOUR EGG-LAYING BATTLE-BIRD...

DARREL DANE ROARS SKYWARD IN THE "BORROWED" BOMBER.

THERE'LL BE NO ATTACK ON MANILA IF I CAN HELP IT!

AT THE BASE BELOW, AN ANGRY ORDER IS SNAPPED.



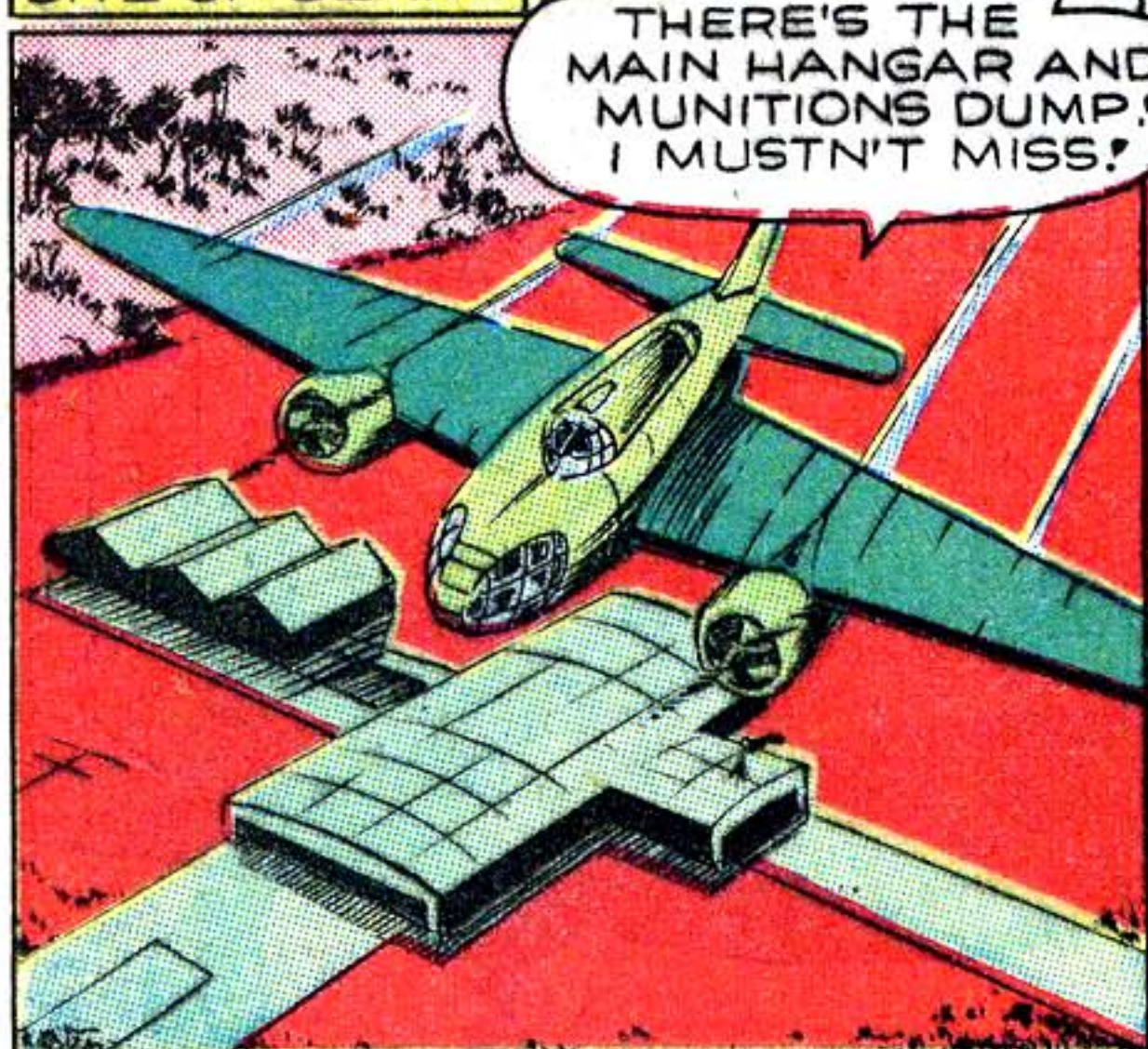
ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS BURST ALL AROUND DANE'S SHIP.



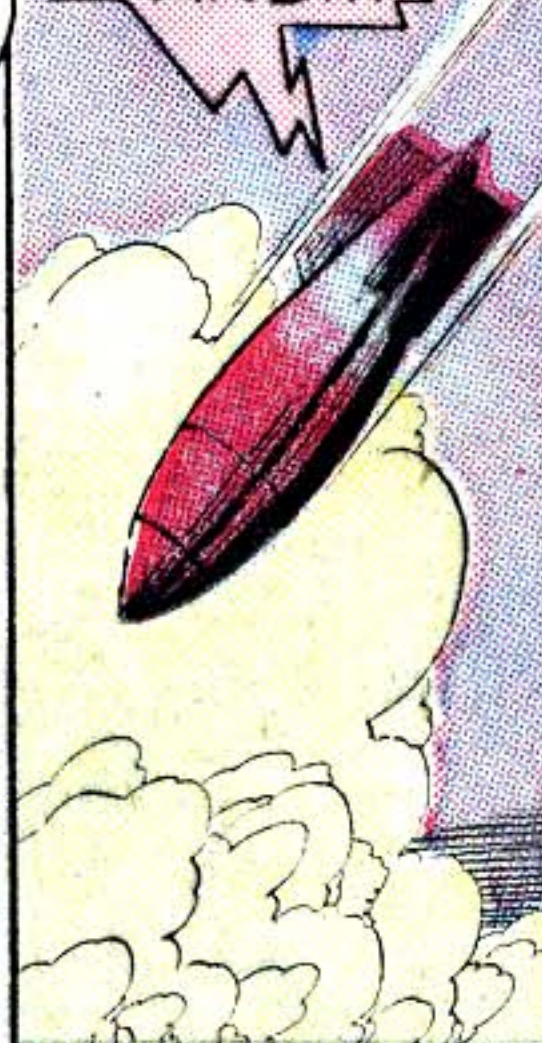
GETTING TOUGH, HEY? WELL I'M GOING TO GET TOUGHER!



DARREL GOES INTO A SCREAMING DIVE OF DEATH.



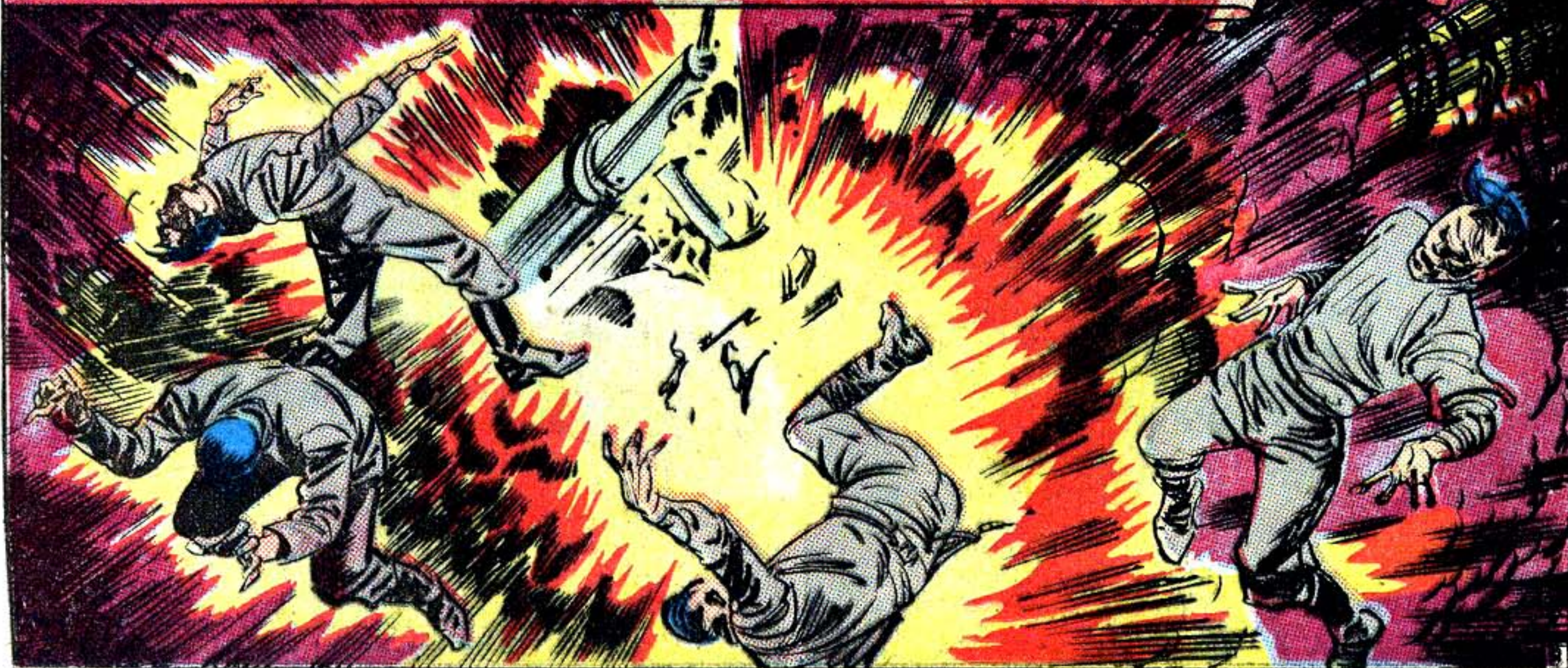
HE PULLS THE BOMB RELEASE AND...



AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION ROCKS THE ENTIRE ISLAND.



THE BASE IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED AND PLANS FOR THE RAID ON MANILA GO UP IN THICK, ACRID SMOKE AMID THE WALLS OF DYING MEN.



DARREL DANE REJOINS MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS AND SIGNALS THEM TO FOLLOW.



THERE'S STILL ONE IMPORTANT THING TO BE DONE!

HE LEADS THEM TO THE BAY WHERE THEY FIRST VISITED GRIMM.



THERE'S THE SHACK, DAD. POOR MR. GRIMM!

IT'S A SHAME HE DIDN'T COME TO HIS SENSES SOONER, MARTHA!

AS THE TRIO APPROACHES THE HUT, GRIMM'S SLAYER, WHO HAS RETURNED TO SHORE, STEALTHILY APPROACHES.

THE KILLER MAKES A FLYING TACKLE.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU? AND THEN I'M GOING TO FIND THE DOLL MAN!



THAT'S THE ONE WHO WRECKED OUR SECRET BASE! I SHALL KILL HIM! I SAW IT ALL FROM THE CLIFF!



BUT DANE RECOVERS AND HURLS A TERRIFIC RIGHT.



TRYING TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EH?

HIS ASSAILANT IS STRETCHED OUT ON THE GROUND.



I'M SO GLAD! DAD.. ISN'T DARREL WONDERFUL?

YOU'LL STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER, MISTER, WHEN WE FLY YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES AT BATAVIA?

GRIMM WILL BE AVENGED AFTER ALL!

LATER: A SIMPLE CEREMONY IS HELD AS GRIMM IS LAID TO REST.



HE WAS A TRAITOR, BUT IN THE END HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY!

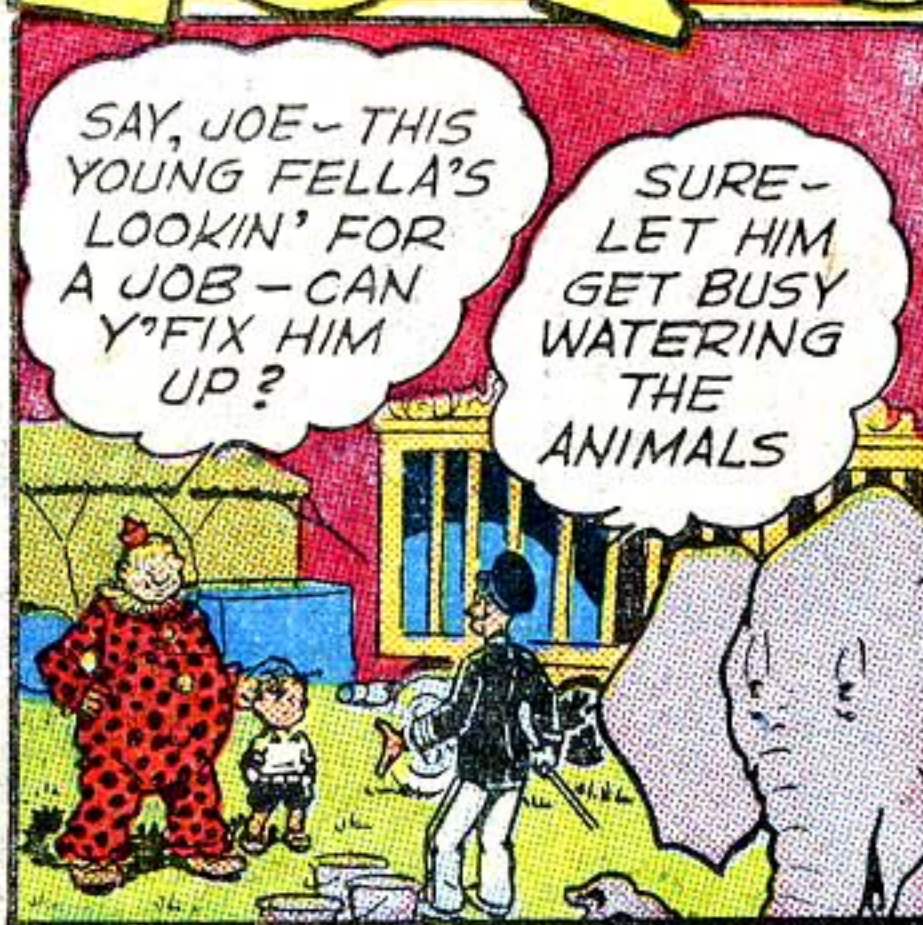
MAY HE REST IN PEACE!

BIG TOP



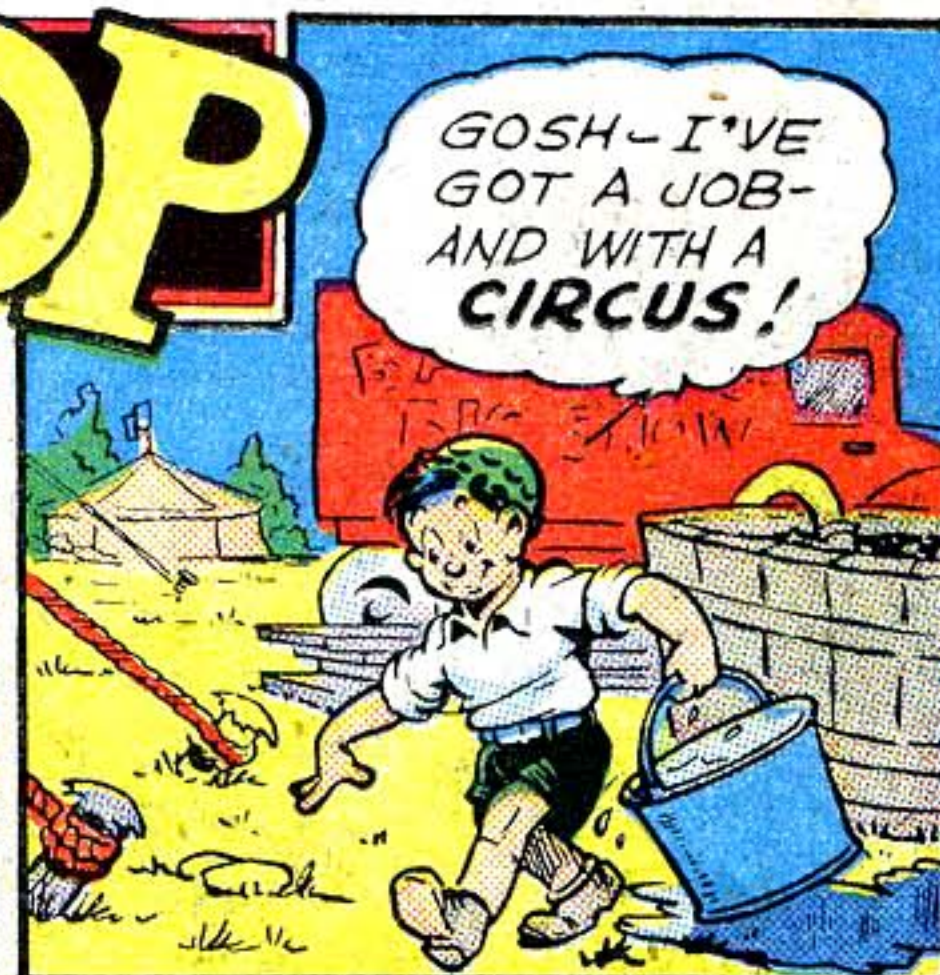
HELLO, YOUNG FELLA- WHAT'RE YOU HANGING AROUND FOR?

I'M LOOKIN' FOR A JOB, MISTER, WHO SHOULD I SEE?

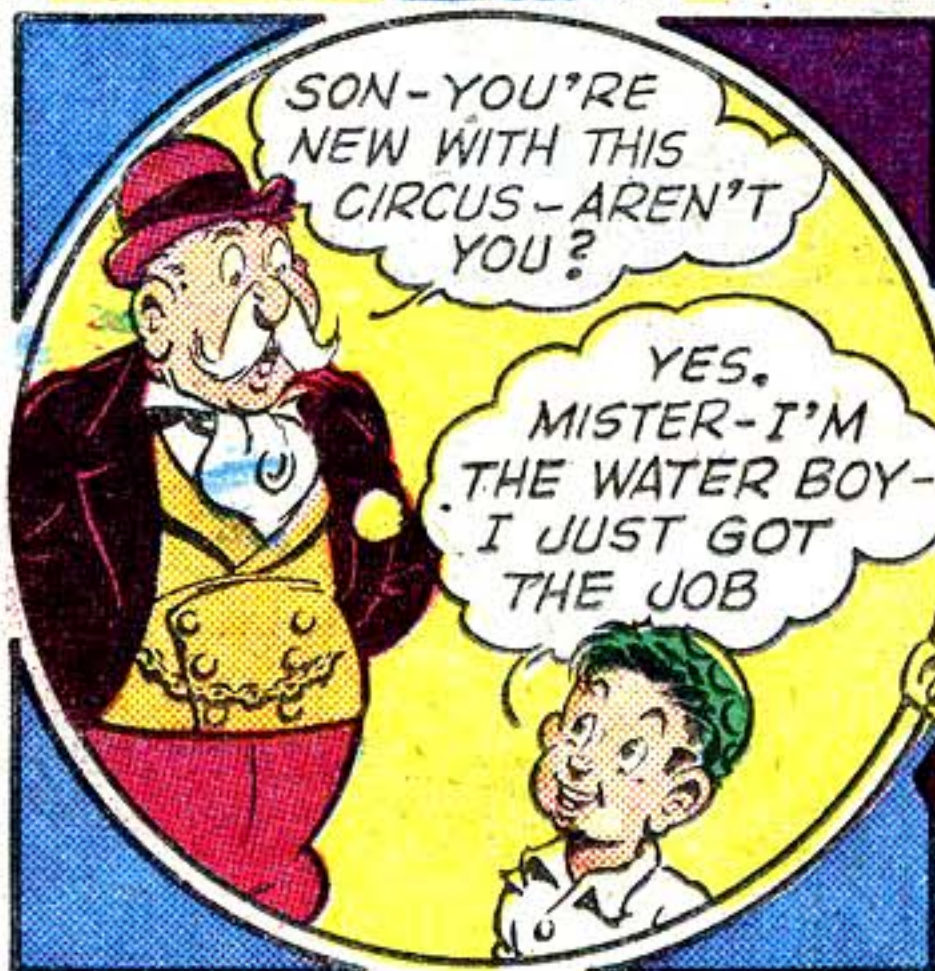


SAY, JOE- THIS YOUNG FELLA'S LOOKIN' FOR A JOB- CAN Y'FIX HIM UP?

SURE- LET HIM GET BUSY WATERING THE ANIMALS

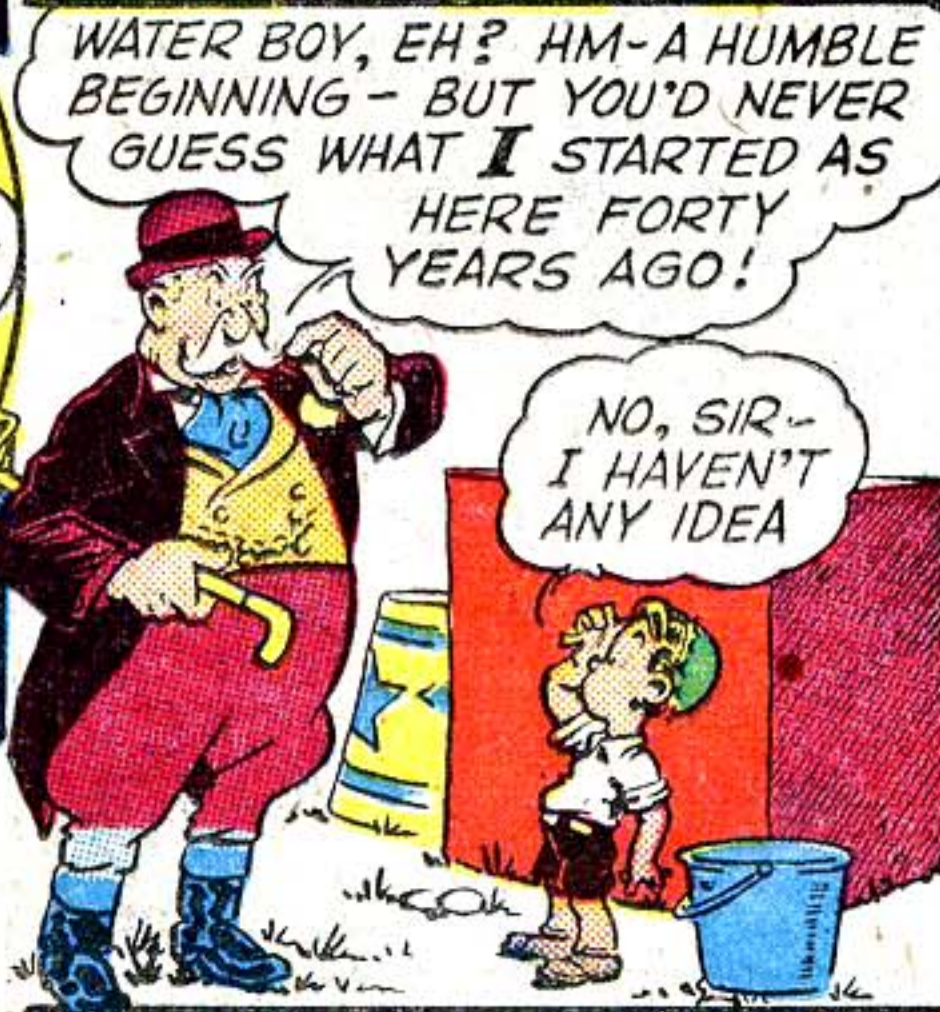


GOSH- I'VE GOT A JOB- AND WITH A CIRCUS!



SON- YOU'RE NEW WITH THIS CIRCUS- AREN'T YOU?

YES, MISTER- I'M THE WATER BOY- I JUST GOT THE JOB



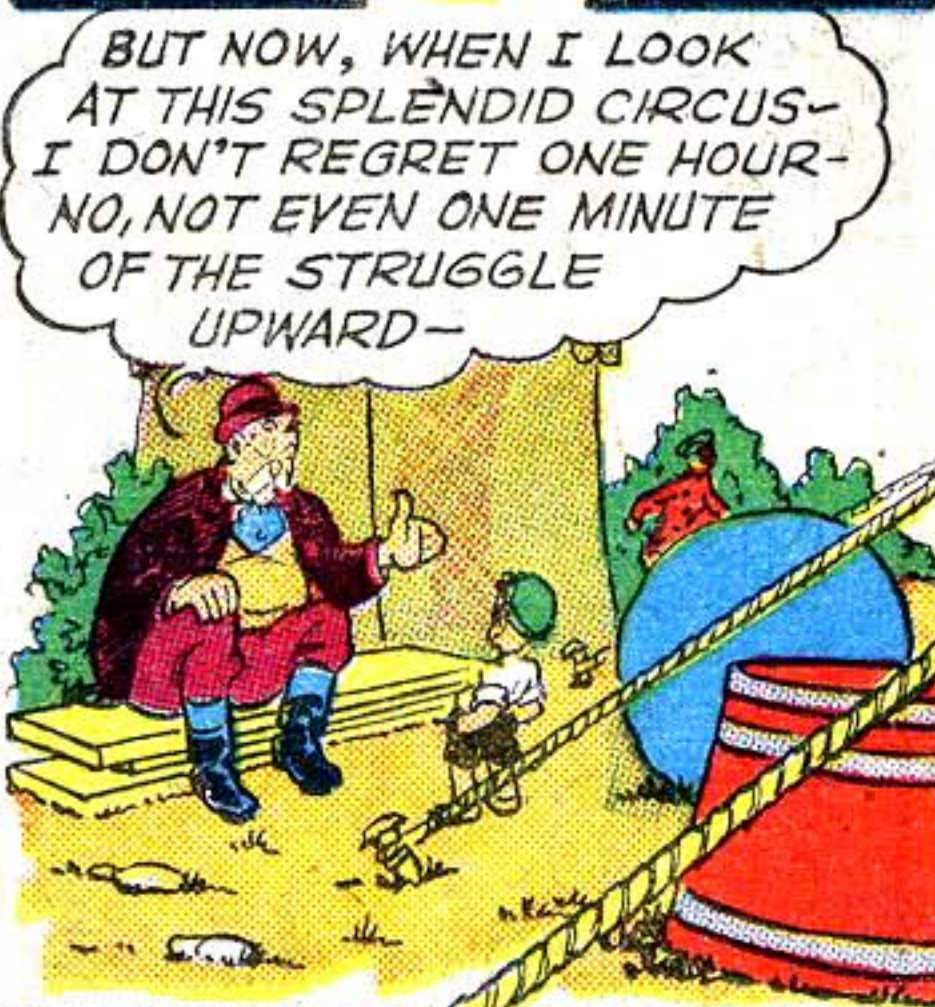
WATER BOY, EH? HM- A HUMBLE BEGINNING- BUT YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHAT I STARTED AS HERE FORTY YEARS AGO!

NO, SIR- I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA

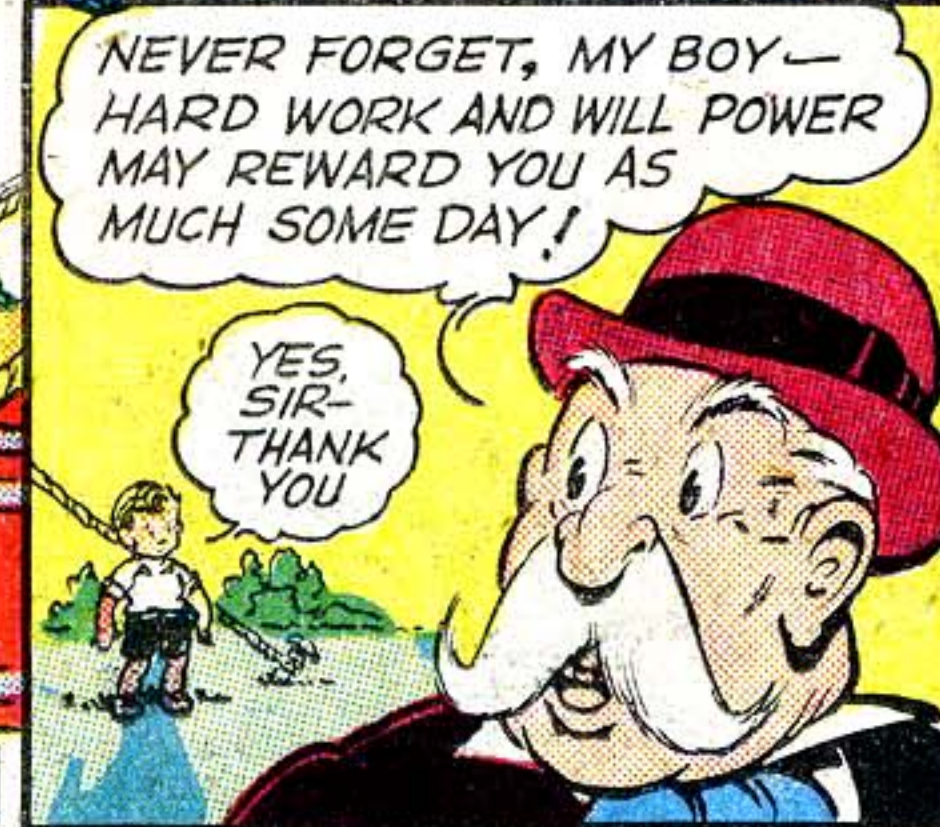


WELL I, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SERVED AS THE HIND END OF A PROP COMEDY HORSE!

GOSH! REALLY MISTER?



BUT NOW, WHEN I LOOK AT THIS SPLENDID CIRCUS- I DON'T REGRET ONE HOUR- NO, NOT EVEN ONE MINUTE OF THE STRUGGLE UPWARD-



NEVER FORGET, MY BOY- HARD WORK AND WILL POWER MAY REWARD YOU AS MUCH SOME DAY!

YES, SIR- THANK YOU



THAT MAN I WAS TALKING TO- DOES HE OWN THIS CIRCUS?

THAT GUY-? I SHOULD SAY NOT!



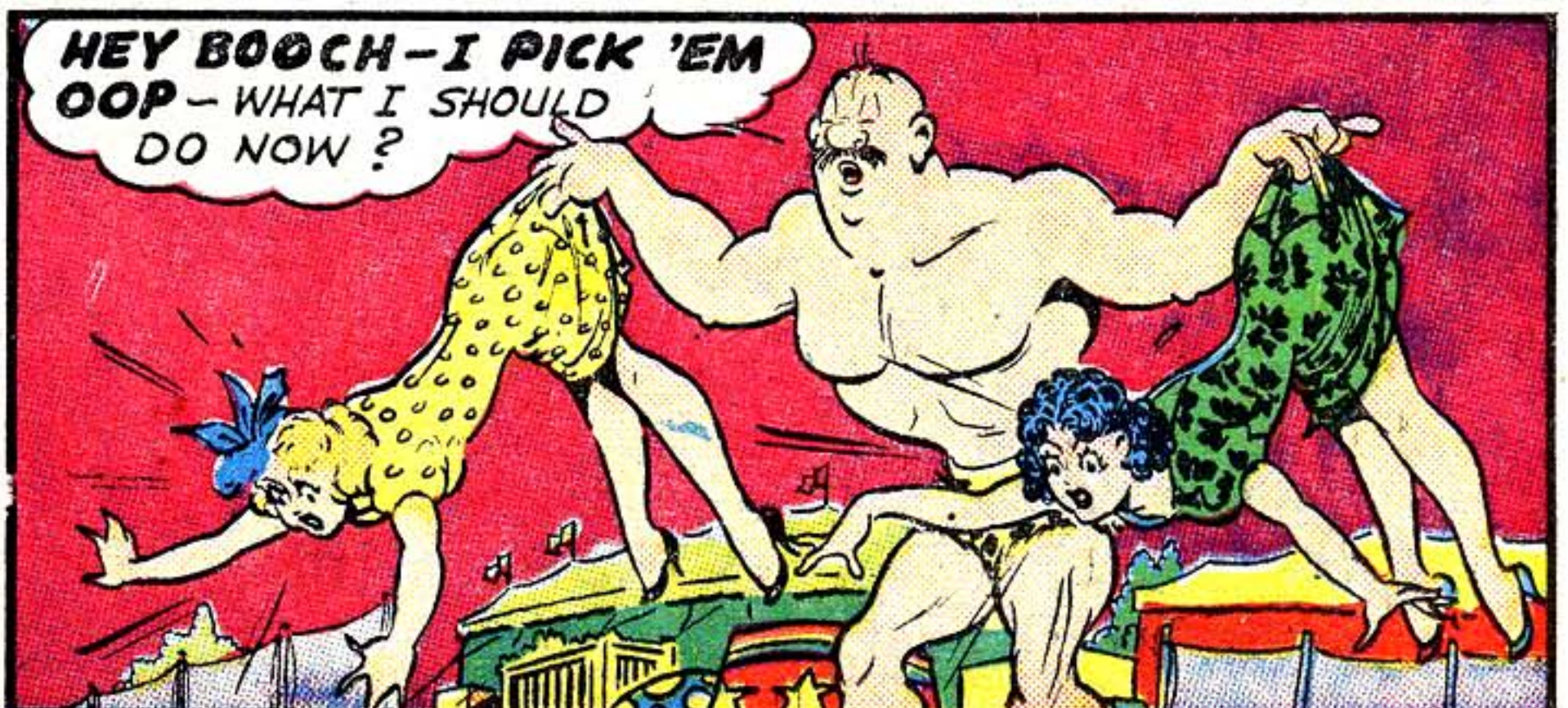
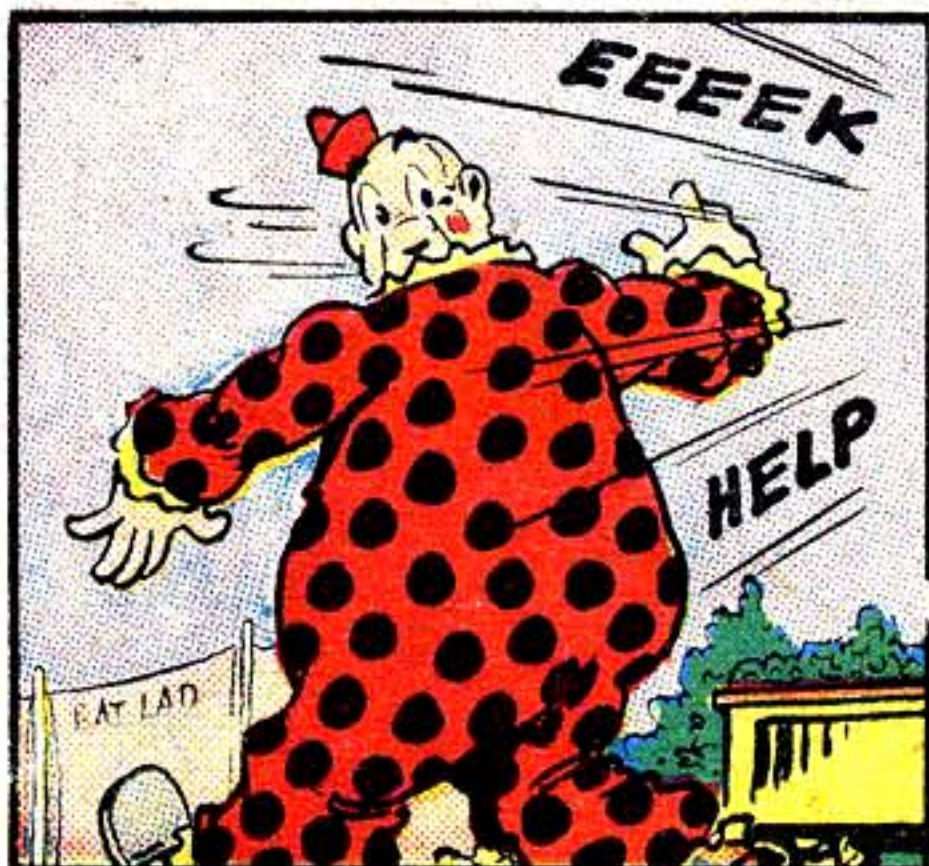
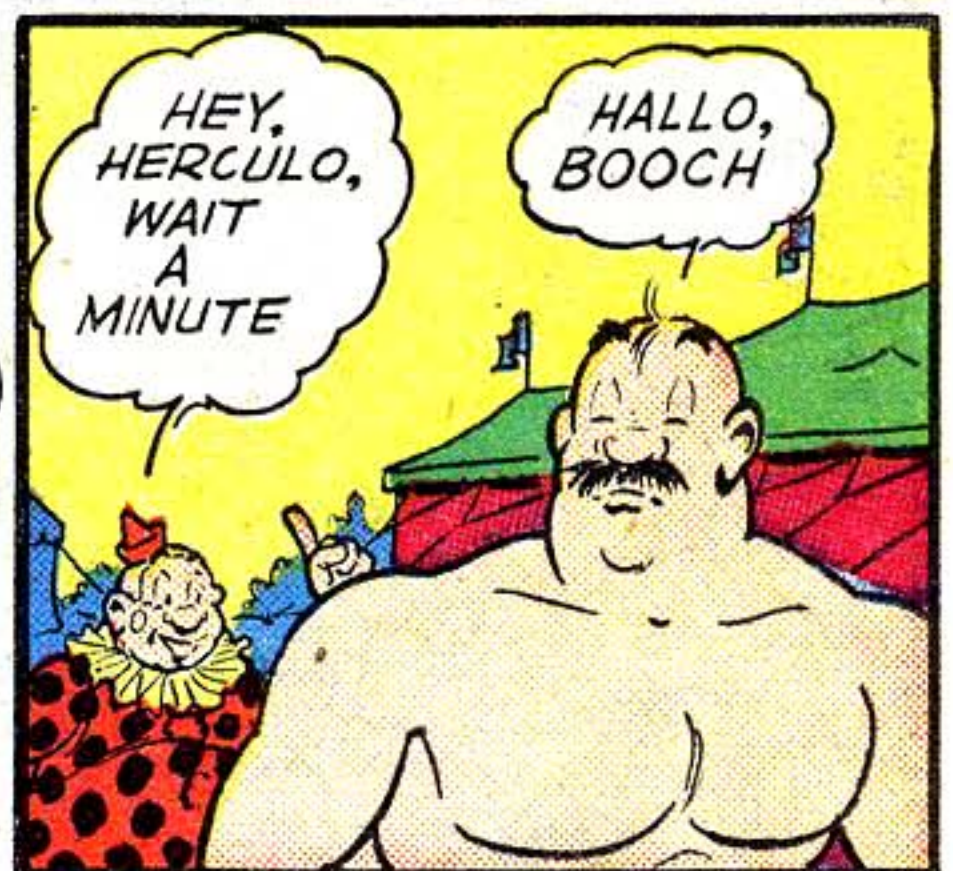
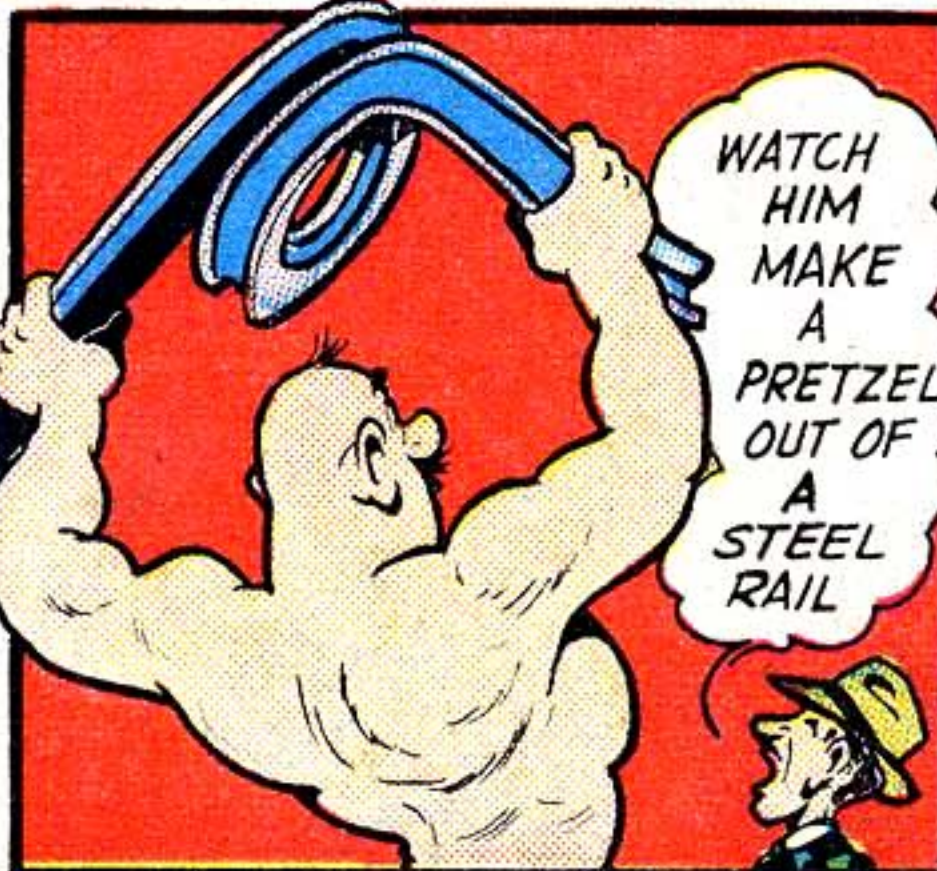
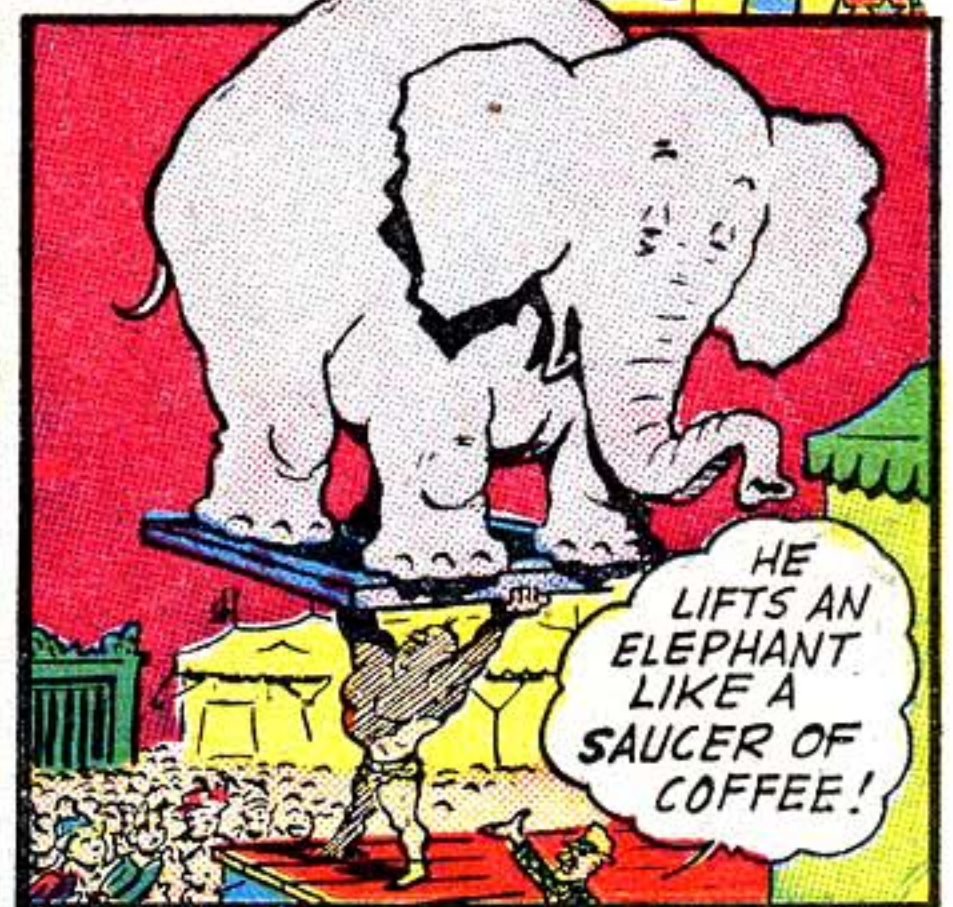
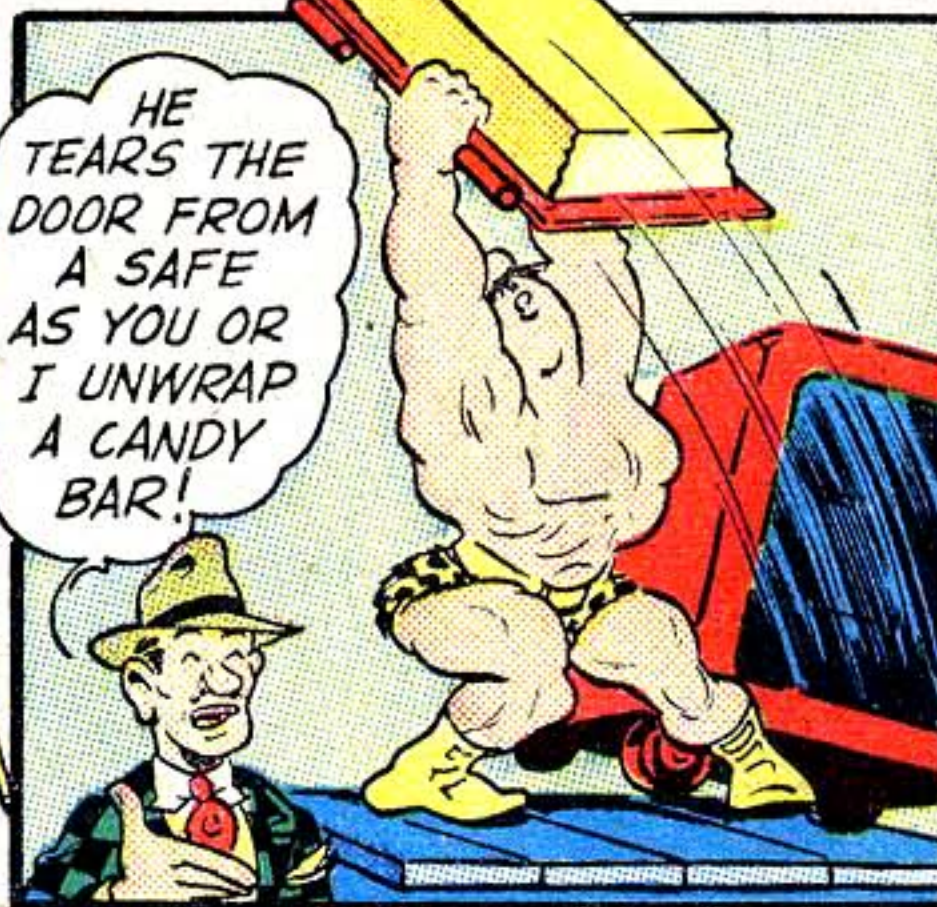
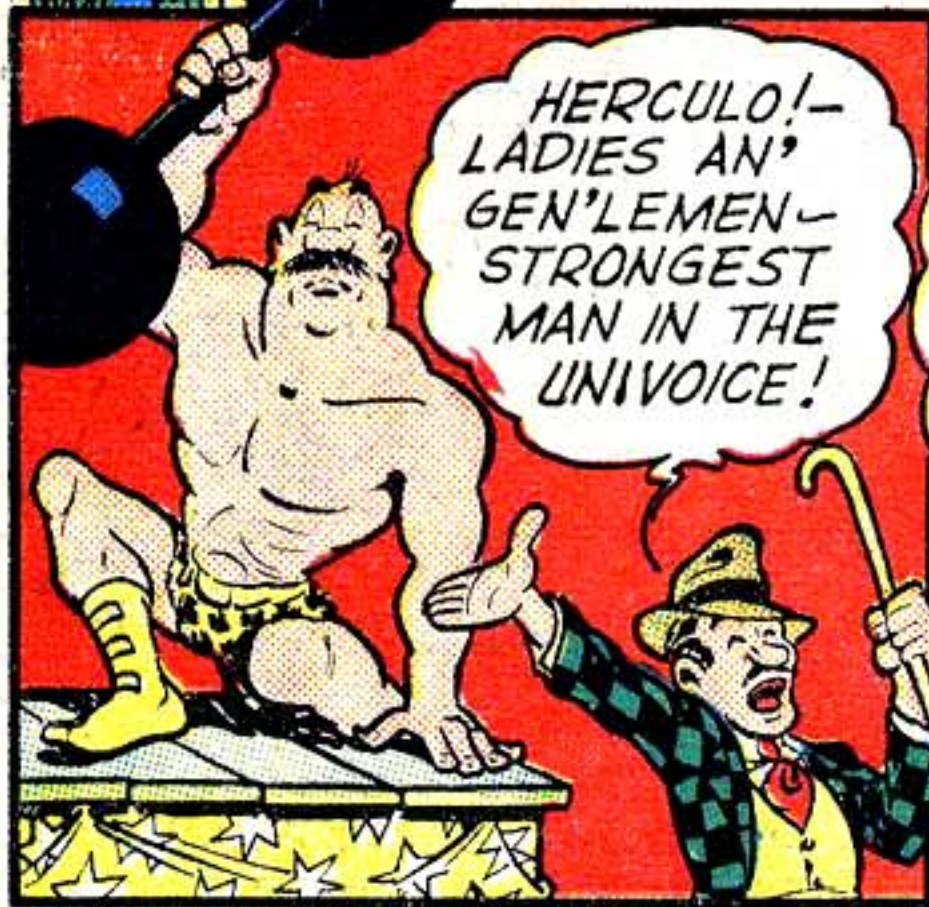
WELL, HE MUST BE SOME BIG SHOT- HE JOINED THIS SHOW FORTY YEARS AGO AS THE REAR END OF A HORSE!

SURE HE DID AND HE WORKED HIS WAY CLEAN UP TO--

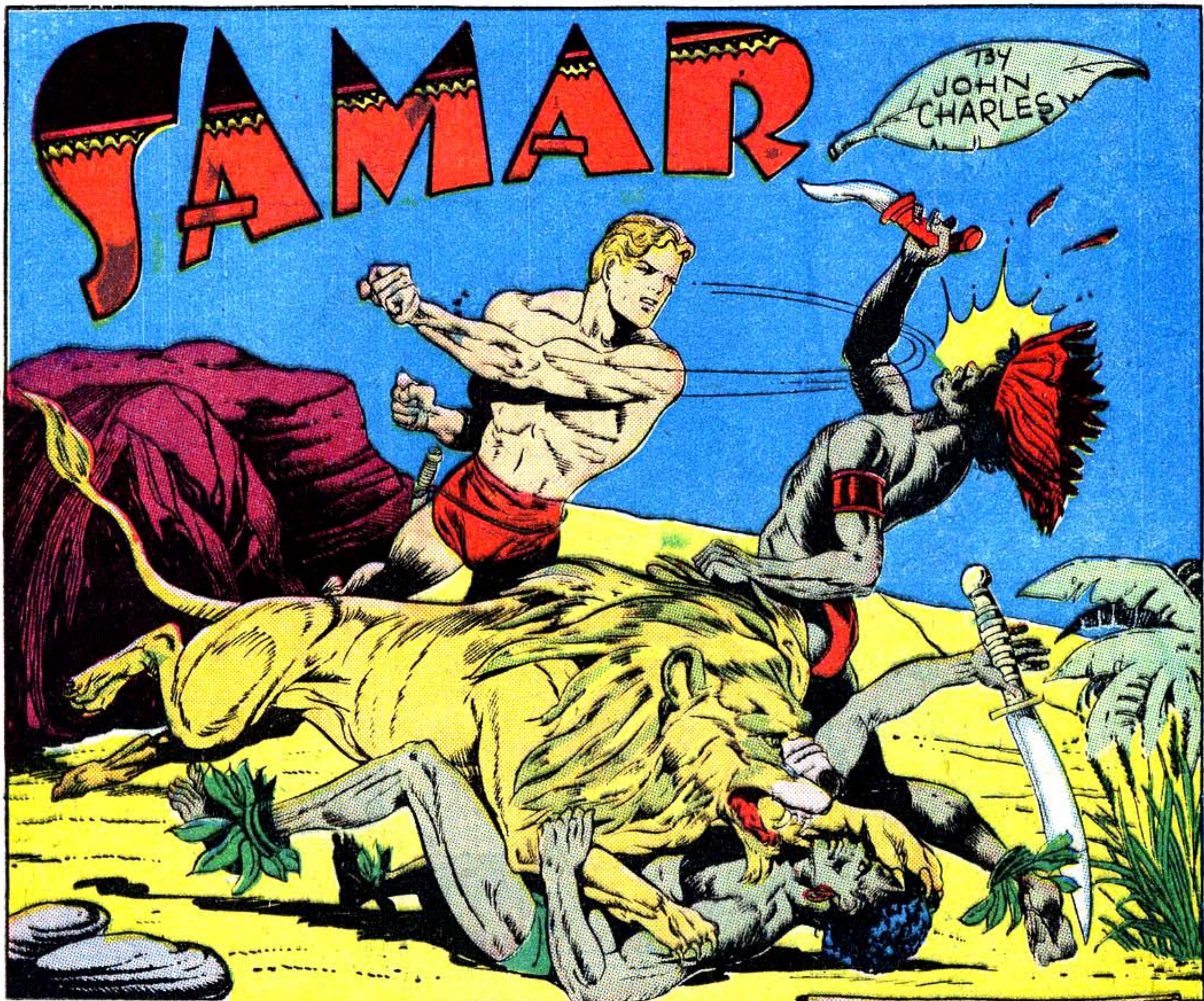


THE FRONT END- THERE HE GOES NOW!

BIG TOP



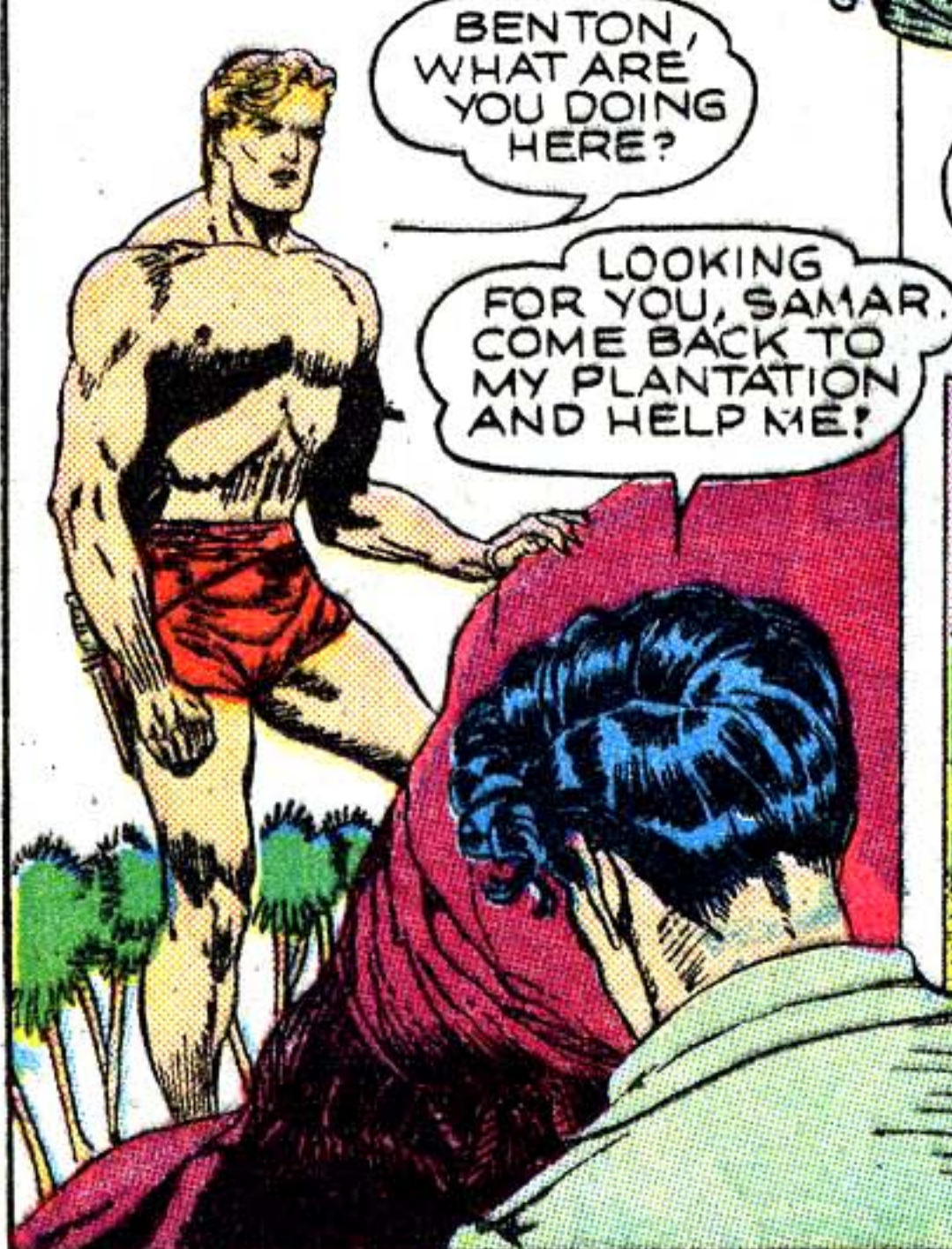
Follow Big Top in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale October 24th.



SAMAR STRIDES THROUGH THE FOREST ONE DAY.. SUDDENLY..

ON THE WAY THE PLANTER EXPLAINS.

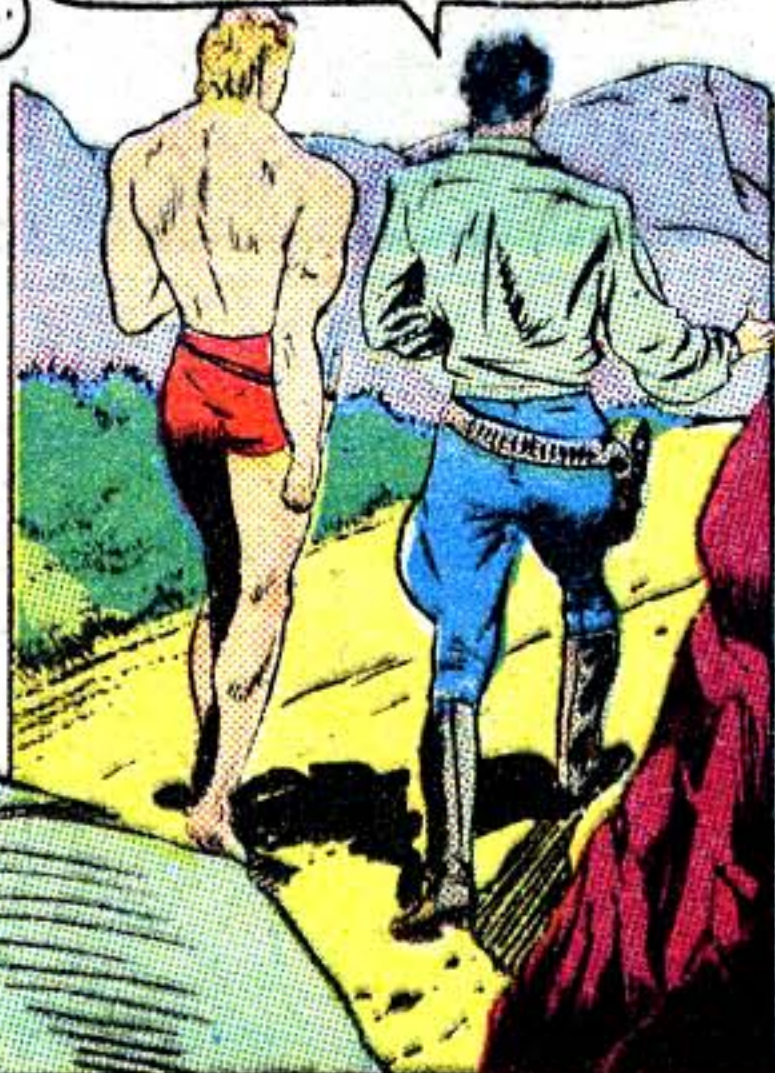
TED BENTON'S NATIVE WORKERS STARE HOSTILELY AT SAMAR.



BENTON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING FOR YOU, SAMAR. COME BACK TO MY PLANTATION AND HELP ME!

TROUBLE, SAMAR! MY RUBBER TREES ARE BEING DESTROYED. I DON'T KNOW BY WHOM. AND MY NATIVES ARE SULLEN AND LAZY.



HIM MEAN DANGER FOR US?

WHAT WE DO?

KILL! KILL!



THAT NIGHT SAMAR WAKES WITH A JOLT.

THROUGH THE TROPIC NIGHT BOOMS A HEAVY TATTOO. INSTANTLY SAMAR LEAPS TO THE TREES.

COUNCIL DRUMS!

AND FOLLOWS THE DRUM-BEATS TO A CLEARING IN THE TRACKLESS JUNGLE.

HMM.. BIG BONFIRE.. AND THOSE ARE TED BENTON'S NATIVE WORKERS, BUT WHO IS THE WHITE MAN?

A SALLOW MAN RISES TO SHRIEK AT THE BLACK MOB.

YOU SLAVES! FREE YOURSELVES FROM YOUR EVIL MASTER BENTON! RUIN HIS RUBBER TREES. BURN HIS HOUSE! KILL HIM! I'LL PAY YOU WELL!

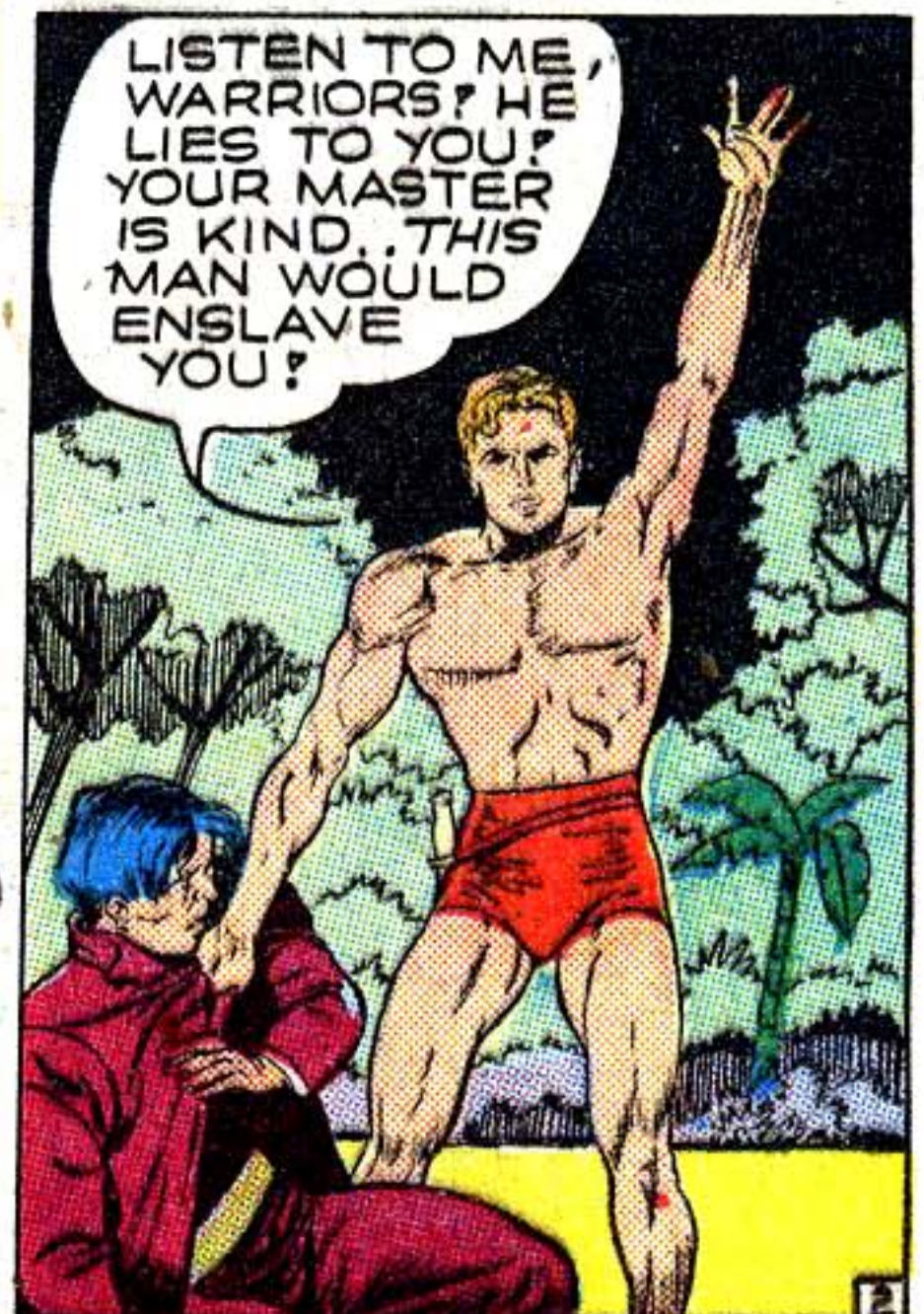
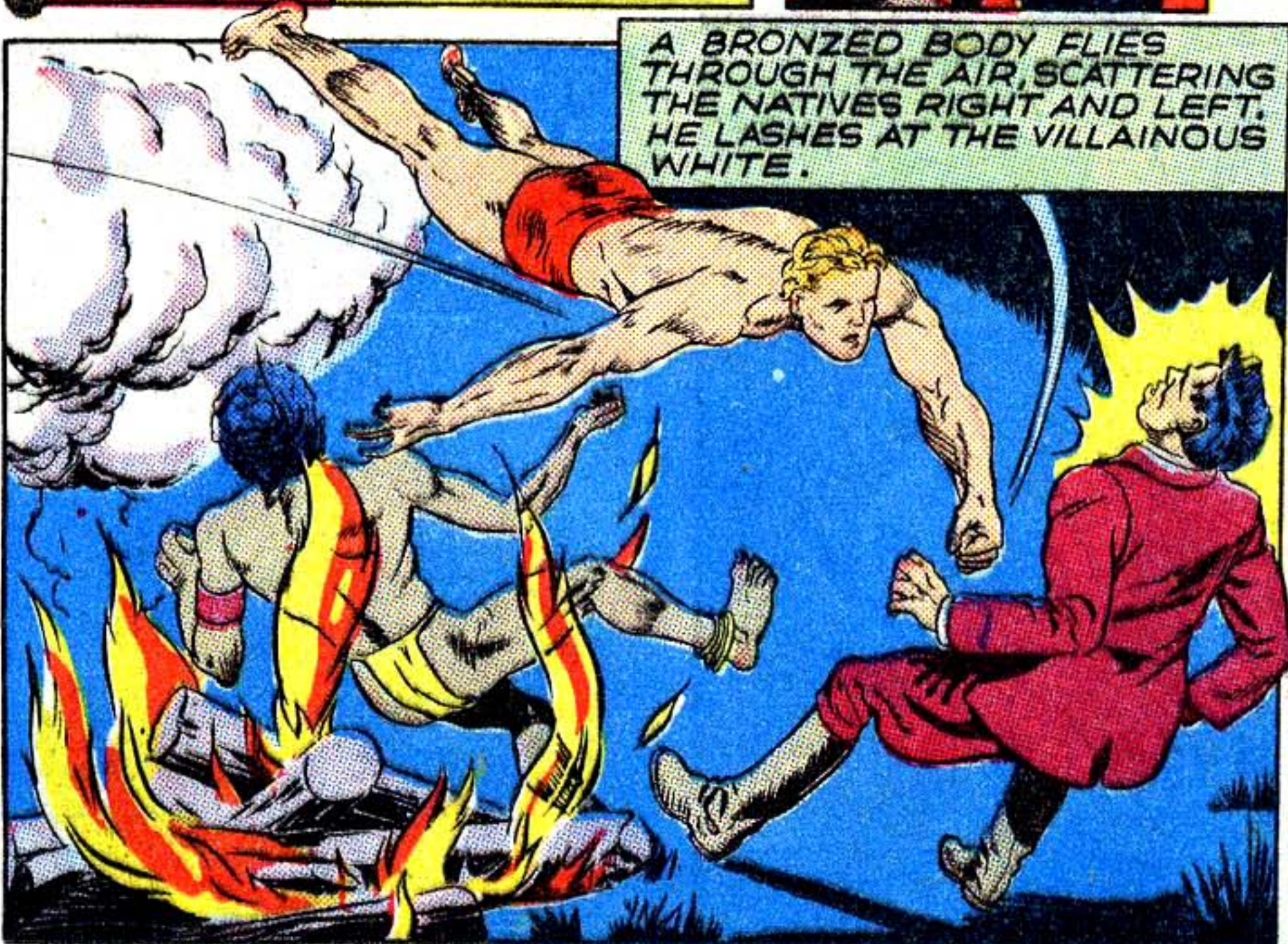
THE NATIVES AGREE NOISILY.

GOOD! GOOD!

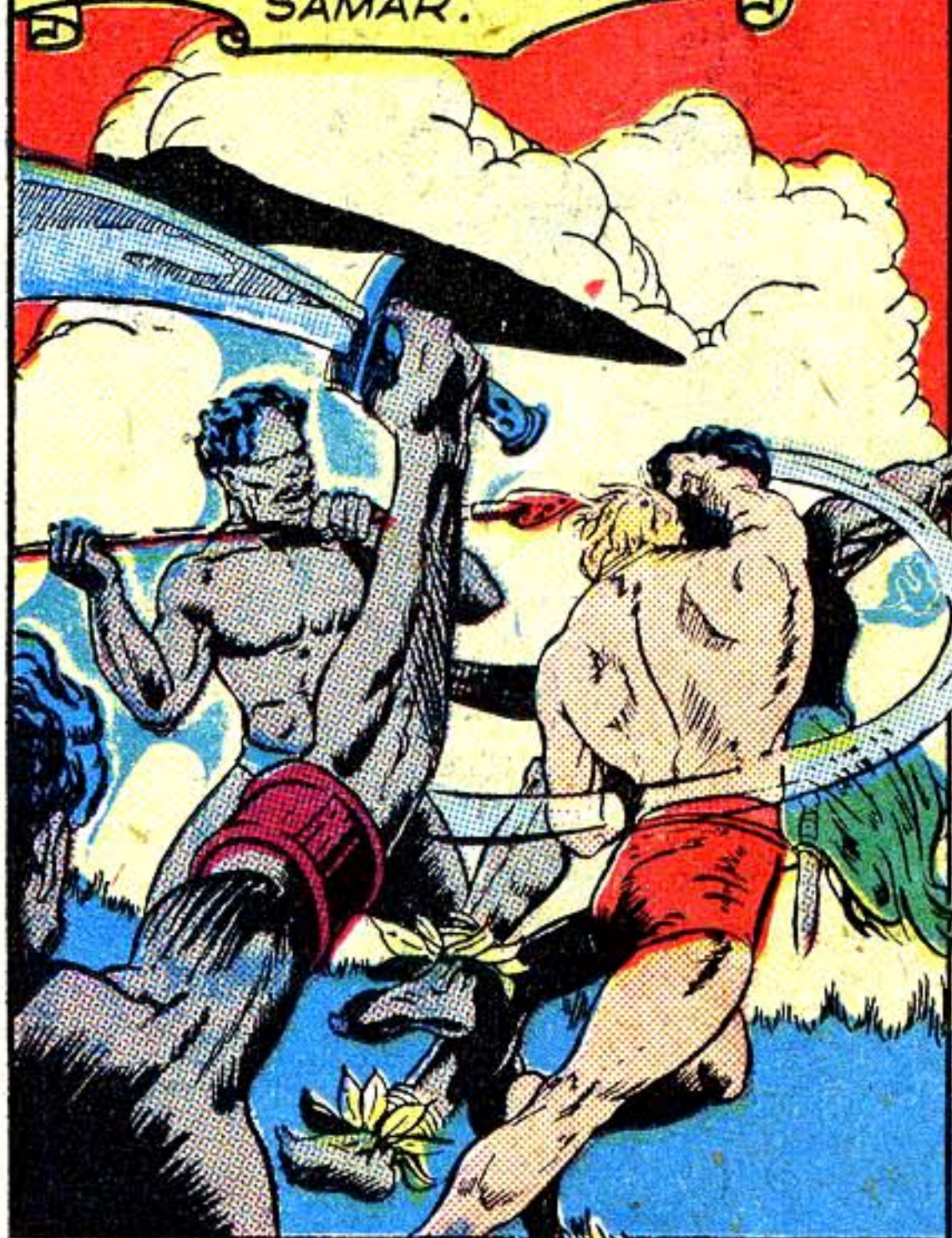
SO THAT'S WHY BENTON HAS NATIVE TROUBLE! THAT MANIAC IS OUT TO WRECK HIM!

A BRONZED BODY FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, SCATTERING THE NATIVES RIGHT AND LEFT. HE LASHES AT THE VILLAINOUS WHITE.

LISTEN TO ME, WARRIORS! HE LIES TO YOU! YOUR MASTER IS KIND.. THIS MAN WOULD ENSLAVE YOU!



BUT THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO HATE... WITH BLOOD-CURDLING YELLS THEY STORM TO ATTACK SAMAR.



THE BATTLE IS PRIMITIVE AND BLOODY.



YOU WILL LEARN NOT TO OPPOSE ME!

LIKE PEALS OF DISTANT THUNDER THE TOM-TOM REVERBERATES THROUGH THE FOREST.

STOP!

SUDDENLY THE NATIVE CHIEF DARTS TO A TOM-TOM.



BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

HE SENDS HIS PEOPLE A MESSAGE!



THE VAST FOREST SWALLOWS SAMAR AS HE SWINGS BACK TO HIS FRIEND'S PLANTATION.

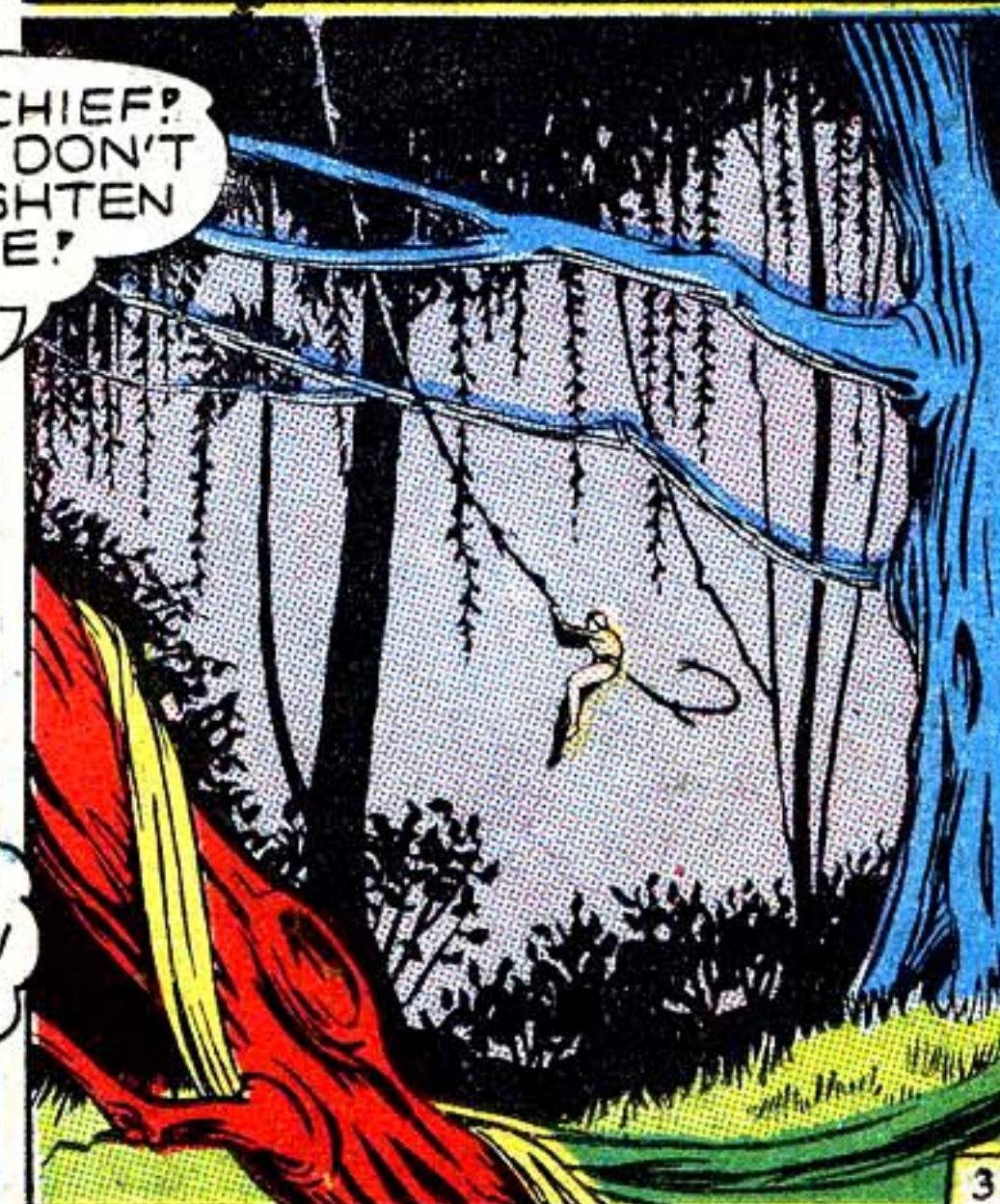
MY PEOPLE FIGHT YOU ANOTHER WAY! BEWARE THE CURSE OF THE DEATH DEVIL!



NO, CHIEF! YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN ME!



MORE TROUBLE... I MUST WARNED ABOUT THIS!



SOON HE REACHES TED AND TELLS HIS STORY.

..AND THE WHITE MAN IS BEHIND IT ALL..

HMM..IT ALL FITS TOGETHER! THAT MAN IS AN AGENT FOR THE HOMBURG RUBBER COMPANY.

HE'S SORE BECAUSE I WON'T SELL MY RUBBER TO ANY DICTATOR POWERS. SO..HE'S TRYING TO RUIN ME BY STIRRING UP THE NATIVES!



ALL THE WHILE, THE MOON GLISTENS ON JET SHOULDERS, AS PAINTED NATIVES STEAL TO THE PLANTATION HOUSE.



SHH..YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO..WHEN BWANA BENTON COMES OUT, YOU KILL!

YES.. KILL!



BUT SAMAR AND TED NOTE THE TREACHERY THROUGH A BLIND.

I'LL PIT THOSE FOOLS AGAINST SOMETHING THEY CAN'T FIGHT!



HE WHISTLES SHRILLY.

TWEET



..AND MONARCHS OF THE JUNGLE, GREAT KING LIONS, STEALTHILY RING THE AMBUSHING WARRIORS.. SILENTLY THEY ATTACK.



SAMAR DIVES INTO THE FRAY.



SUDDENLY, THE WHITE AGENT DRAWS HIS GUN ON SAMAR.



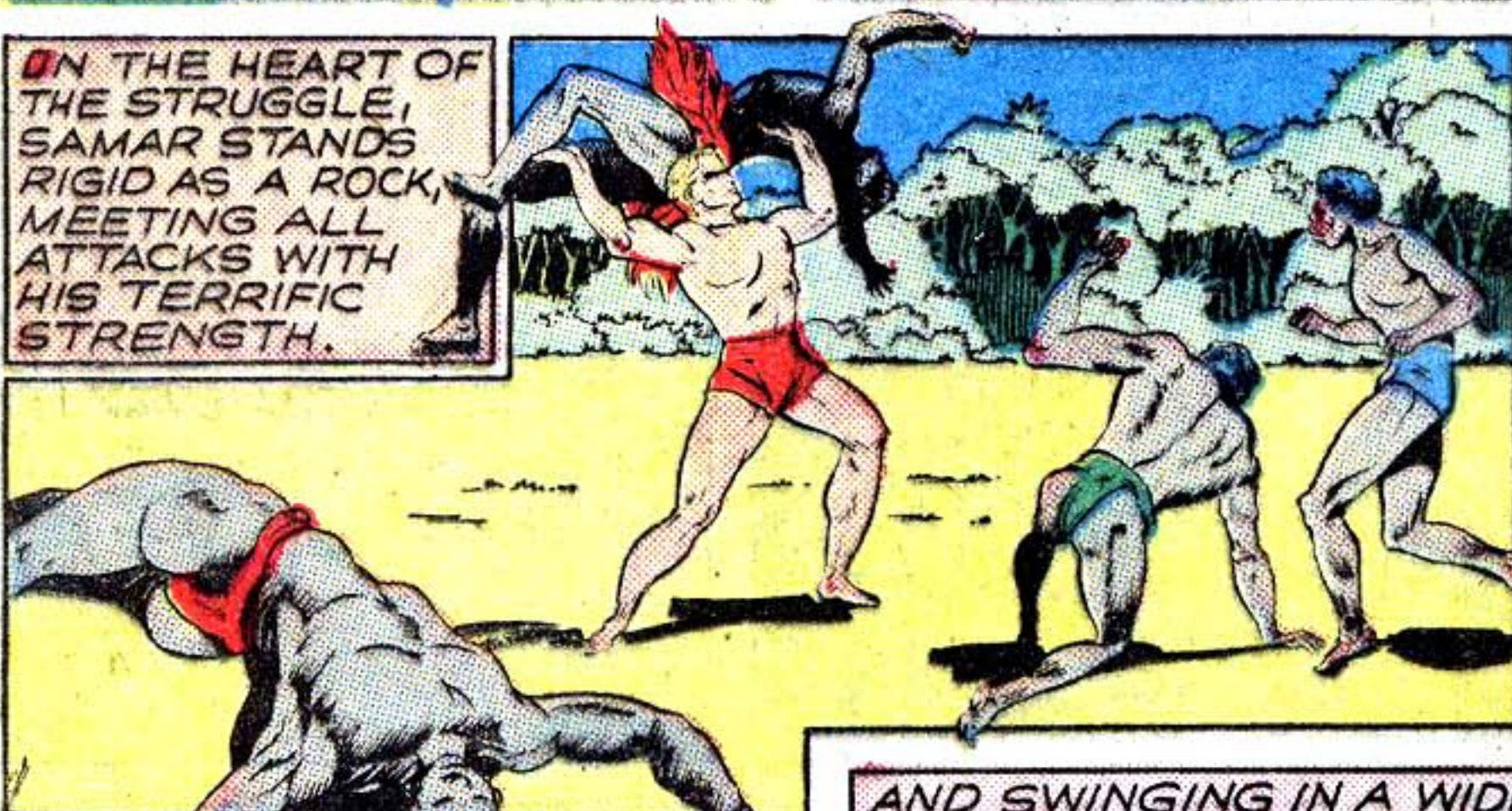
BUT A SAVAGE LION LEAPS TO THE AID OF HIS FRIEND.



TED ADDS HIS WEIGHT TO THE SKIRMISH.



ON THE HEART OF THE STRUGGLE, SAMAR STANDS RIGID AS A ROCK, MEETING ALL ATTACKS WITH HIS TERRIFIC STRENGTH.



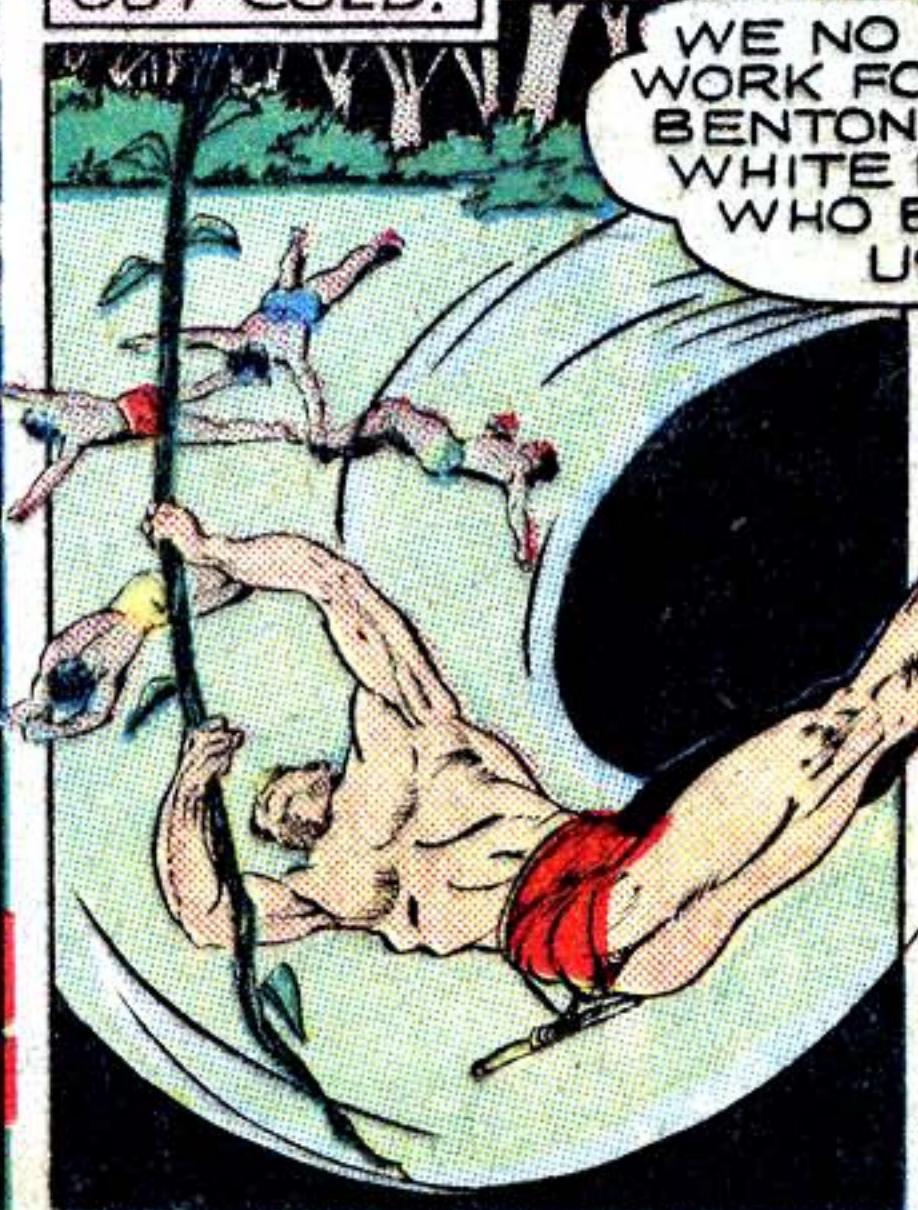
AND SWINGING IN A WIDE ARC, LAYS THE NATIVES OUT COLD.

THE NATIVE CHIEF SURRENDERS.

SAMAR GRABS A STOUT VINE.



WE NO FIGHT. WORK FOR BWANA BENTON.. FORGET WHITE DEVIL WHO BRIBES US?



GOOD.

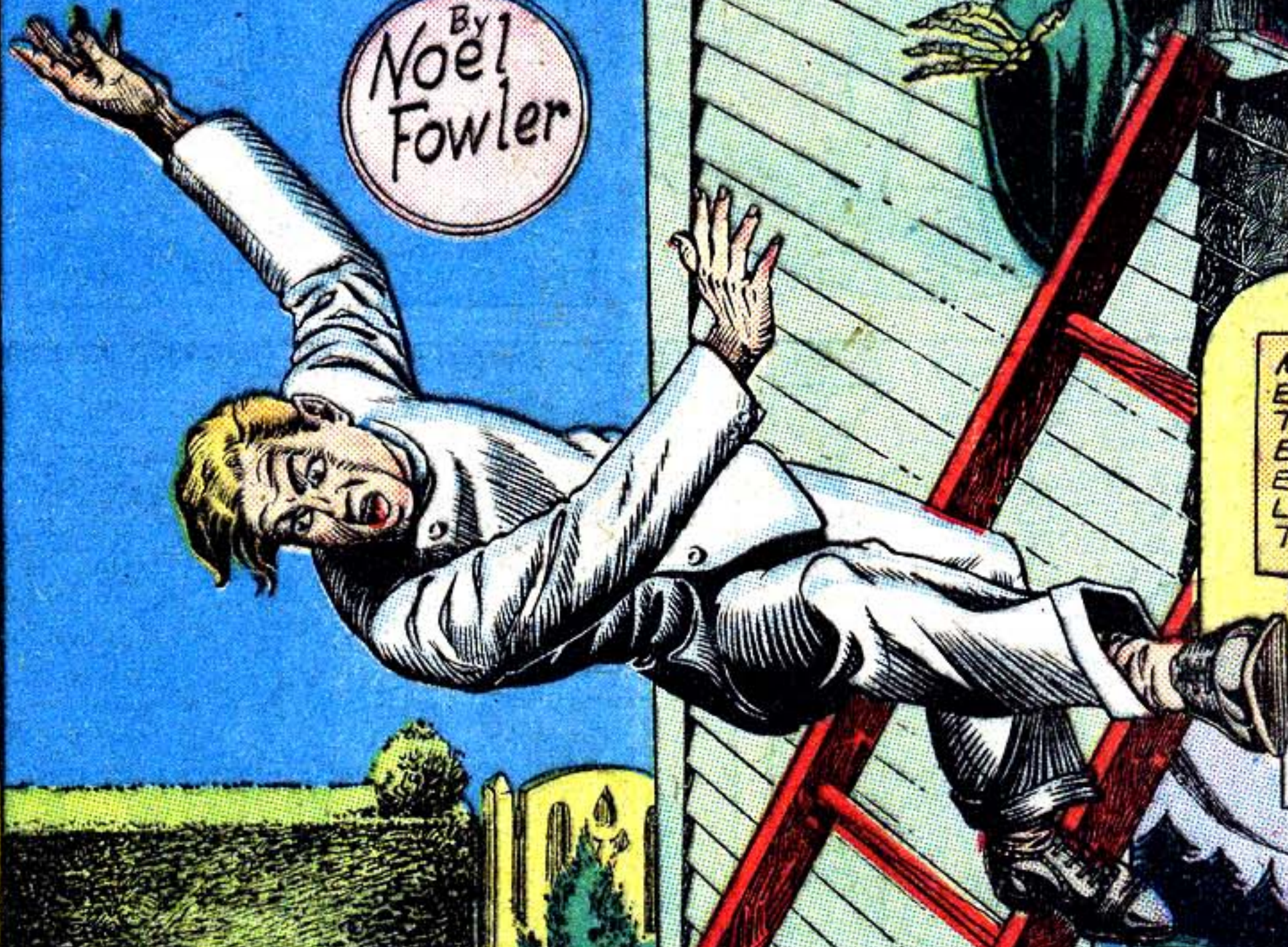


More adventures of Samar in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

ZERO

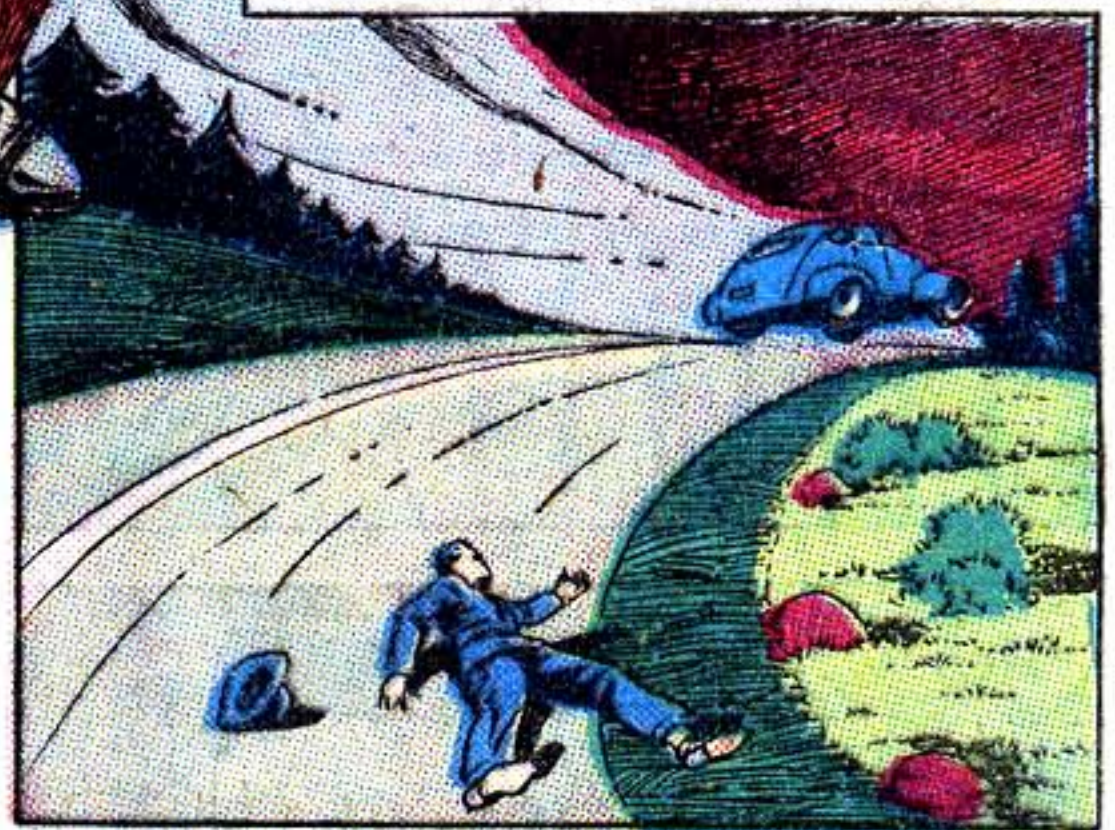
GHOST DETECTIVE

By
Noel
Fowler



MASTER OF OCCULT PHENOMENA, ZERO SEEKS TO UNRAVEL THE CONSPIRACIES SCHEMED BY GRIM SPECTRES WHO EMERGE FROM THEIR RESTLESS GRAVES TO AVENGE THEIR ETERNAL FATE.

A HIT AND RUN AUTO LEAVES A MANGLED BODY BY THE ROADSIDE.



SUDDENLY A GROTESQUE WRAITH EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS AND DARTS TOWARD THE LIFELESS VICTIM.



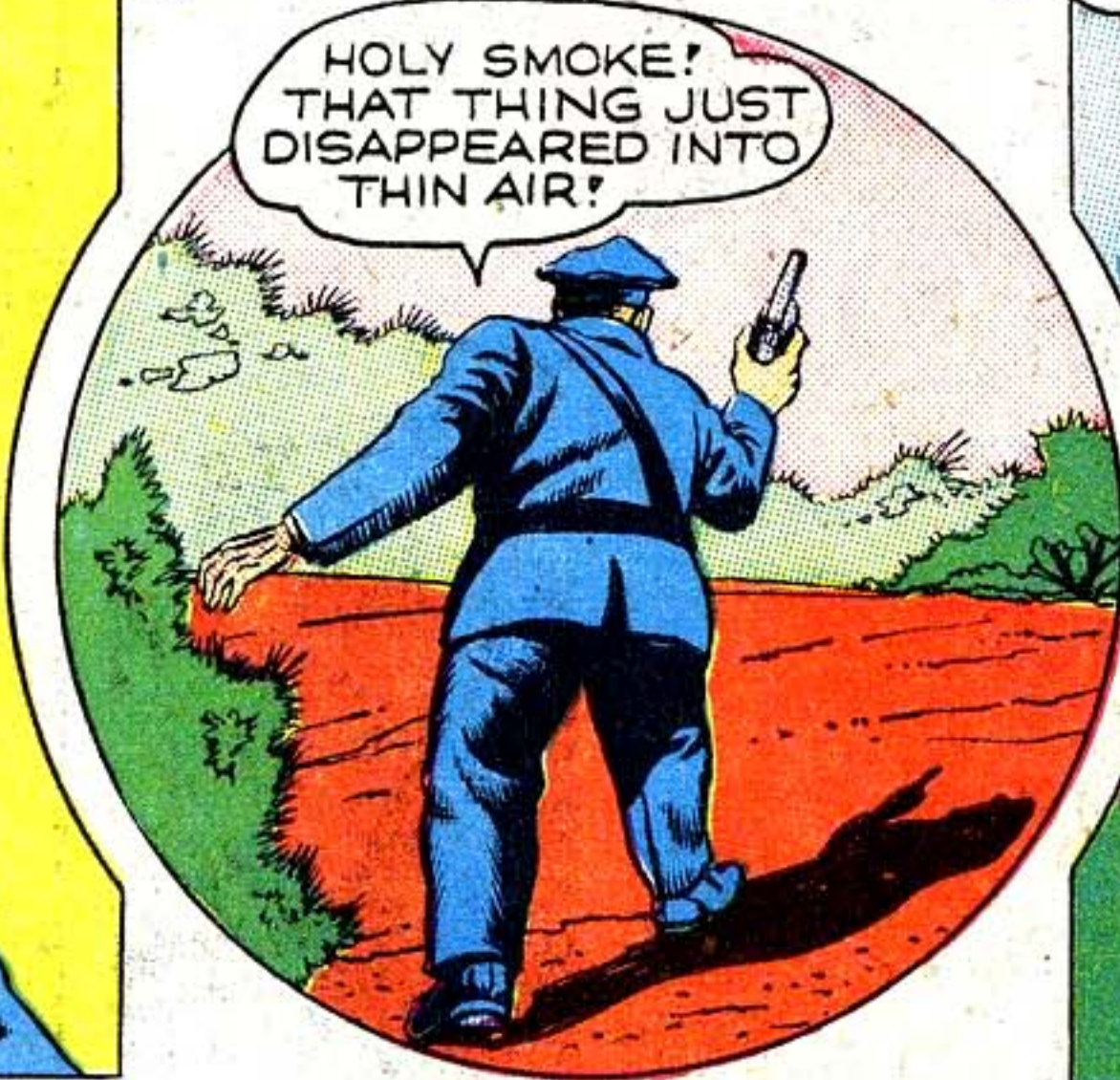
BUT STERN EYES OF THE LAW ARE FOCUSED ON THE EERIE SCENE.

THE GIBSON STREET GHOUL... HE'S GONNA STOP A BULLET THIS TIME!



OFFICER FOLEY IS A CRACK SHOT BUT.

HOLY SMOKE! THAT THING JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!



AND HE'LL KILL AGAIN TONIGHT IF WE DON'T FIND SOME WAY TO SNARE HIM!



HELLO, CAPTAIN. THE GIBSON STREET GHOUL STRUCK AGAIN?



HOLD ON, FOLEY! WHERE'RE YOU CALLING FROM? FOOT OF WINDSOR HILL? OKAY... DON'T LEAVE THE SCENE. I'LL BE THERE QUICK.



SERGEANT BURKE CRADLES THE PHONE AND LOOKS UP AT ZERO THE GHOST DETECTIVE.

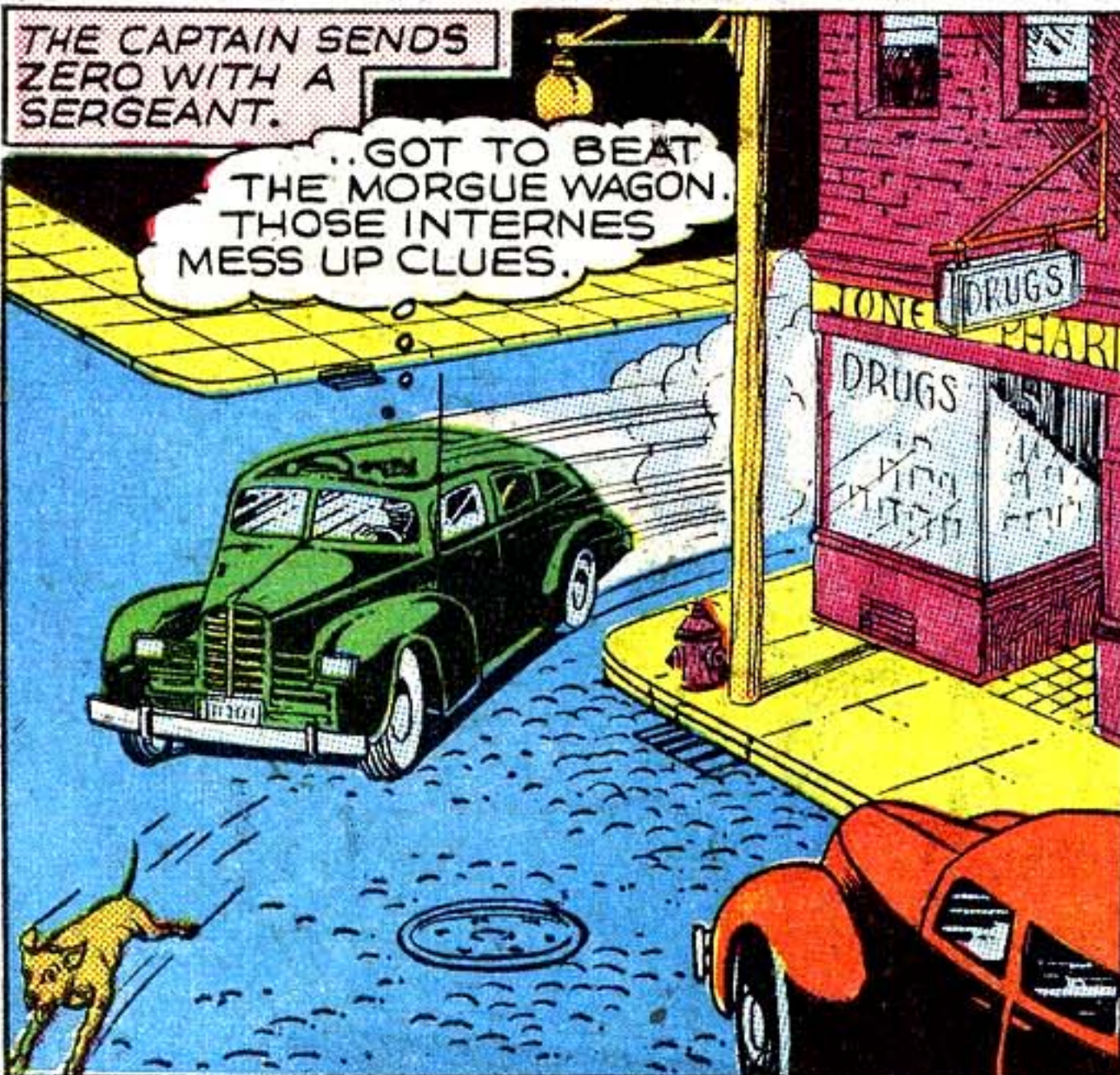
NOW, MR. ZERO... I'LL GIVE YOU FULL AUTHORITY TO INVESTIGATE THIS GHOST.

FINE. I'LL GO AHEAD.



THE CAPTAIN SENDS ZERO WITH A SERGEANT.

...GOT TO BEAT THE MORGUE WAGON. THOSE INTERNES MESS UP CLUES.



AT THE SAME TIME THE WAGON IS SPEEDING TOWARD THE FATAL SCENE FROM THE CITY MORTUARY.

STEP ON IT, WILL YA, JOE? WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THE DICKS!

I'M HITTING SEVENTY. HOW COME YOU'RE ALWAYS IN A RUSH TO GRAB A CORPSE, MOSS?



ZERO AND THE COP LOSE THE RACE.

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU DRIVE TO THE SPOT, SARGE?

I HADDA HUNCH WE'D LEARN MORE THIS WAY!



SEE THAT MORGUE MAN BENDING OVER THE CORPSE?

HE'S GOING THROUGH THE VICTIM'S POCKETS!



NO SIGN OF THE SPOOK YET.. IT LOOKS LIKE A HIT AND RUN JOB TO ME. BUT I'LL KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR ANY GHOULISH TOUCH.



SAY, WHERE'S FOLEY? THE CAP'N TOLD HIM TO STICK HERE! D'YOU SEE FOLEY, MOSS?

NOT A SIGN OF HIM, SARGE.

THE GHOST'S WORK, HUH? I'LL LOOK AROUND.



PARTING THE BUSHES BY THE ROADSIDE, ZERO DISCOVERS OFFICER FOLEY..

HMM! AND AUTO GREASE SMEARED BY THE BLOW ON HIS FOREHEAD. OH.. HE'S COMING TO!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? OH, MY HEAD!

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, FOLEY. WHO SOCKED YOU?

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SARGE.



NOW, WHAT IDENTIFICATION DID YOU FIND ON THE BODY?

HE WAS RAY STEWART, A CHAIN STORE MANAGER. AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE GHOST STOLE THE STORE CASH HE WAS CARRYING HOME. LOOK! A CAR'S COMING!

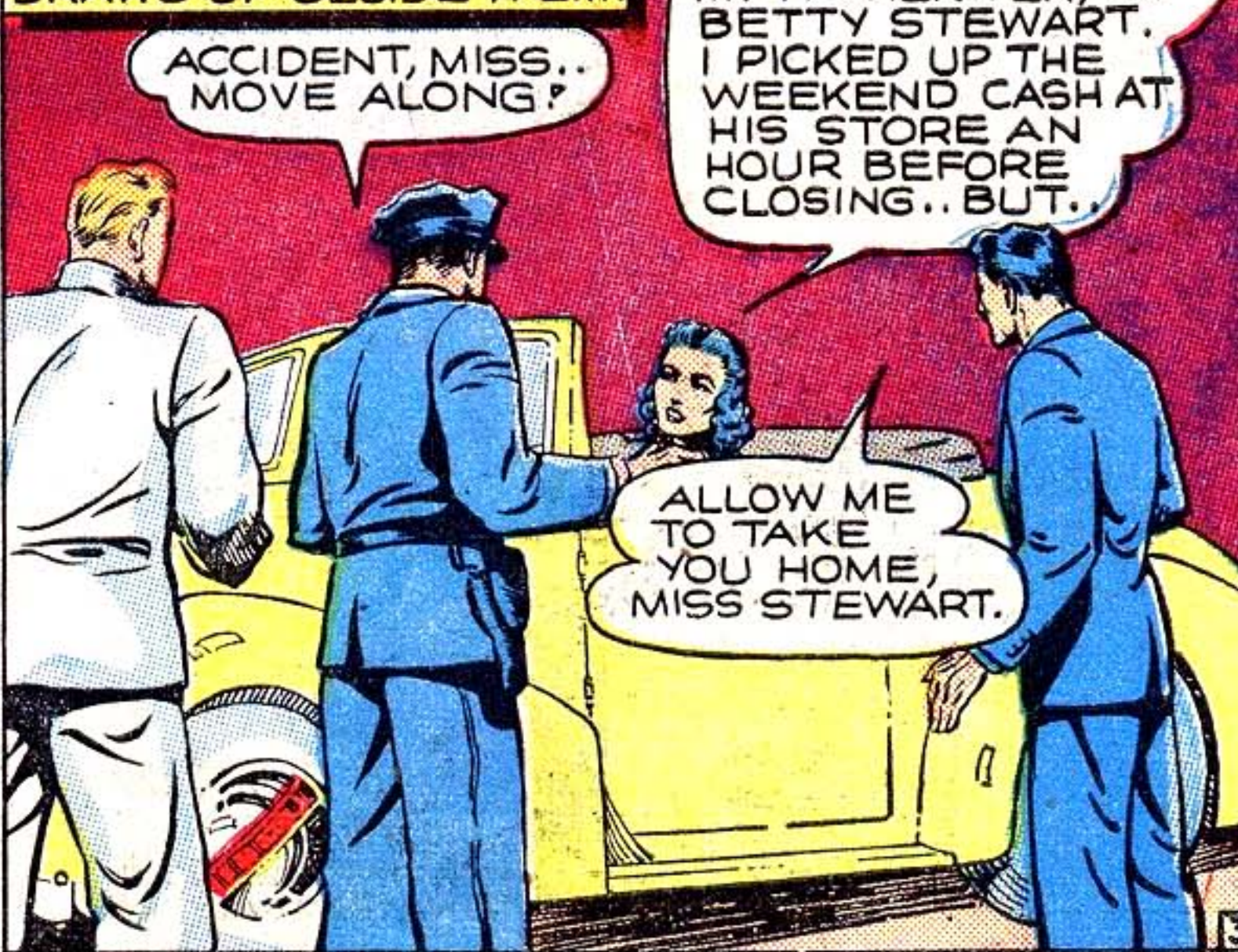


A FRIGHTENED GIRL DRAWS UP BESIDE THEM.

ACCIDENT, MISS.. MOVE ALONG?

BUT I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER.. ER, I'M BETTY STEWART. I PICKED UP THE WEEKEND CASH AT HIS STORE AN HOUR BEFORE CLOSING.. BUT..

ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU HOME, MISS STEWART.



ZERO DRAWS THE OFFICER ASIDE WHILE MOSS AND THE MORGUE WAGON DRIVER LOAD THE BODY.

I CAN'T TELL HER NOW. THE SHOCK WOULD BE TOO MUCH. SEE YOU LATER.

BE CAREFUL, ZERO. THAT GIBSON STREET GHOUL SURE HAD A HAND IN THIS!



BETTY STEWART FAILS TO RECOGNIZE HER FATHER BEFORE SHE DRIVES OFF WITH ZERO.

I'M DETECTIVE SMITH, MISS. WE'D BETTER GO TO YOUR HOME,

I HOPE DAD IS SAFE!



MINUTES TICK OFF.. THEN BEFORE THE STEWART HOME, A GRISLY SPECTRE APPEARS AS THE MORGUE WAGON SPEEDS BY.

VENGEANCE CAN WAIT NO LONGER. TONIGHT I SHALL SETTLE THE SCORE!



SILENT AS A WISP OF FOG, THE GHOST DRIFTS TOWARD A LADDER AGAINST THE STEWART HOUSE.



A MOMENT LATER, ZERO AND THE GIRL DRIVE IN.

OH, BUT I LEFT A LIGHT BURNING UPSTAIRS.. NOW IT'S OUT!

HM! A BAD SIGN.



SORRY, MISS.. YOU MUST WAIT HERE FOR ME.. DANGEROUS, YOU KNOW.. AND NOW I CAN TELL YOU THE DEAD MAN WAS YOUR FATHER.

OH.. NO! NOT DAD!

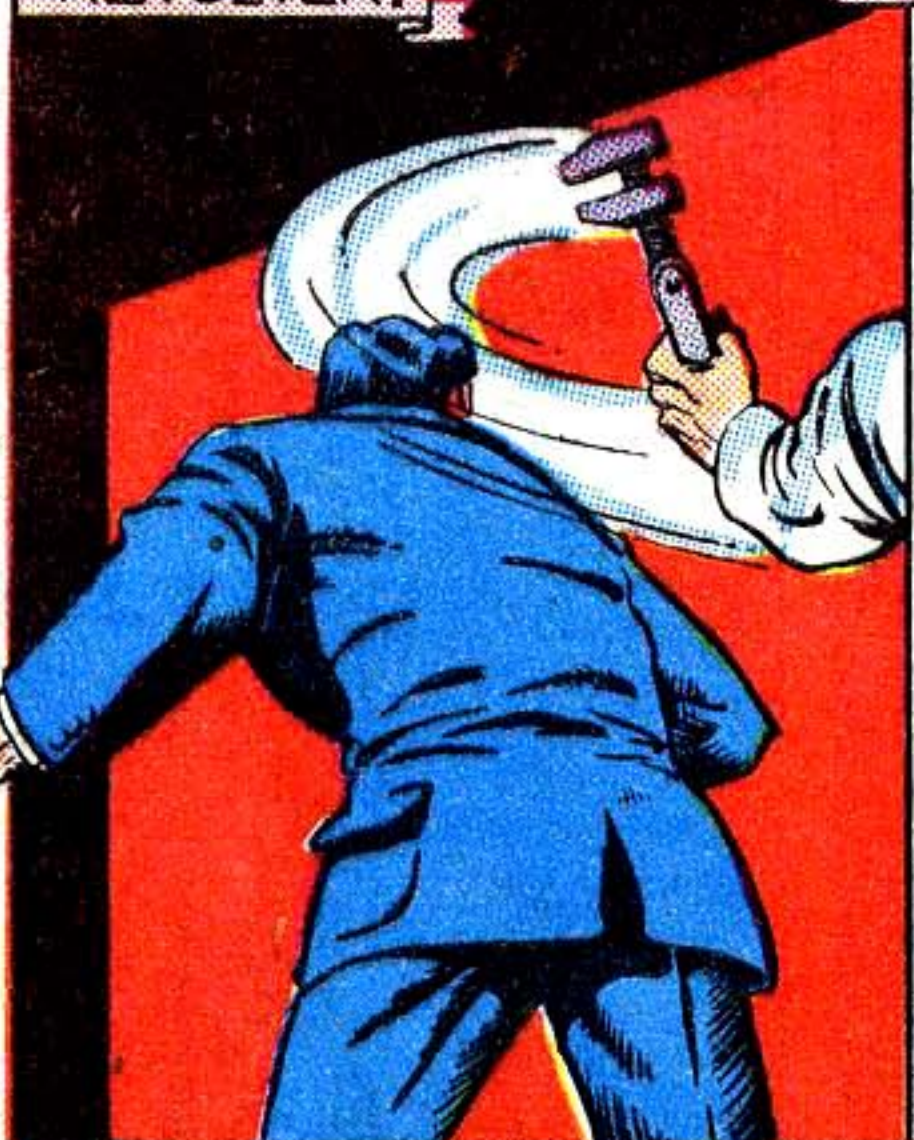


ZERO APPROACHES THE DOOR WARILY AND ENTERS SIDWAYS.

THIS IS THE LAW! GET YOUR HANDS UP!



A VICIOUS BLOW GLANCES OFF ZERO'S HEAD, BUT ZERO DOESN'T LOSE HIS REVOLVER.



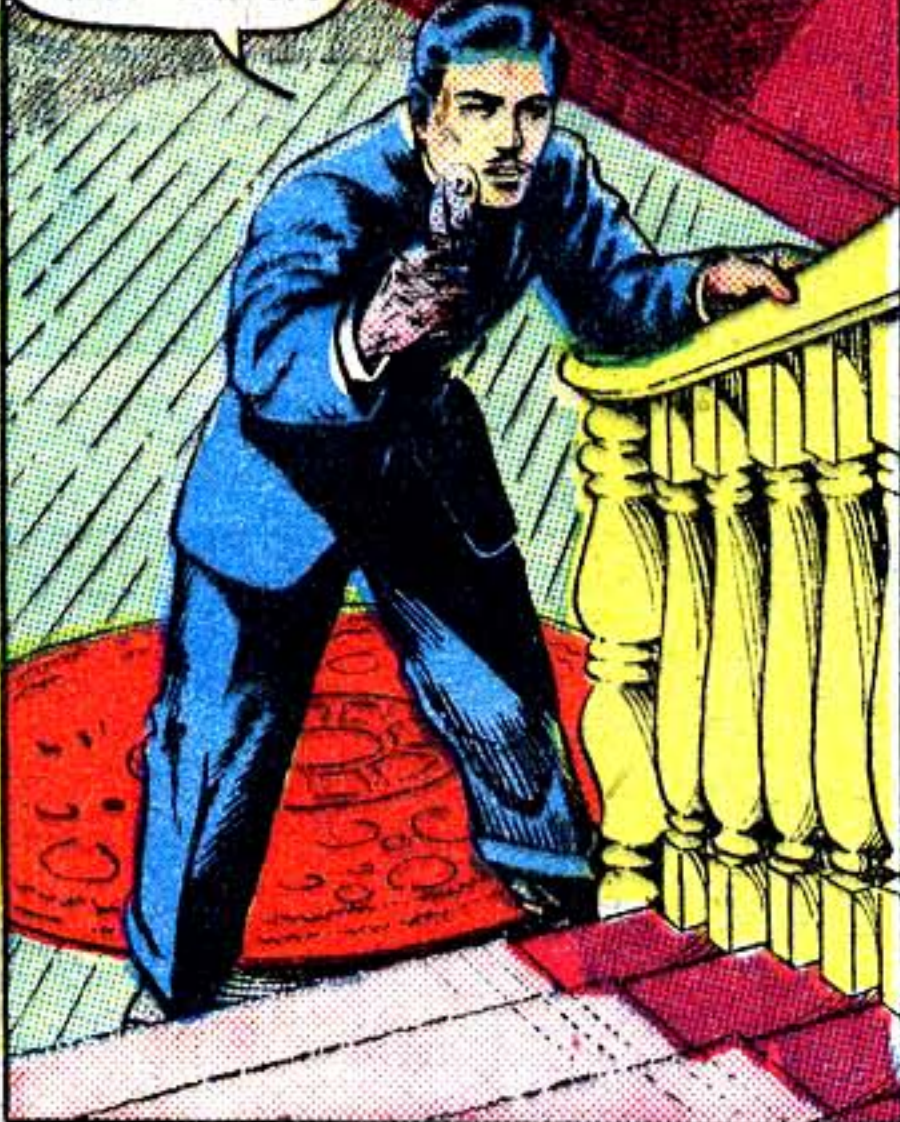
HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET TOO LATE TO GRAB THE INTRUDER.

AND THAT GUY IS NO GHOST? HE'S THE ONE WHO KNOCKED OUT FOLEY!



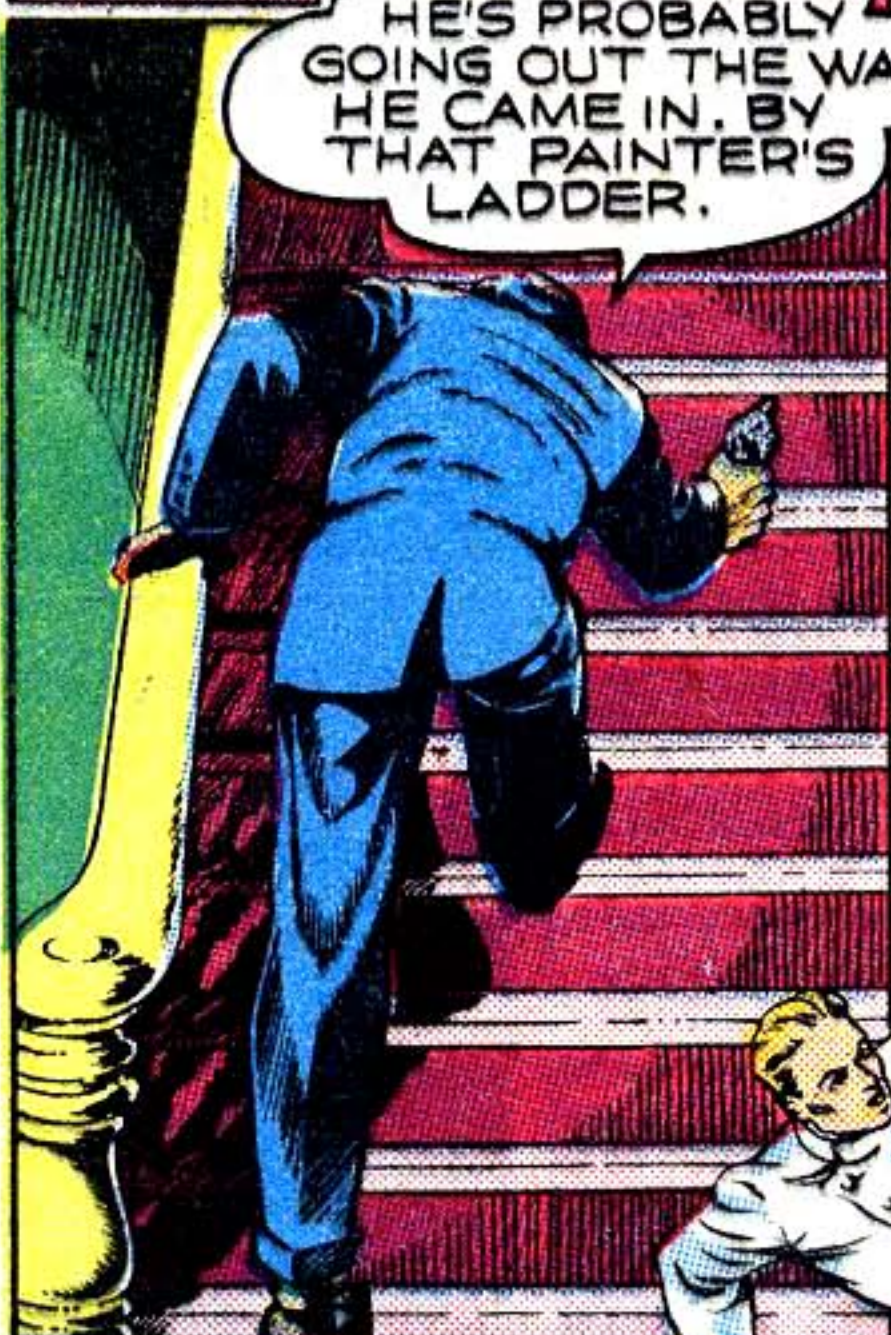
ZERO'S GUN FLAMES AS HIS ASSAILANT BOUNDS UP THE STAIRS.

WHEW! THAT CLOUT ON THE HEAD SPOILED MY AIM.



BUT THE GHOST DETECTIVE FOLLOWS, THREE STEPS AT A JUMP.

HE'S PROBABLY GOING OUT THE WAY HE CAME IN, BY THAT PAINTER'S LADDER.



OVER THE LAST STEP, ZERO TWISTS SUDDENLY TO AVOID A WEIRD SHAPE.



HANDS PAWING EMPTY SPACE, ZERO FINDS THE SPECTRE HAS VANISHED.

BUT I COULD HAVE SWORN I HAD HIM!



RUSHING FROM THE HOUSE, ZERO JOINS BETTY AS THE MORGUE WAGON HURTTLES FROM THE LADDER.



YOU CAME HERE FOR THE MONEY YOU FAILED TO FIND IN STEWART'S POCKETS... BUT VENGEANCE HAS CAUGHT YOU!

GUESS THAT SETTLES MATTERS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO APPEAR AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

YOU'RE REALLY ZERO? WITHOUT YOUR AID, DAD'S DEATH WOULD STILL BE A MYSTERY.

AHA, MY GOOD FRIEND ZERO YOU SEE HIS NECK IS BROKEN. I'VE BEEN BLAMED FOR MANY DEATHS HE DELIBERATELY CAUSED WITH HIS CAR. BUT I HAVE SALVAGED THE VICTIM'S MONEY BEFORE MOSS RETURNED ON THE MORGUE WAGON.



FLOATING OUTSIDE, THE GHOST HOVERS OVER THEM.

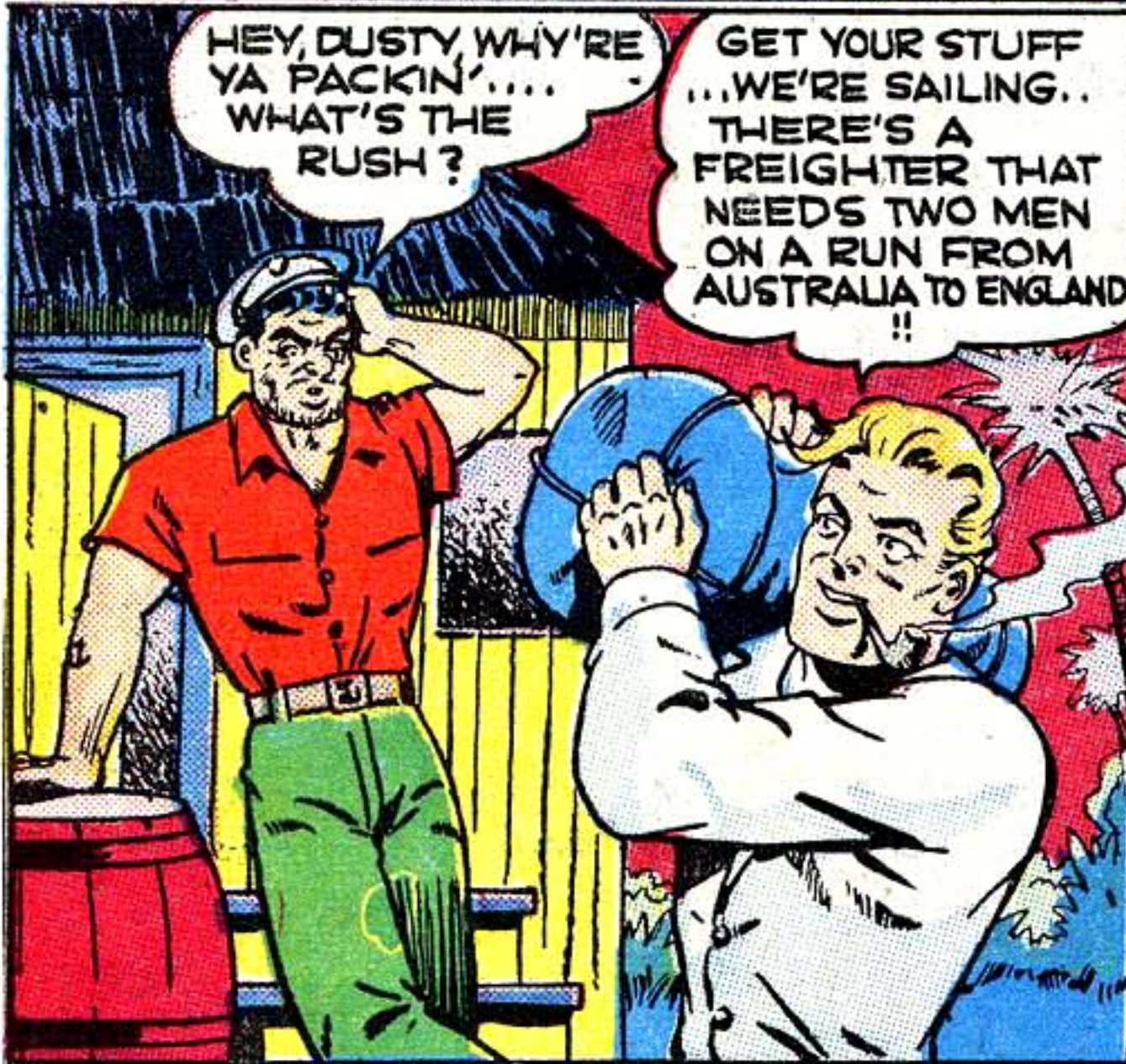
YES, HE KILLED STEWART AS HE KILLED ME AND ROBBED MY LIFE'S SAVINGS ON GIBSON STREET. JUSTICE IS DONE AND I MUST PART! FAREWELL!



DUSTY DANE

By VERNON HENKEL

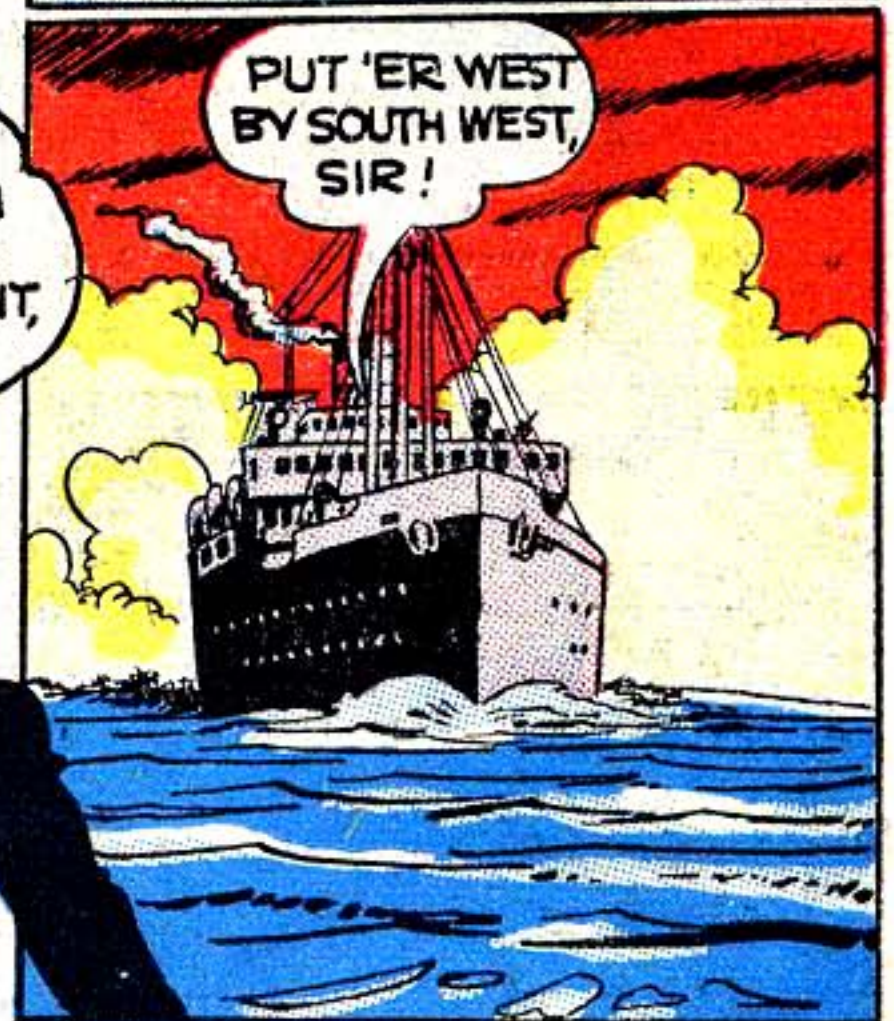
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH SEAS WE FIND DUSTY DANE AND HIS SIDEKICK, BIG MIKE CARDIGAN.....



YEAH, BUT I LIKE IT HERE.. WE CAN LIVE CHEAP..



THE CLANK OF LIFTING ANCHORS SIGNALS THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE

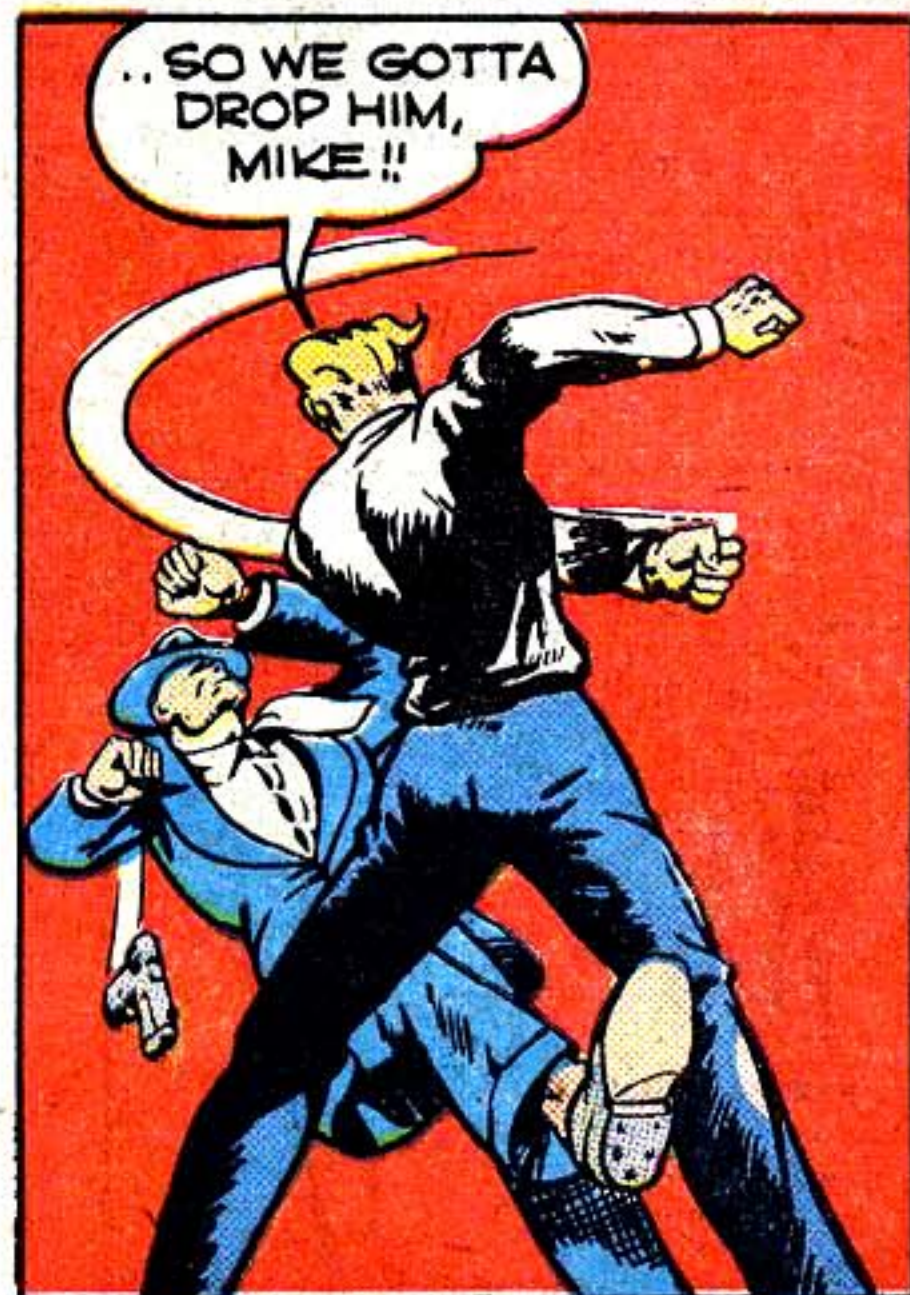
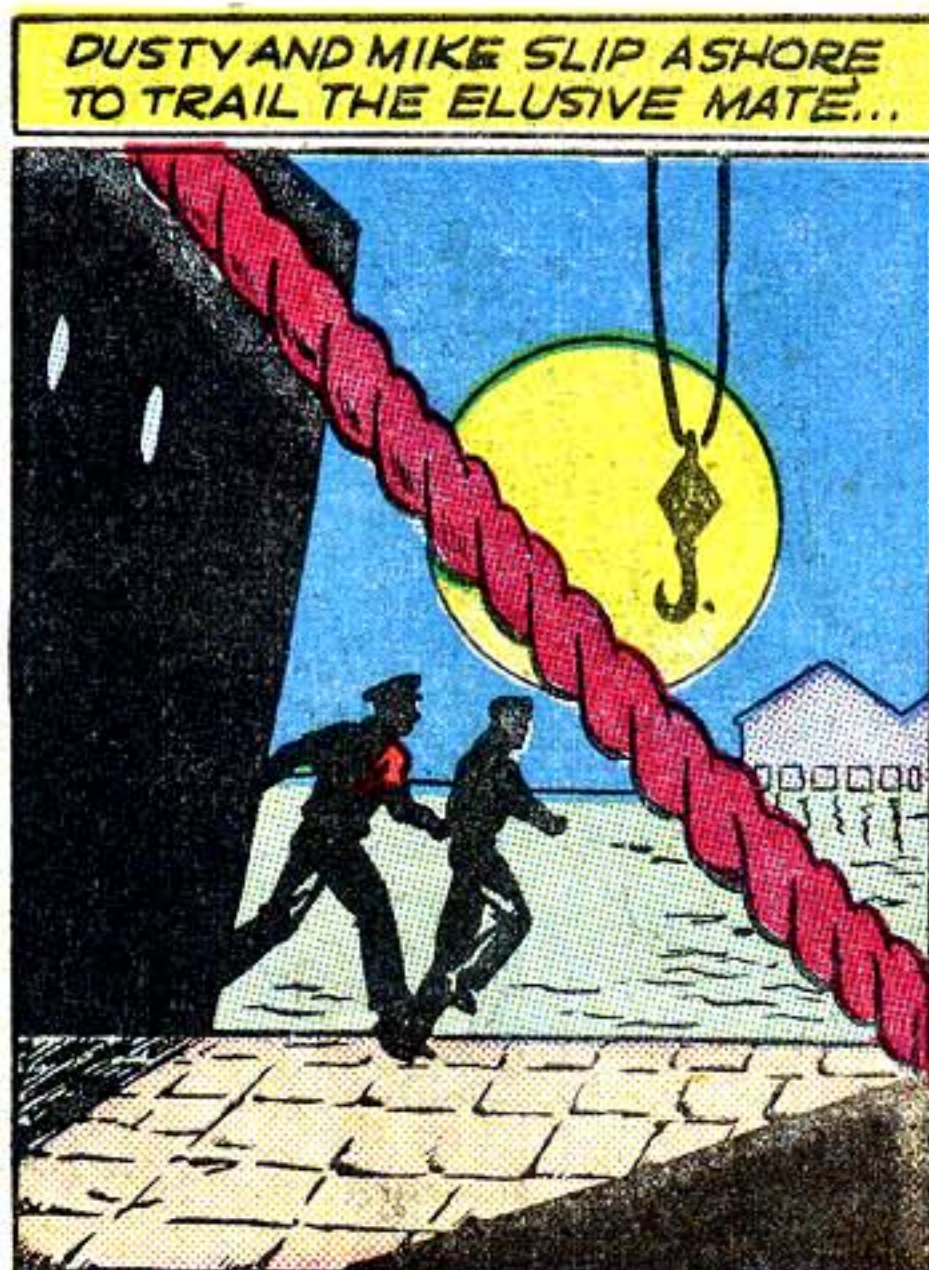


THE CREW SETS TO WORK UNDER THE BITTER TONGUE OF THE FIRST MATE...



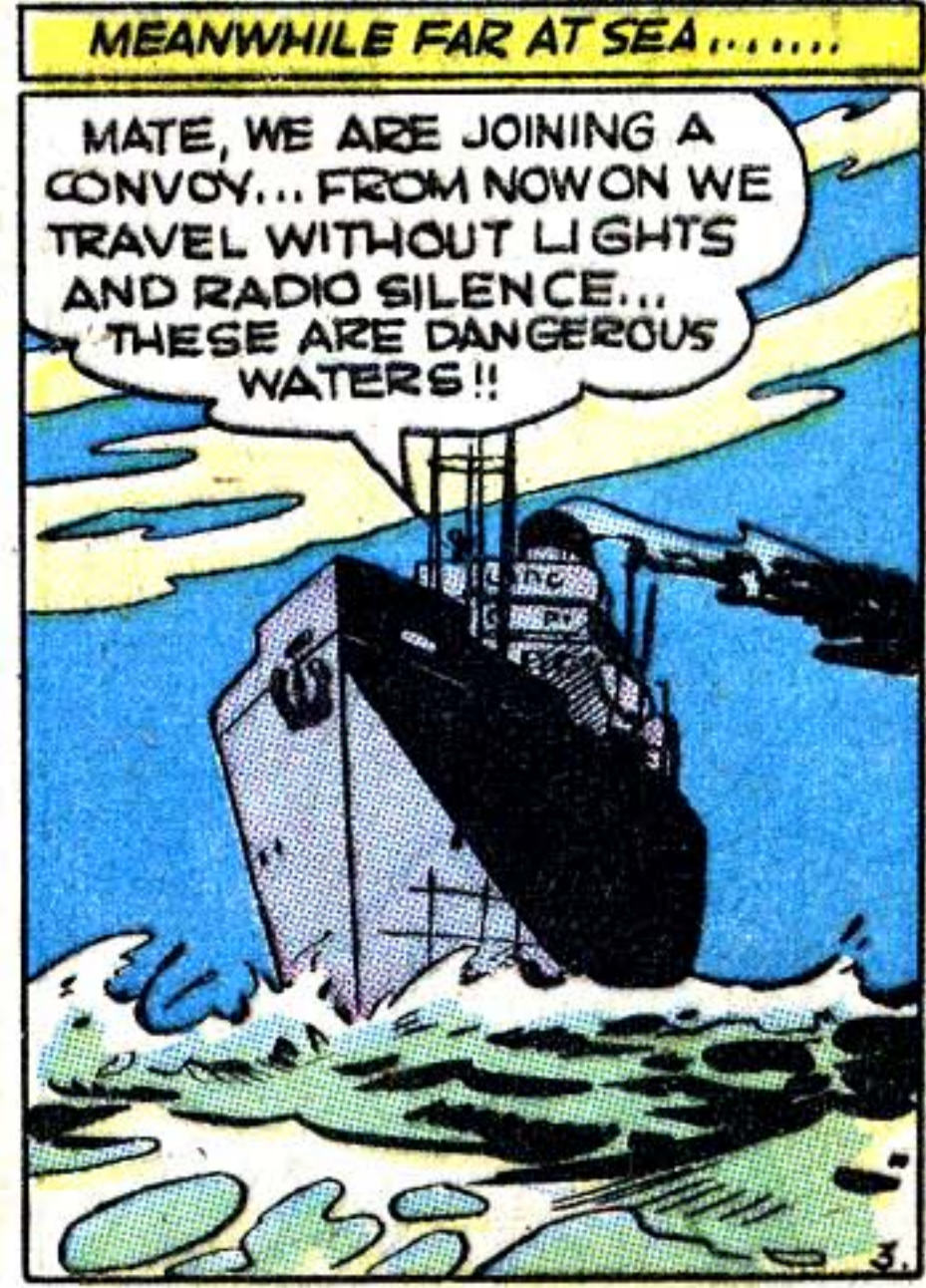
BUT THAT NIGHT...

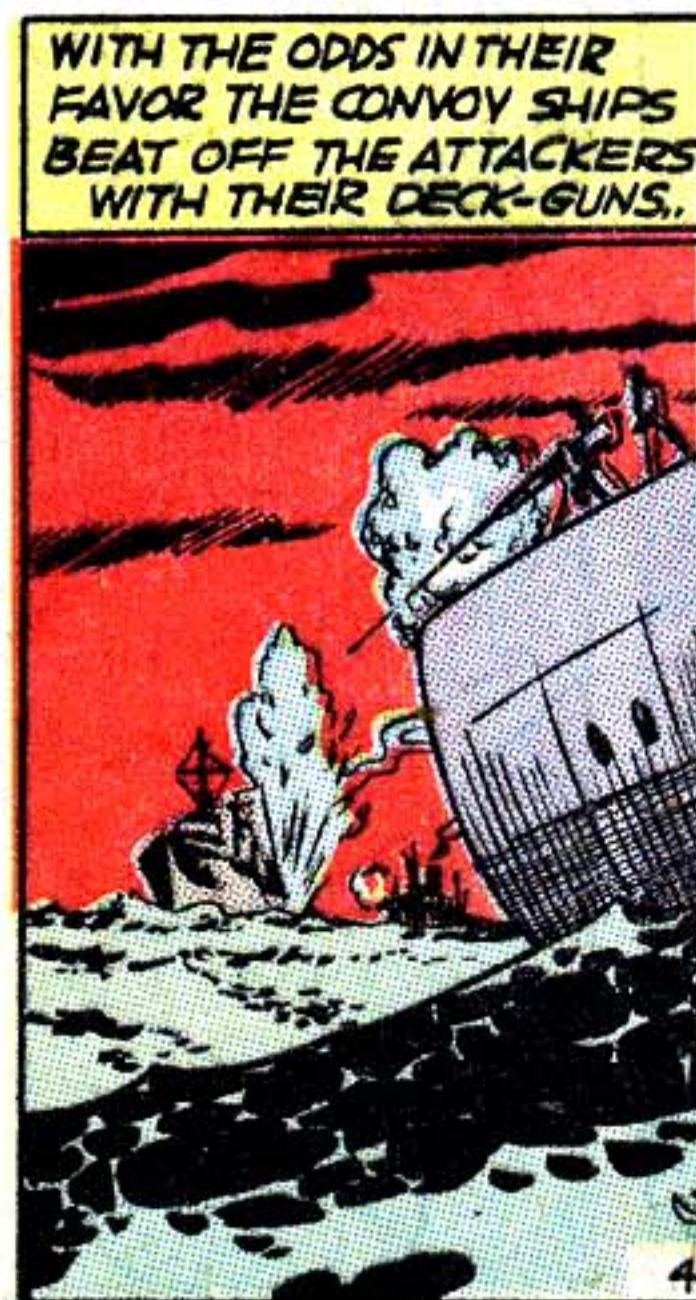
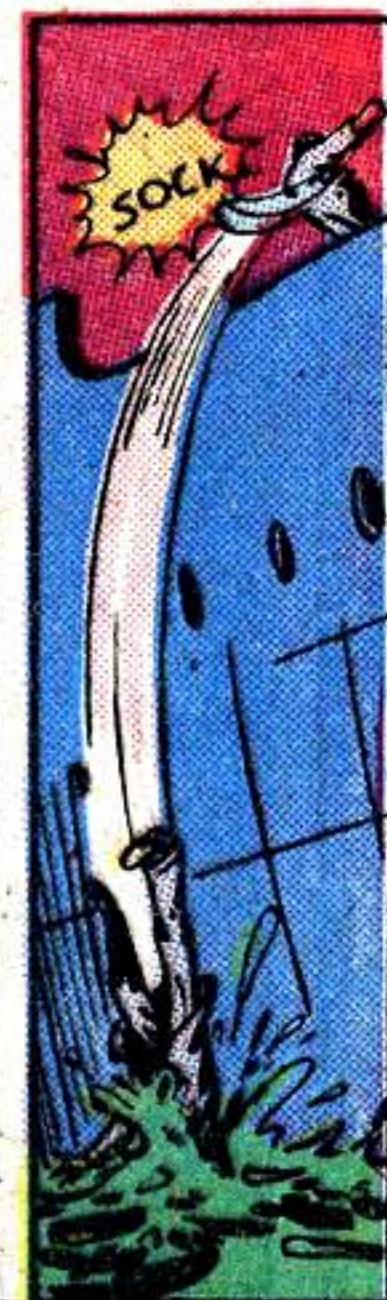
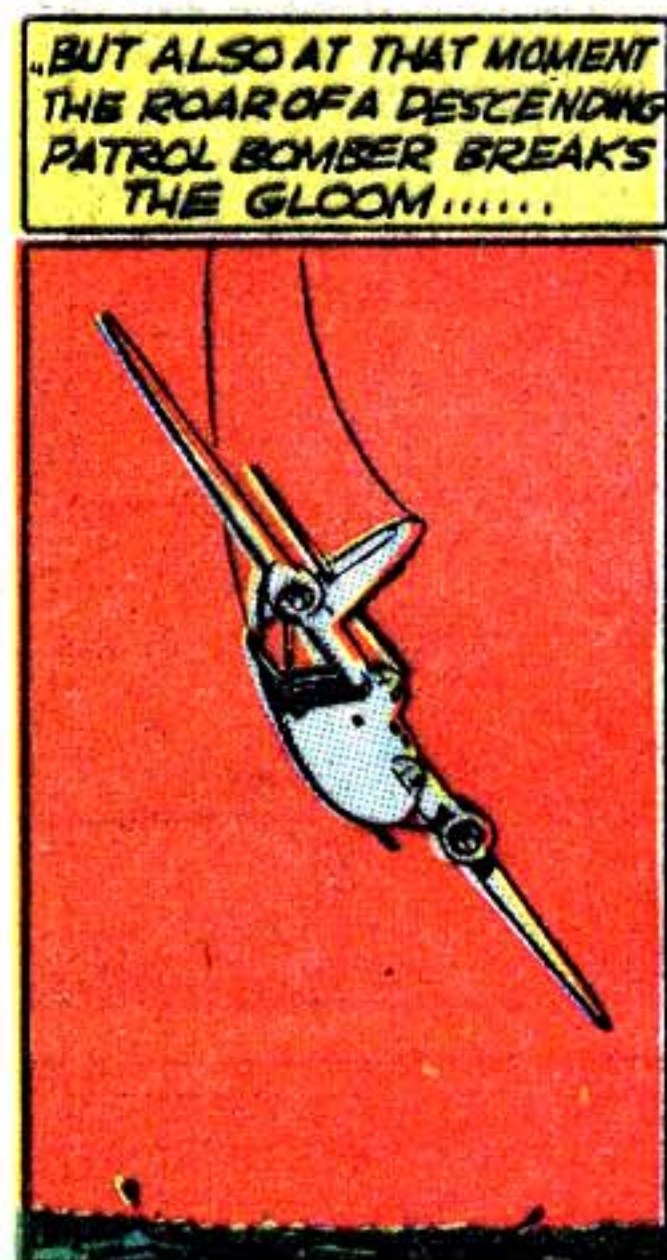
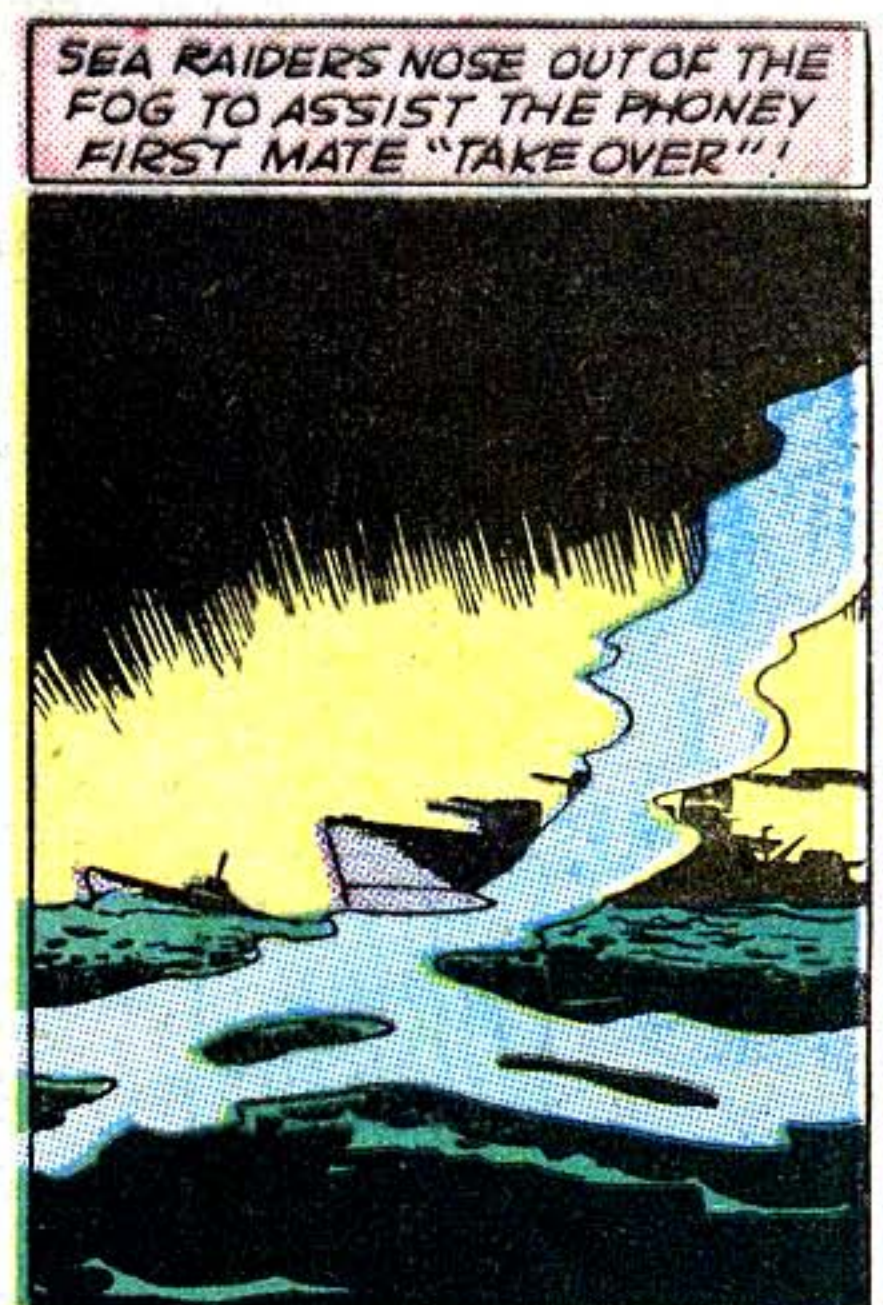
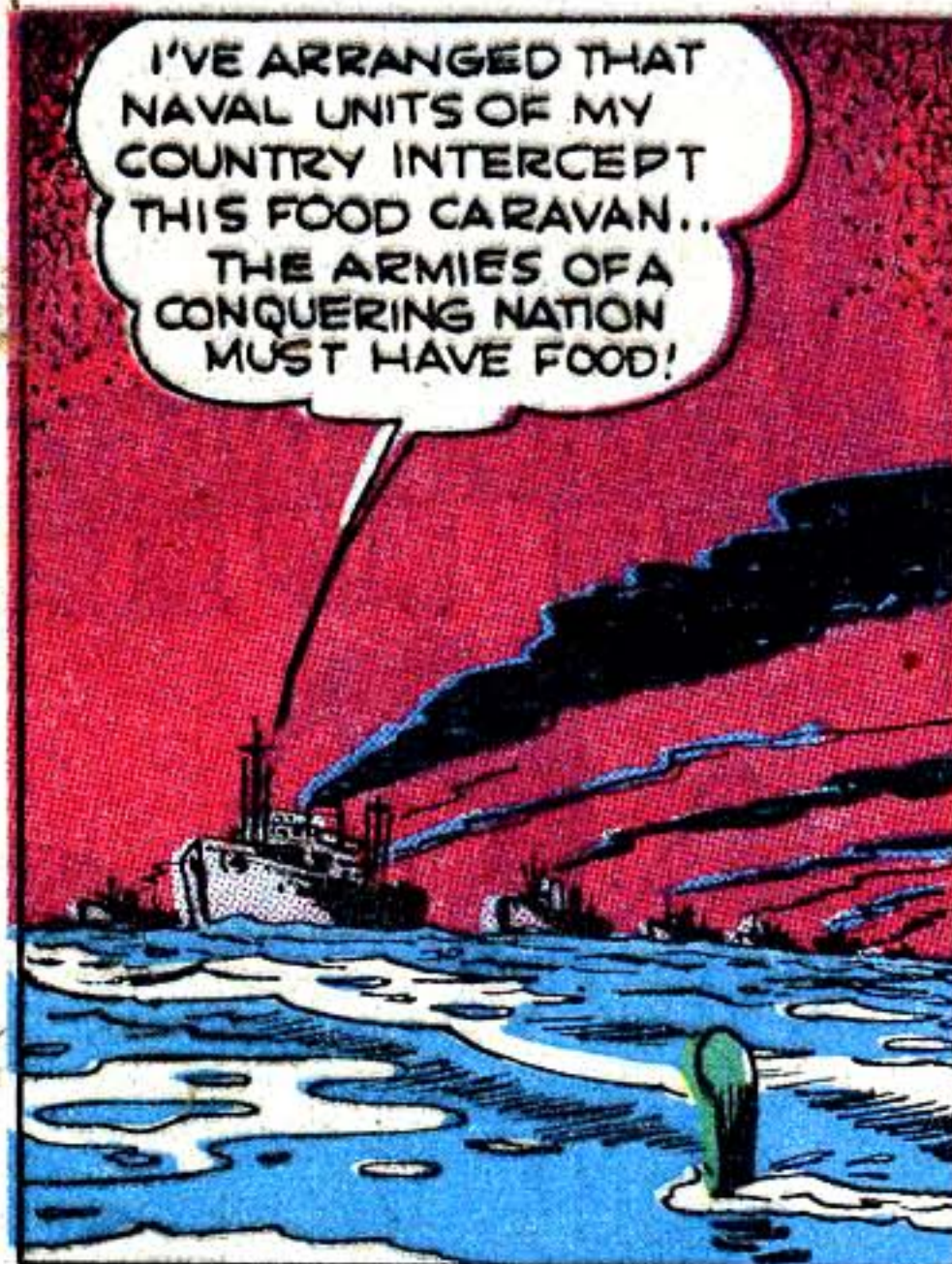






NEXT MORNING





FEATURE COMICS combines the best in action, mystery and humor.

SWING Sisson

ACE OF THE BANDSTAND

by

PHIL
MARTIN

THE THRILL-A-MINUTE BAND LEADER OF NEW YORK'S SMART CLOVER CLUB, **SWING Sisson**, NOW COMES OFF THE BANDSTAND TO DESTROY A HUGE CELEBRITY EXTORTION RING... BUT HE NEEDS THE HELP OF HIS VOCALIST, **BONNIE BAXTER**, AND HIS SAX-PLAYING PAL, **TOBY TUCKER**.



A WAVE OF TERROR GRIPS THE COUNTRY'S HIGHLY-PAID PERFORMERS, FOR STAR AFTER STAR HAS RECEIVED EXTORTION THREATS... AND THOSE WHO REFUSED TO PAY HAVE BEEN HORRIBLY PENALIZED... AND NOW **GILDA KAY**, CLOVER CLUB DANCER, HAS IGNORED THE THREATS....

BETTER HURRY WITH THIS GREASE PAINT. IT'S ALMOST TIME TO GO ON.



BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...



EEEEK!!
MY FACE!
IT'S BURNED!!

THE SCREAM SHATTERS THE GAYETY IN THE FRONT OF THE CLUB....



THAT SCREAM!
WHO WAS IT?

CUT IT, BOYS!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!!



AS BONNIE CUPS HER HAND ON THE MOUTHPIECE...

WHO IS IT, BONNIE?

IT--IT'S THE MAN WHO PUT THE ACID IN GILDA'S MAKE-UP. HE'S THREATENING ME WITH THE SAME THING UNLESS I PAY HIM \$5000!



TELL HIM TO GO TO BLAZES, BONNIE! IF THOSE MUGS TRY THAT ON YOU, TOBY AND I'LL GET 'EM!

I'D LIKE JUST TEN MINUTES WITH THOSE RATS!



BRAVELY, BONNIE REFUSES....

YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU CAN'T GET TOUGH WITH US! IF YOU DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND WHEN WE CALL BACK IN TEN MINUTES-- WELL---YOU KNOW!!



WHAT AM I GOING TO DO, SWING? IF ANYTHING LIKE THAT SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME---!!

IT WON'T, BONNIE!



BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON ...AND THEY ARE SOON BACK ON THE BANDSTAND.

BONNIE'S A BRAVE KID! LOOK AT HER, SWINGING IT OUT AS THOUGH SHE DIDN'T HAVE A WORRY IN THE WORLD!



THAT SAME NIGHT AFTER THE CLUB CLOSES...

THEY OUGHT TO BE COMING OUT SOON, WE'LL GIVE THE BAXTER DAME A SHOT AND THEN SCRAM IN THE CAR!

WE'LL SHOW HER SHE CAN'T FOOL WITH US!



SOON BONNIE, SWING, AND TOBY EMERGE FROM THE CLUB...

I'M GLAD THIS NIGHT IS OVER, EH, BONNIE?

I'M NOT AFRAID IF YOU AND TOBY WILL STICK WITH ME UNTIL I GET HOME!



THE MEN STEP OUT OF THE SHADOWS. ONE BRANDISHES A GUN WHICH IS REALLY A TOY WATER PISTOL...

LOOK OUT BONNIE!

ALL RIGHT, BONNIE BAXTER!!



AS THE THUG SHOTS, SWING LUNGES AT BONNIE, KNOCKING HER SIDWAYS...

DUCK! THEY'RE SHOOTING ACID FROM A WATER PISTOL! KNOCK THAT GUN OUT OF HIS HAND, TOBY!

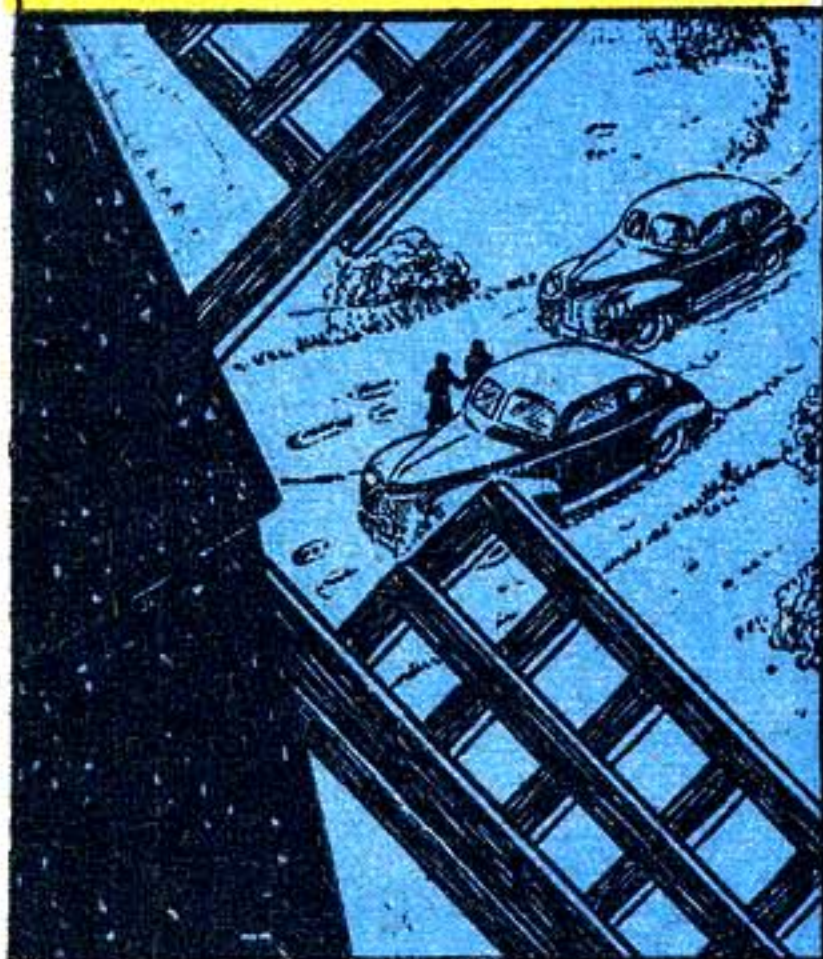




THE OTHER THUG DRIVES TOBY INTO SWING.



MIDNIGHT THAT NIGHT...
TWO CARS PULL UP
BESIDE THE ABANDONED
OLD MILL. TWO FEMININE
FIGURES GET OUT OF
ONE....



IN THE EXTORTIONISTS' CAR...



THERE SHE IS!
BUT SHE'S GOT
ANOTHER DAME
WITH HER! DO
YOU THINK
IT'S ALL
RIGHT?

WE'LL
SEE!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!
MAKE A MOVE AND YOU
GET SHOT! WHO ARE
YOU?



PSSST, TOBY,
GIVE 'EM YOUR
FALSETTO. THE ONE
YOU USE IN OUR
COMEDY NUMBERS!

IT'S JUST ME,
BONNIE BAXTER-
(GULP)-AND M-MY
SISTER!

DUMB DAME,
BRINGING
SOMEONE
ELSE ALONG.
MAYBE IT'S
A TRAP!

NAH! SHE
WAS TOO
SCARED
OVER THE
PHONE...
RIGHT NOW
HER VOICE
SOUNDS FUNNY,
SHE'S SO
SHAKY! LET'S
GO GET THE
DOUGH!



LET'S GET THIS
OVER WITH QUICK!
WHERE'S THE
\$5000?

IN MY
BAG.



THEN GIVE IT
HERE, STUPID!

OKAY,
HERE IT
IS!!



THIS BAG FULL OF
BRICKS OUGHT TO
SEND YOU BYE-BYE
FOR A LONG TIME!



NICE WORK,
TOBY! AT
'EM!

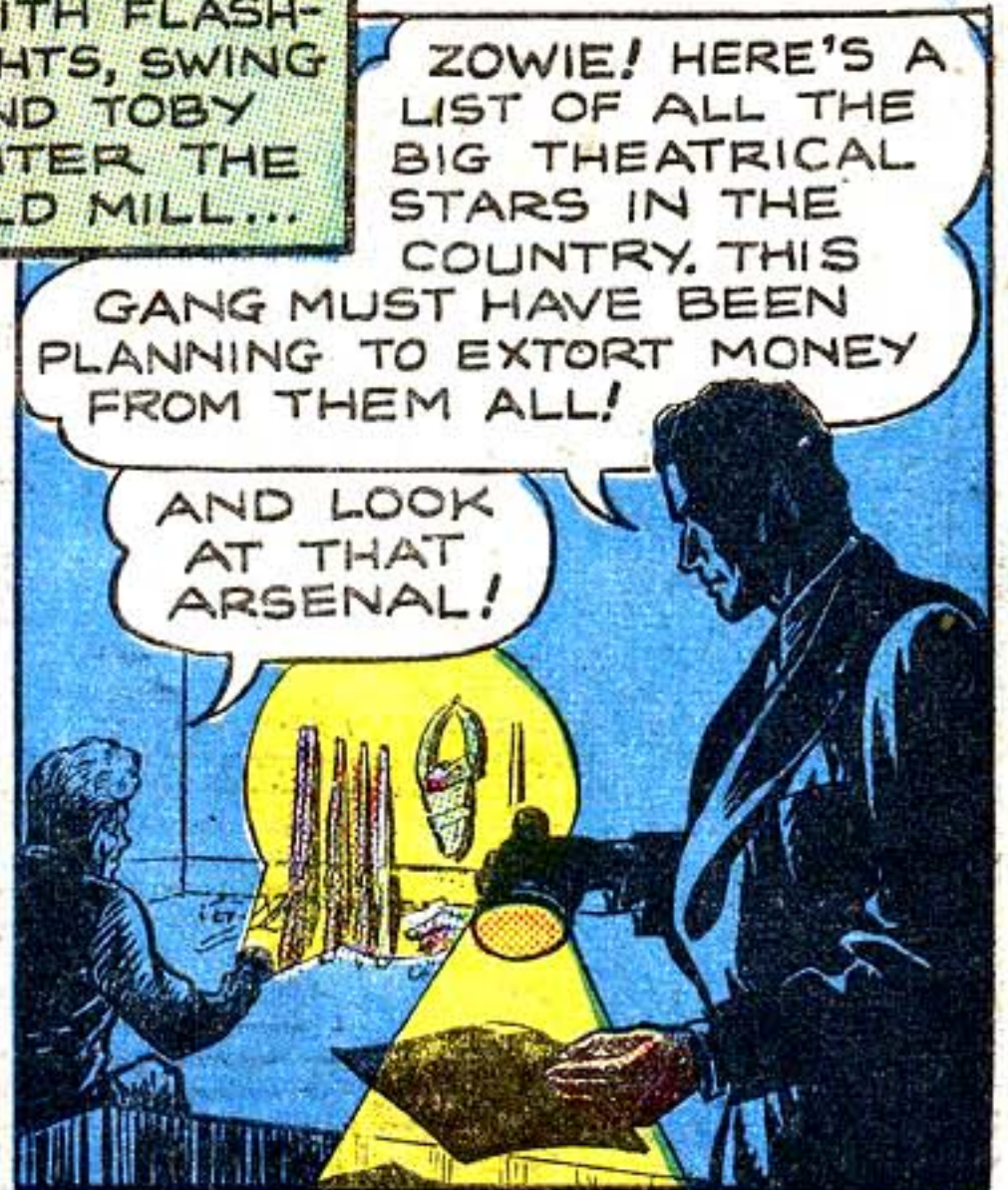
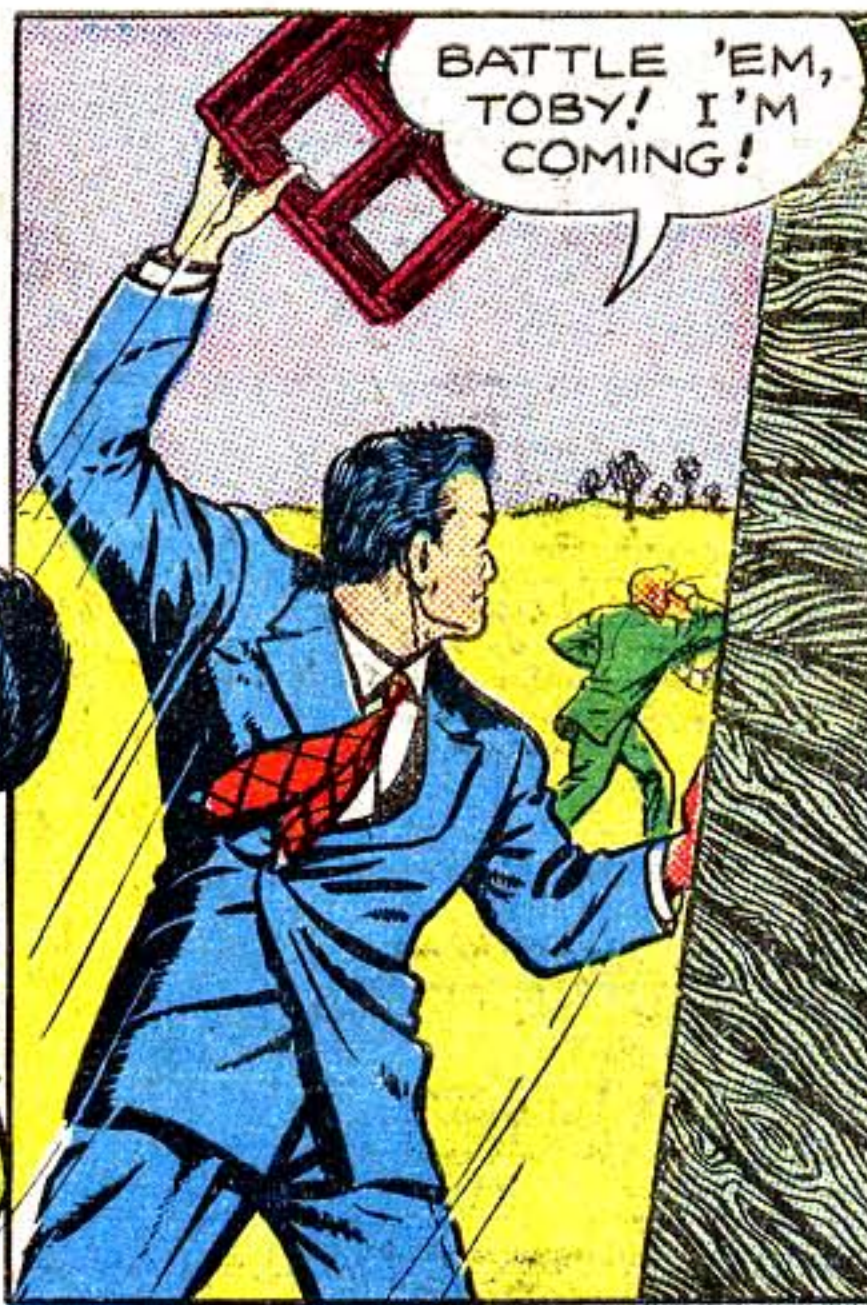
THEY AIN'T
D-DAMES...
THEY'RE
MEN! IT'S
THAT CRAZY
BAND LEADER!



YOU SAID IT, ICKIE!
THIS HEP-CAT IS
GONNA KNOCK
YOU STRUTTIN'!

HELP!





Don't miss the next installment of Swing Sisson in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

LALA PALOOZA

OH BOY! THE PONIES DID RIGHT BY LITTLE VINCENT TODAY- 35--40--45--50--

I'M NOT GOIN' T'TOSS THIS DOUGH AWAY FOOLISHLY—I WANT SOMETHIN' TO SHOW FOR IT!



THAT OVERCOAT IN THE WINDOW, THE ONE WITH CHECKS—HOW MUCH?

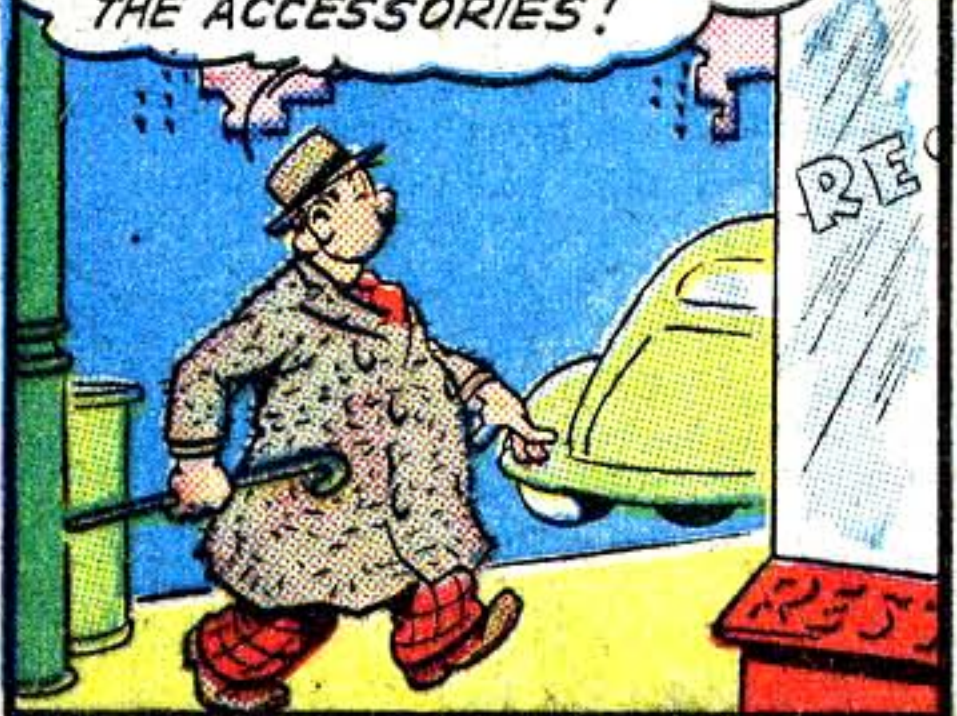
ONLY FORTY FIVE DOLLARS, SIR—AND IT'S JUST YOUR SIZE!



FORTY-FIVE FISH IS A LOTTA DOUGH T'PART WITH FOR A SHIVER SHEET—BUT WINTER IS COMIN'!



NOW, I'M GOIN' T'WRAP MYSELF AROUND A STEAK WITH ALL THE ACCESSORIES!



HUH? WHAT'S THIS?

THE MANAGEMENT ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR HATS OR COATS UNLESS CHECKED



YOUR ORDER, SIR

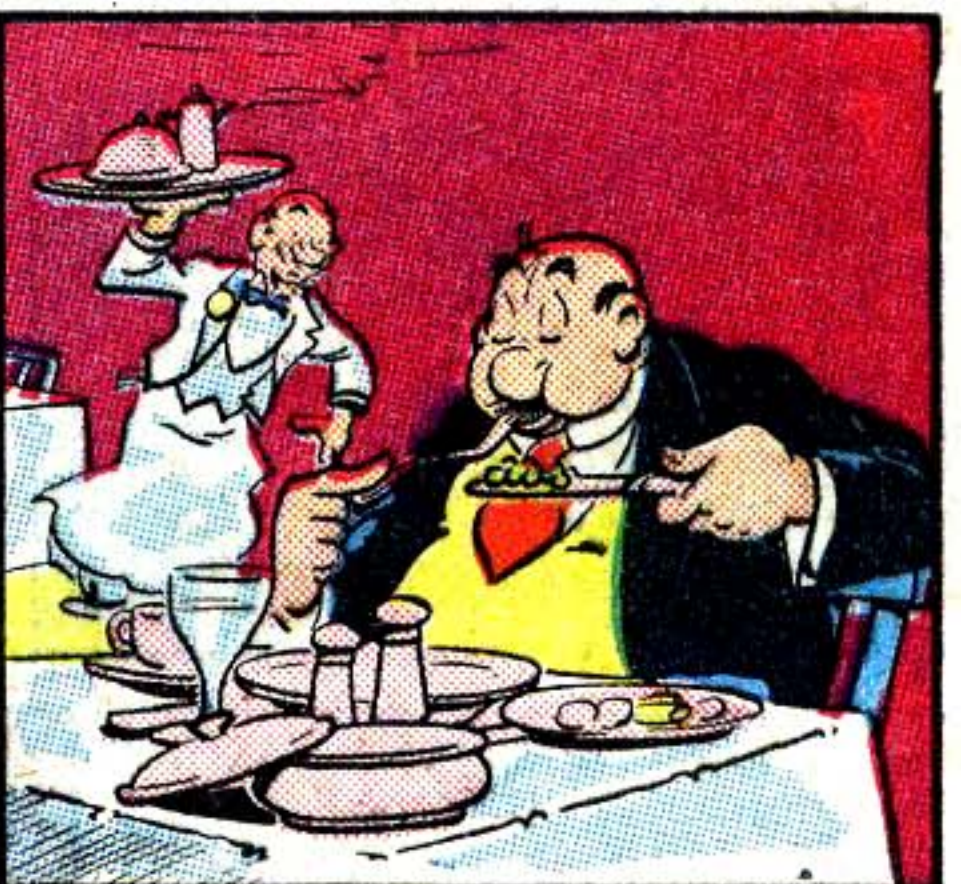
FIRST, BRING ME A PIECE OF PAPER, A PEN AND A BOTTLE OF INK, WAITER



THAT COAT COST ME ENOUGH DOUGH WITHOUT PAYING A DIME TO CHECK IT EVERY TIME I EAT!



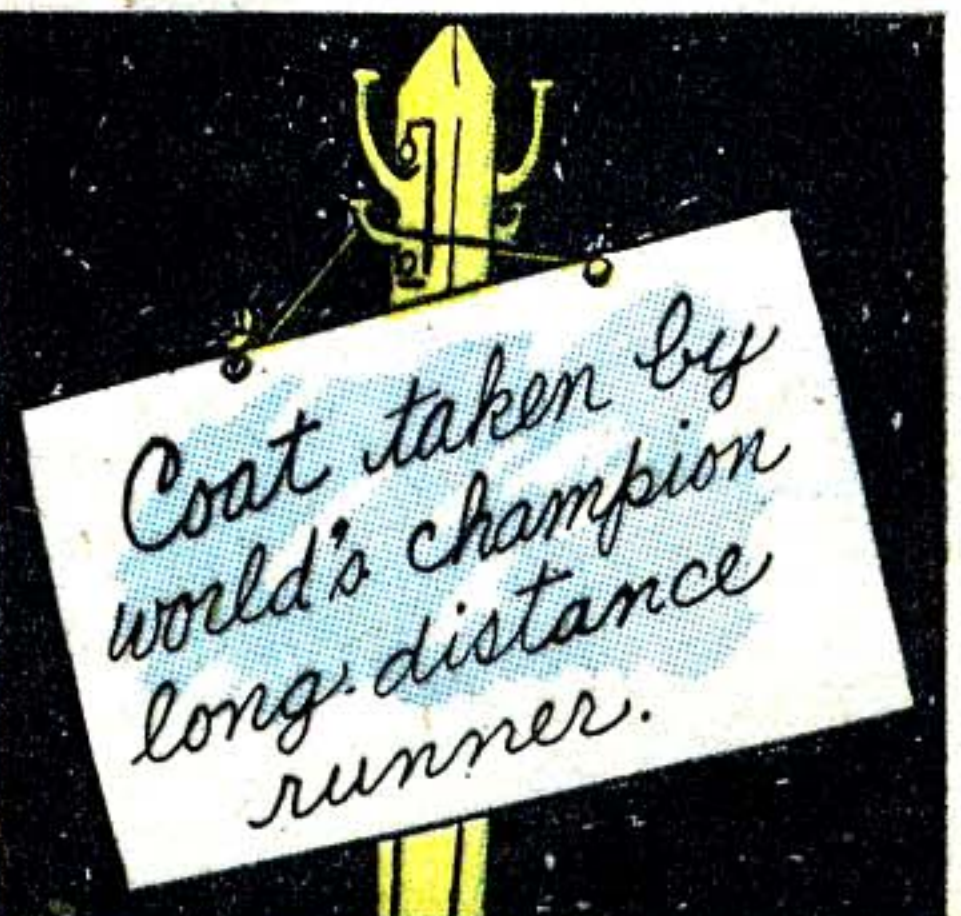
THIS COAT LEFT BY WORLD'S CHAMPION PRIZE-FIGHTER



THERE YOU ARE MY GOOD MAN!



Coat taken by world's champion long distance runner.

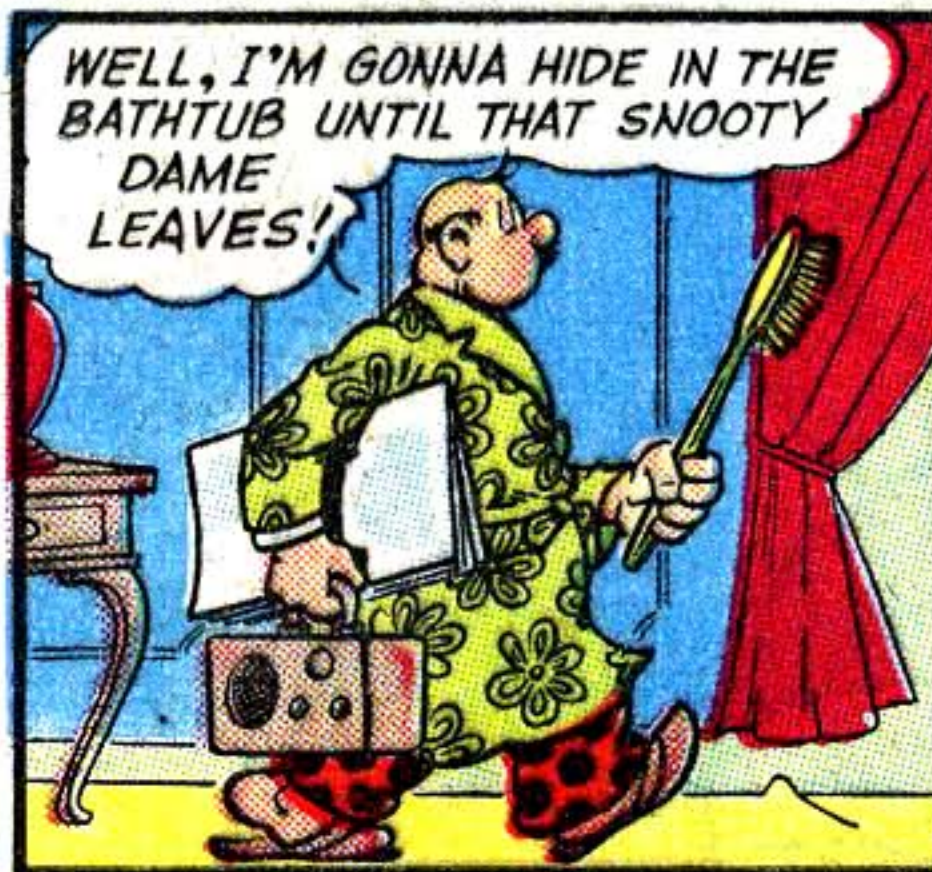


LALA PALOOZA

THE
NEW
OUTLER



LALA'S HIRED A BUTLER—
SHE'S TRYIN' TO PUT
ON THE RITZ
'CAUSE MRS. VAN
GELT IS COMIN'
TO VISIT THIS
AFTERNOON!



WELL, I'M GONNA HIDE IN THE
BATHTUB UNTIL THAT SNOOTY
DAME
LEAVES!

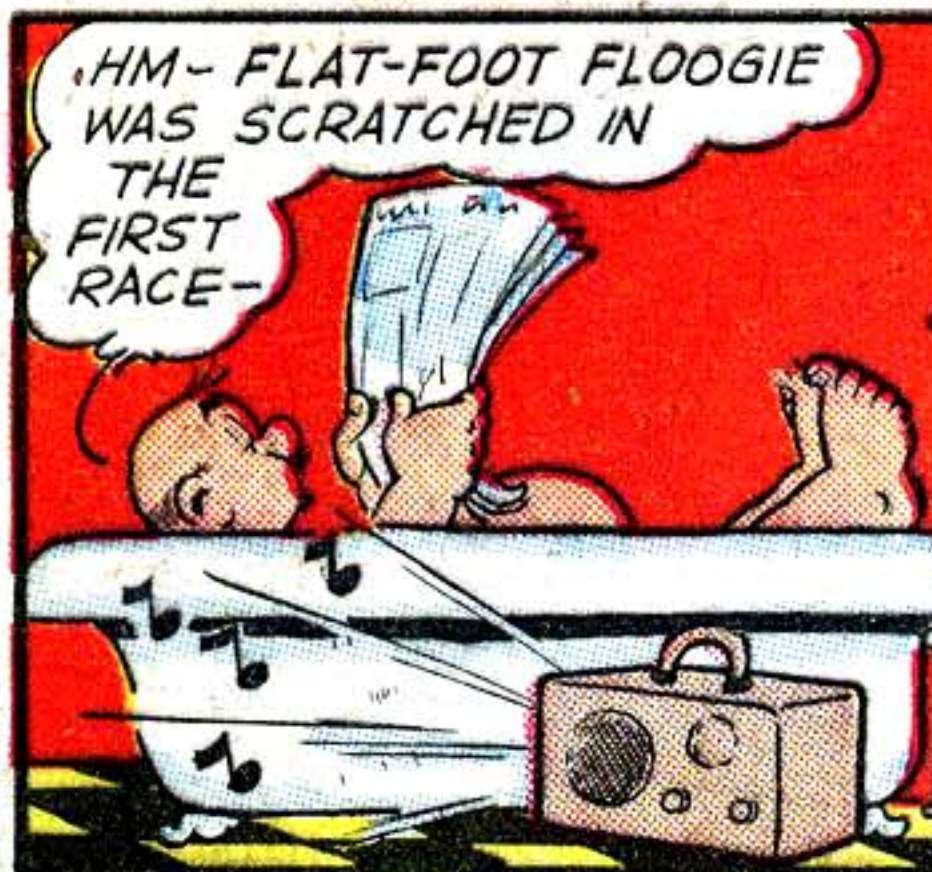


GUESS I'LL TURN ON THE
RADIO AND READ AND
SOAK MYSELF FOR
AN HOUR OR SO—



VINCENT, ARE YOU IN
THERE? VINCENT
CAN'T YOU
HEAR ME?
VINCENT!

KNOCK
KNOCK

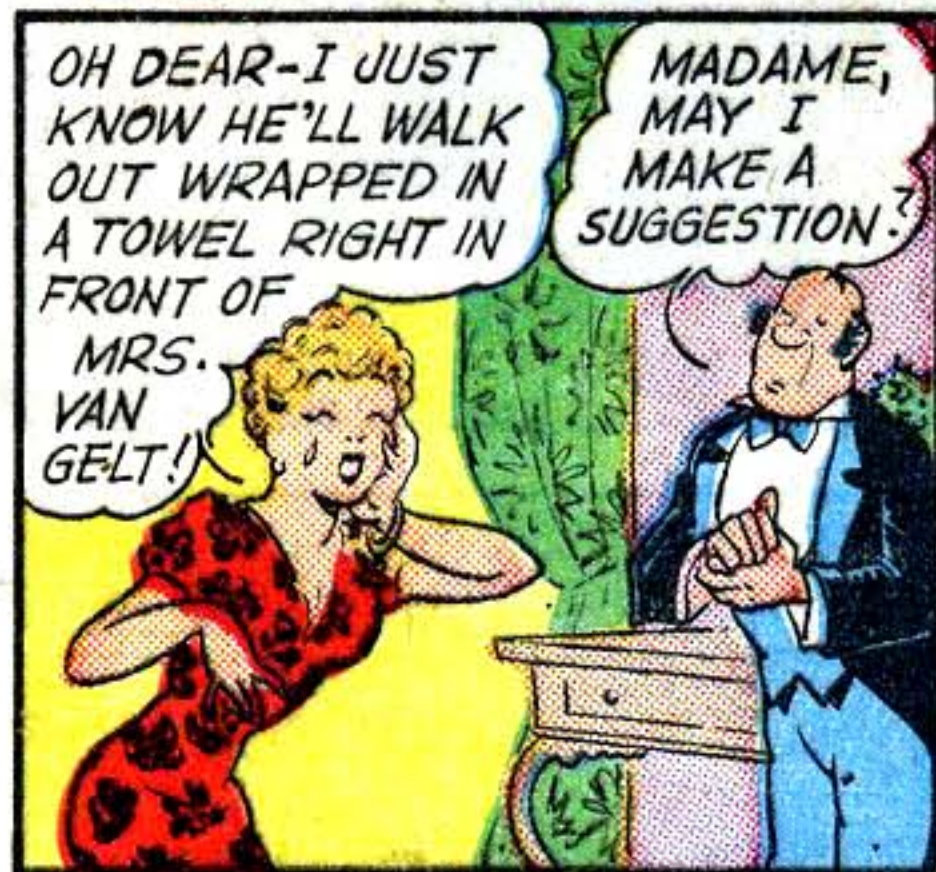


HM— FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE
WAS SCRATCHED IN
THE
FIRST RACE—



VINCENT! COME OUT
MRS. VAN GELT WILL
BE HERE ANY
MINUTE!
VINCENT!

PARDON
MADAME



OH DEAR—I JUST
KNOW HE'LL WALK
OUT WRAPPED IN
A TOWEL RIGHT IN
FRONT OF
MRS.
VAN
GELT!

MADAME,
MAY I
MAKE A
SUGGESTION?



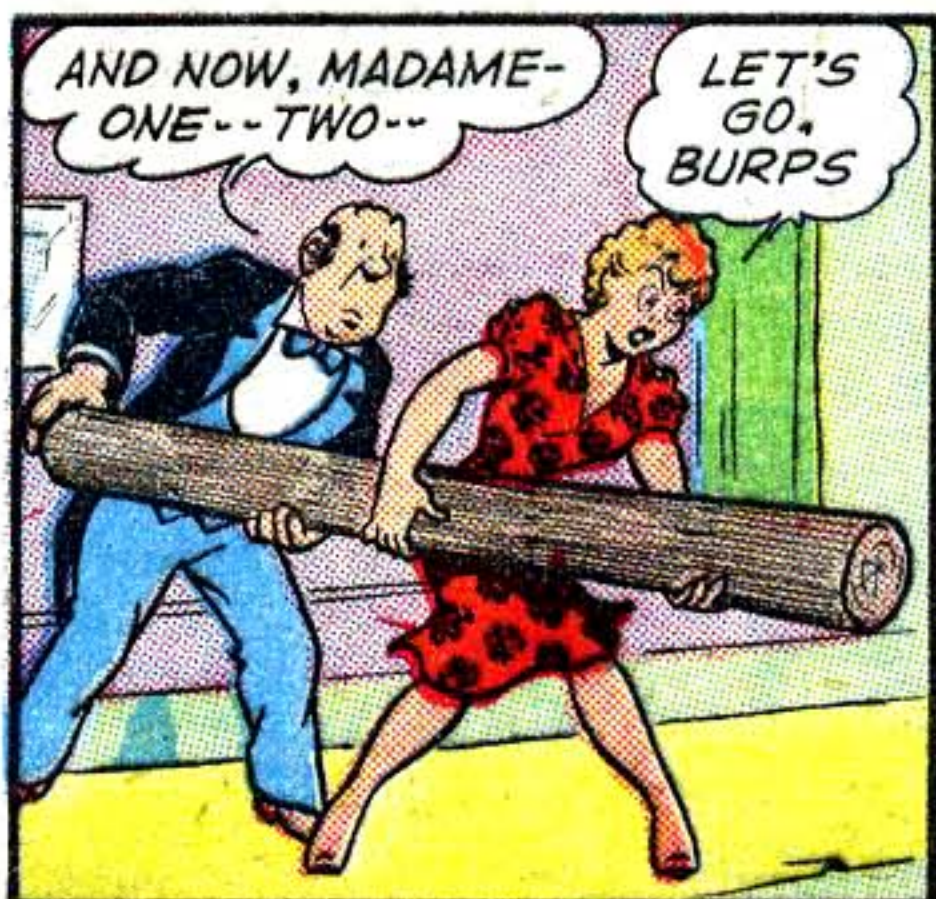
OH YES,
BURPS, HOW
CAN WE
GET HIM
OUT OF
THERE?

IT WILL PROBABLY
BE NECESSARY TO
KNOCK DOWN THE
DOOR—SO I TOOK
THE LIBERTY
OF
BRINGING
THIS
LOG..



—FROM THE CELLAR,
TO USE AS A
BATTERING
RAM!

?



AND NOW, MADAME—
ONE--TWO--

LET'S
GO,
BURPS



ER—
H'LO.
MRS.
VAN GELT!

EEEK

OH SAY
CAN
YOU
SEE

Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS

OF THE

MOUNTED

by ART DINAVIAN



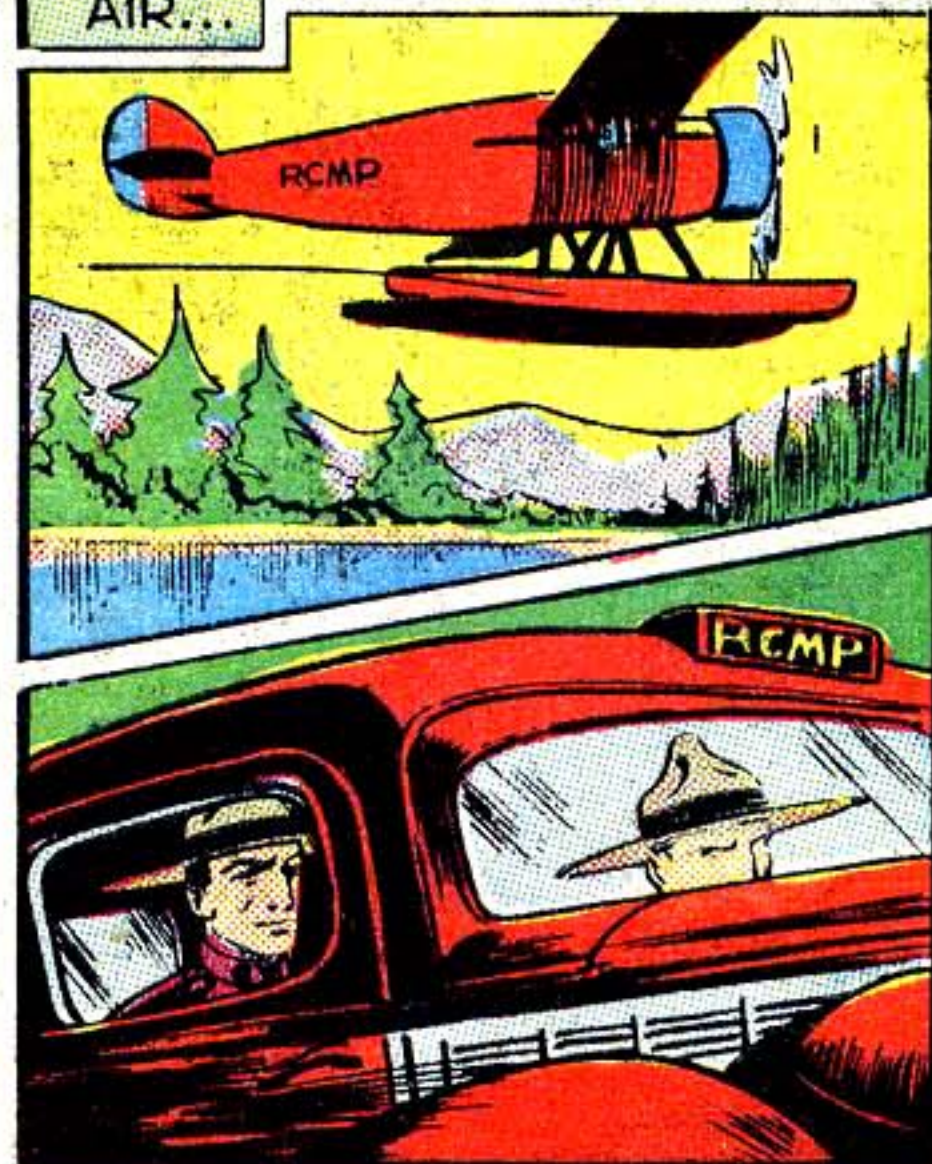
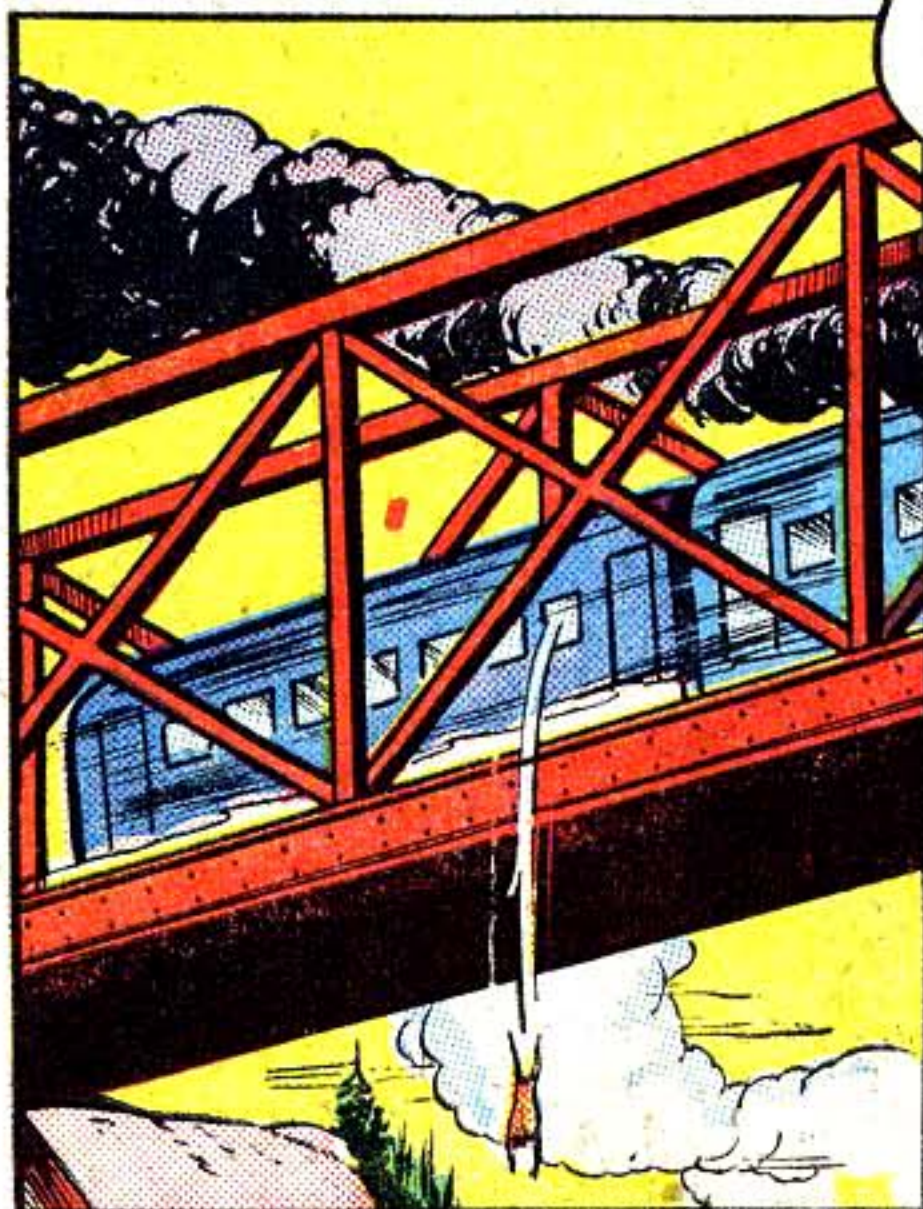
LADEN WITH CAPTURED GERMAN AVIATORS BROUGHT FROM EUROPE, THE PRISON-BOUND LIMITED THUNDERS THROUGH THE CANADIAN WILDS...

AS THEY PASS OVER THE BRIDGE-

IT'S ROMER, THE FLYING ACE- HE'S JUMPED INTO THE RIVER!!

WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE MOUNTED AT ONCE!!

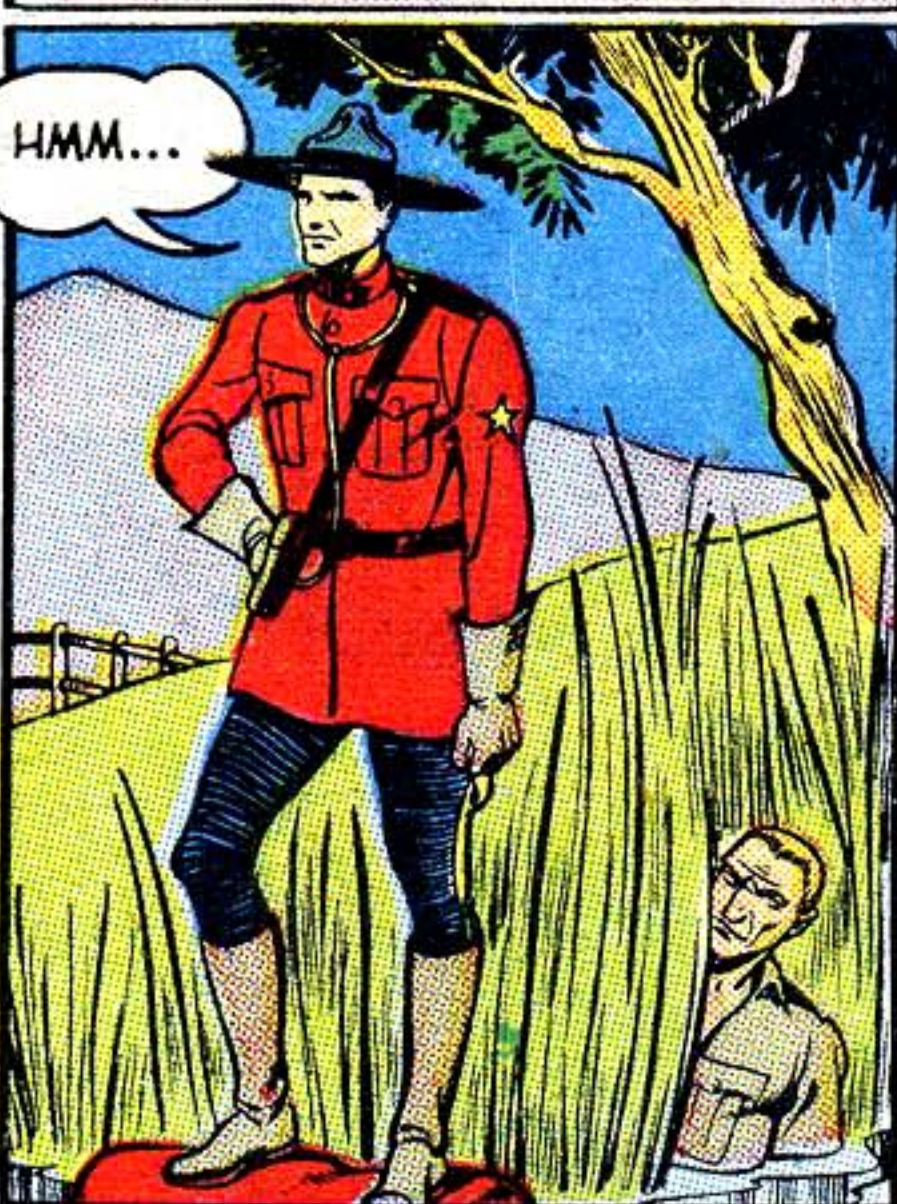
THE CALL IS ANSWERED WITH IMMEDIATE ACTION BY LAND AND AIR...



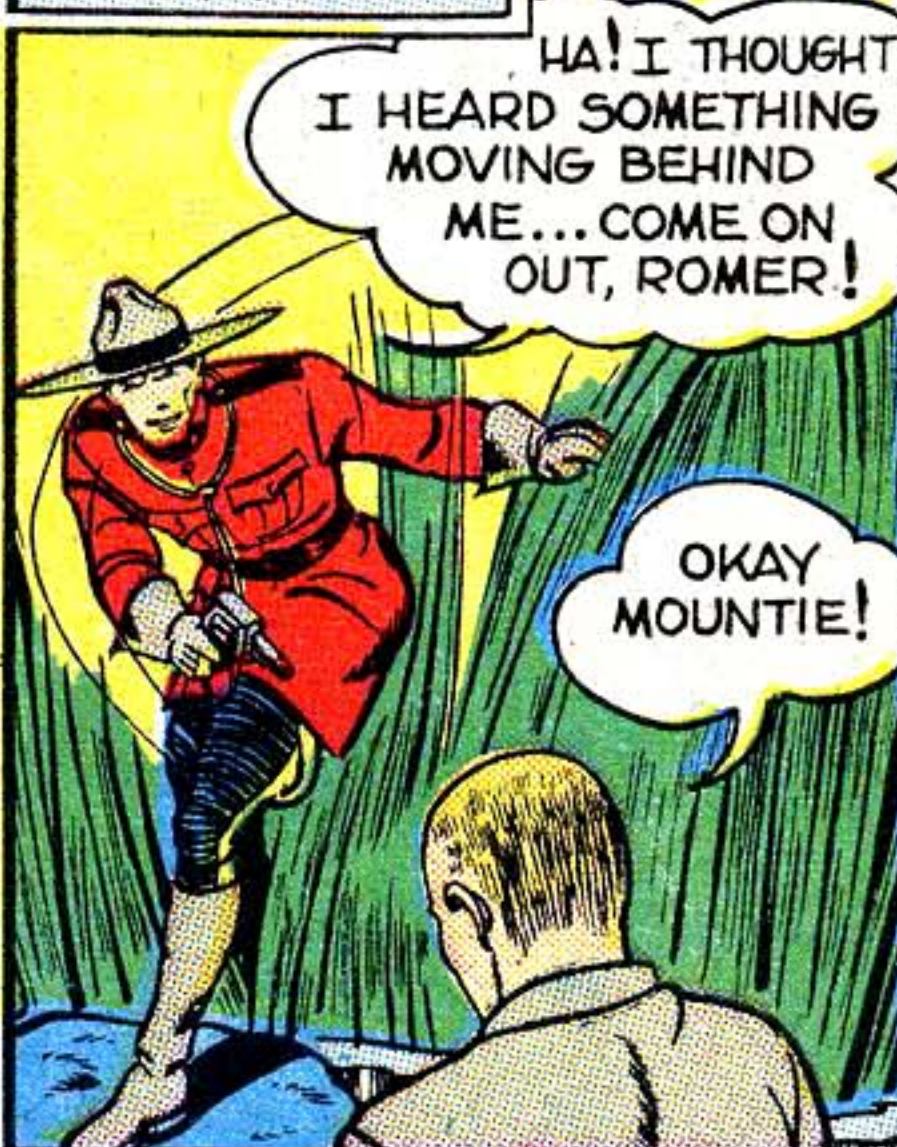
A MOUNTIE PATROL CAR STOPS ON THE SHORE OF ROARING RIVER AND SERGEANT REYNOLDS STEPS OUT....



AS REYNOLDS SCANS THE SHORE...



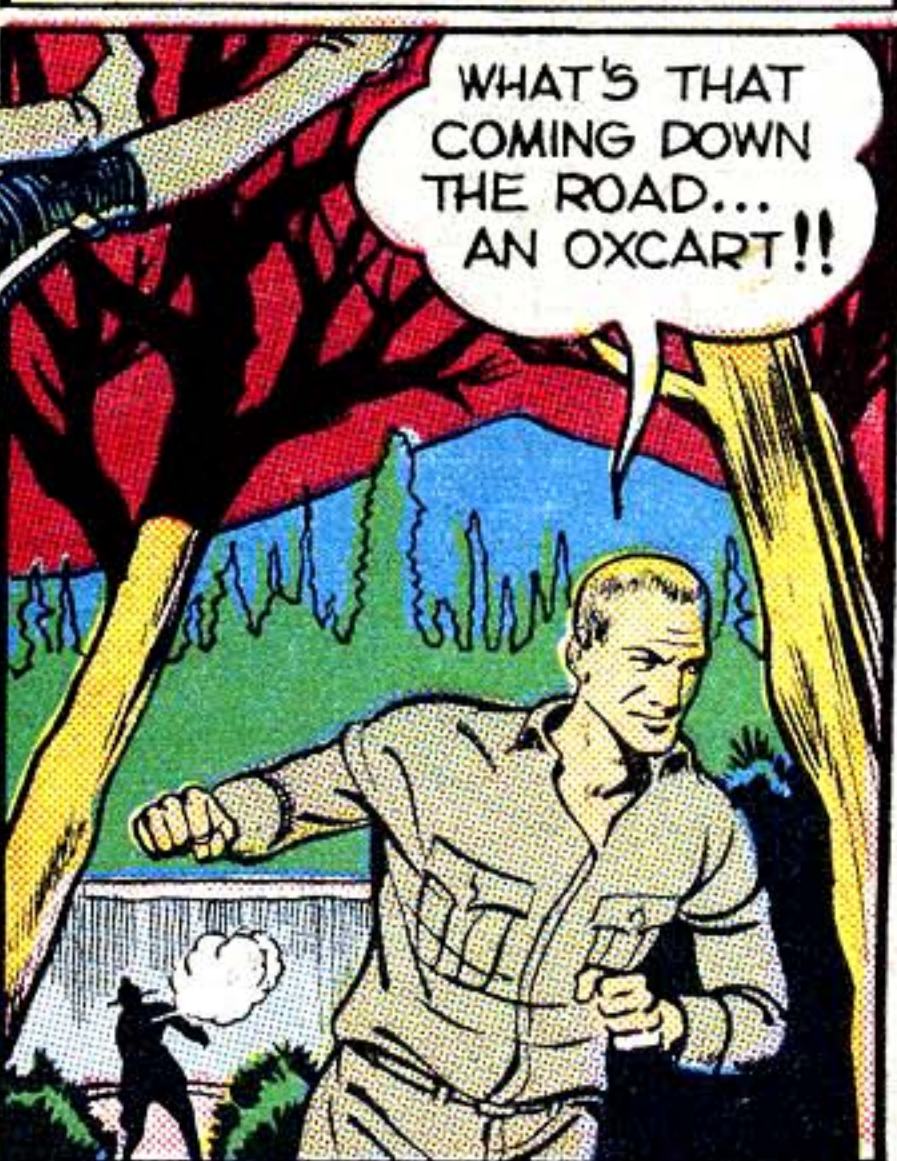
SUDDENLY HE DIVES TOWARD THE DEEP GRASSES...



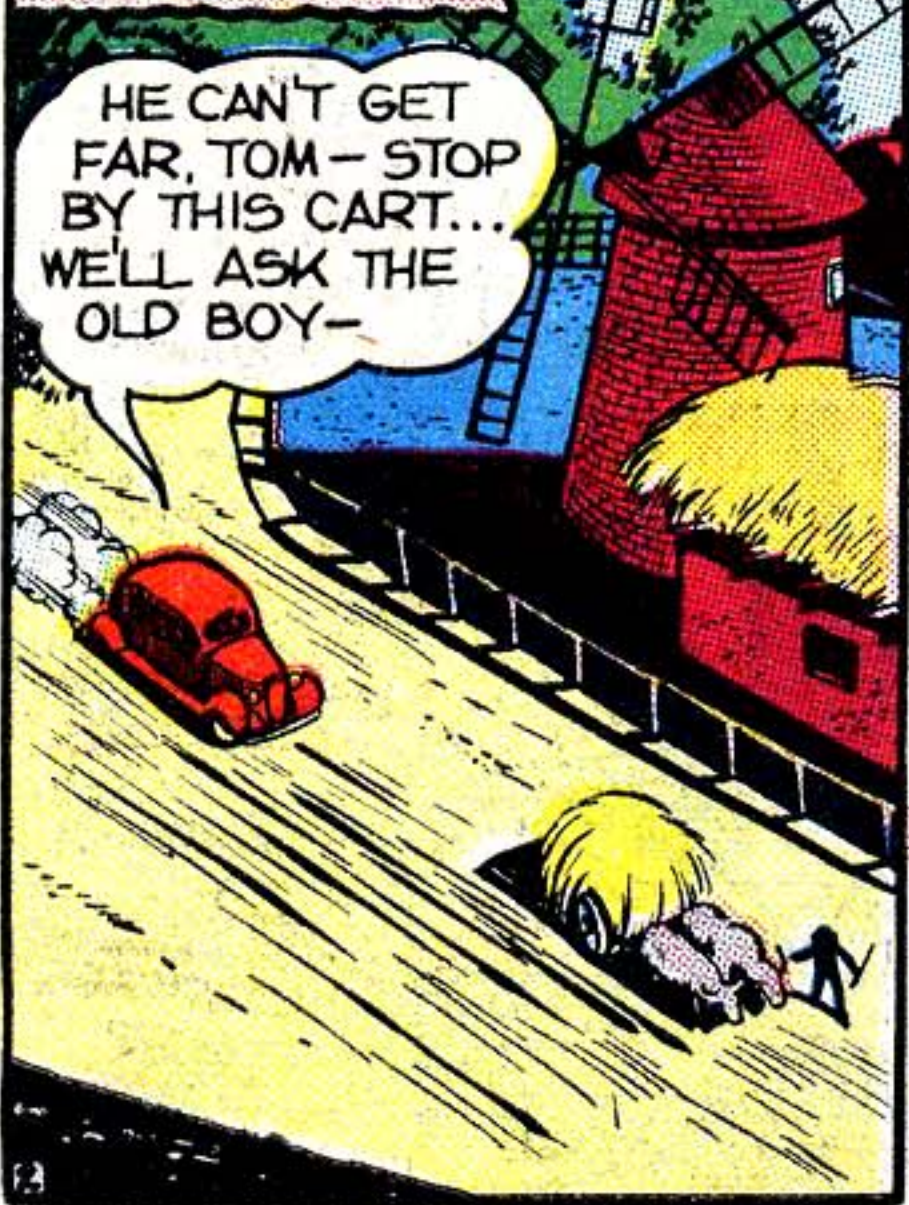
BUT AS THE HUNTED MAN DRAWS NEARER...



ROMER MAKES FOR THE WOODS...



MINUTES LATER...



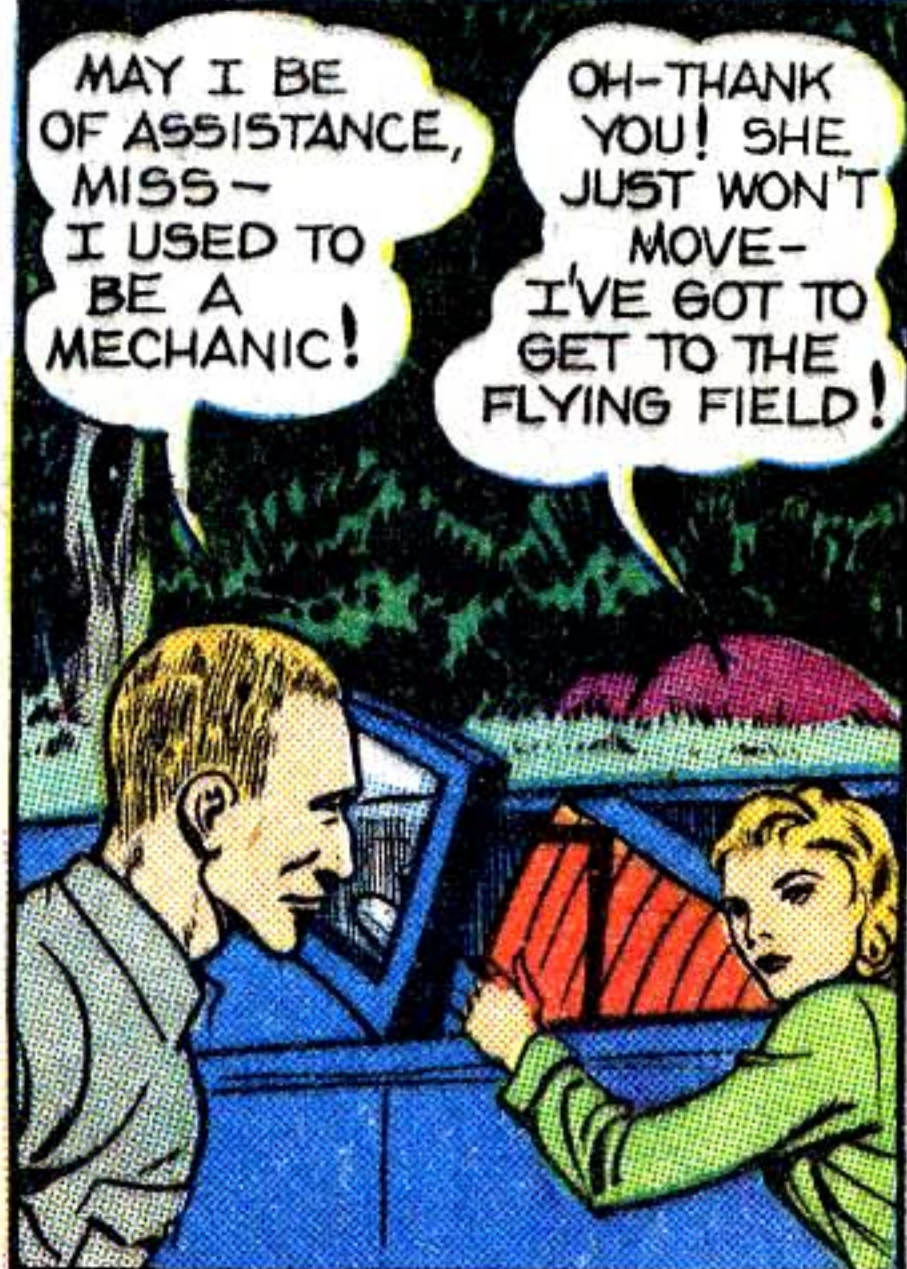
SEEN ANYONE COME OUT OF THE WOODS? HE WAS WEARING A KHAKI OUTFIT.



LATER-AS ROMER ONCE AGAIN TAKES TO THE ROAD...

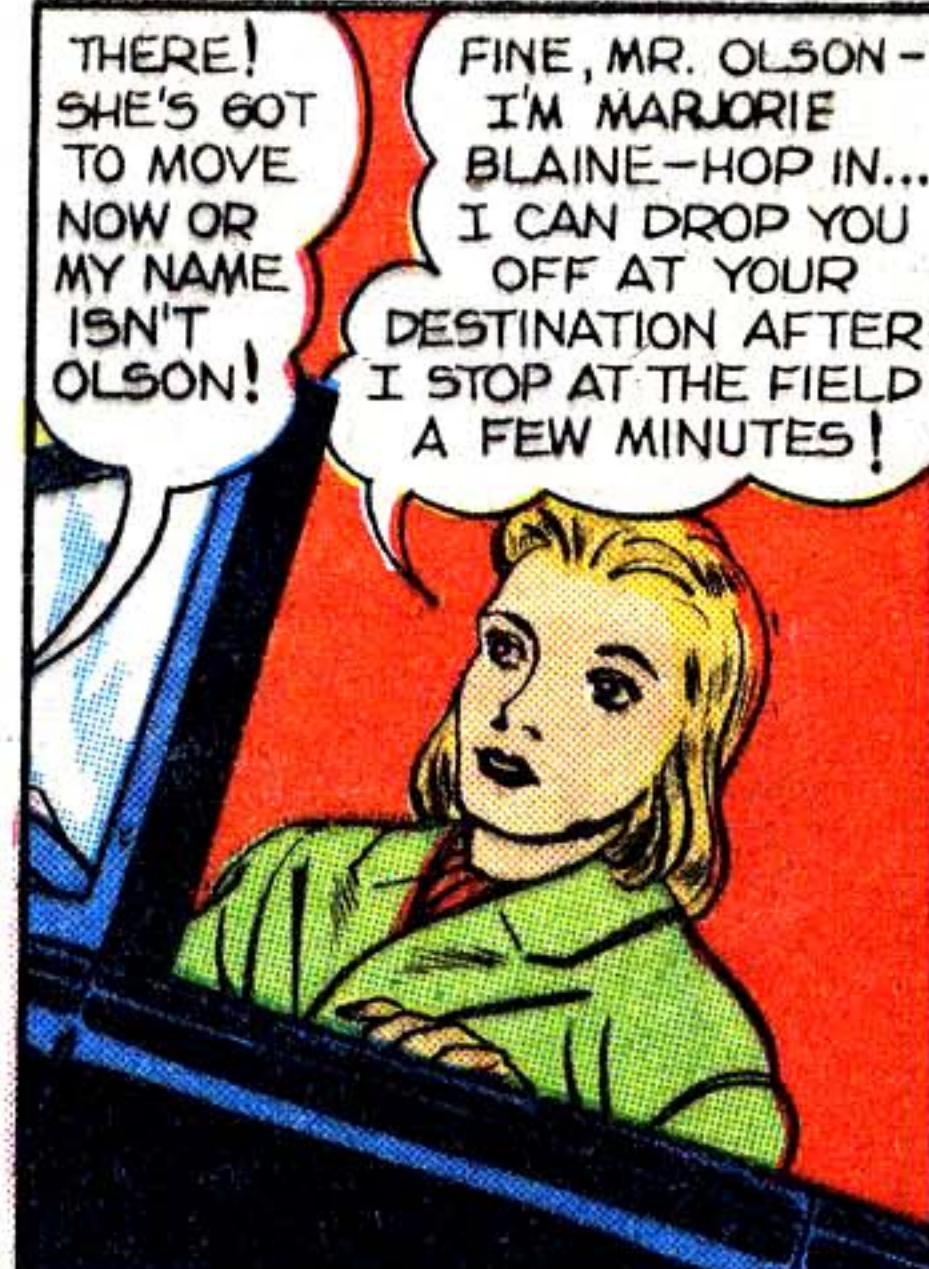


AH-A GIRL AND A STALLED CAR... THIS IS TOO GOOD!



MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE, MISS-I USED TO BE A MECHANIC!

OH-THANK YOU! SHE JUST WON'T MOVE-I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE FLYING FIELD!



THERE! SHE'S GOT TO MOVE NOW OR MY NAME ISN'T OLSON!

FINE, MR. OLSON-I'M MARJORIE BLAINE-HOP IN... I CAN DROP YOU OFF AT YOUR DESTINATION AFTER I STOP AT THE FIELD A FEW MINUTES!



YOU SAY YOUR BROTHER HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS WINGS AND IS GETTING READY TO SEE ACTION OVERSEAS, MISS BLAINE-HMM... VERY INTERESTING!

JIMMY'S A FINE PILOT-HE'S LEAVING NEXT WEEK!



HERE WE ARE, MR. OLSON-YOU JUST WAIT HERE-I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY!



JIMMY!

HELLO SIS... LOOK WHO'S HERE... IT'S SERGEANT REYNOLDS!

JUST TOOK TIME OUT FROM A MAN-HUNT TO DROP IN AND SAY GOOD-BYE TO JIMMY!



ROMER'S STILL MISSING, EH?

HE WON'T GET FAR WITH THAT KHAKI OUTFIT HE'S WEARING...

KHAKI OUTFIT! OH!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIS-SEEN A GHOST?

A MAN HELPED FIX MY CAR... HE'S OUT--- OH! FOLLOW ME, SERGEANT!

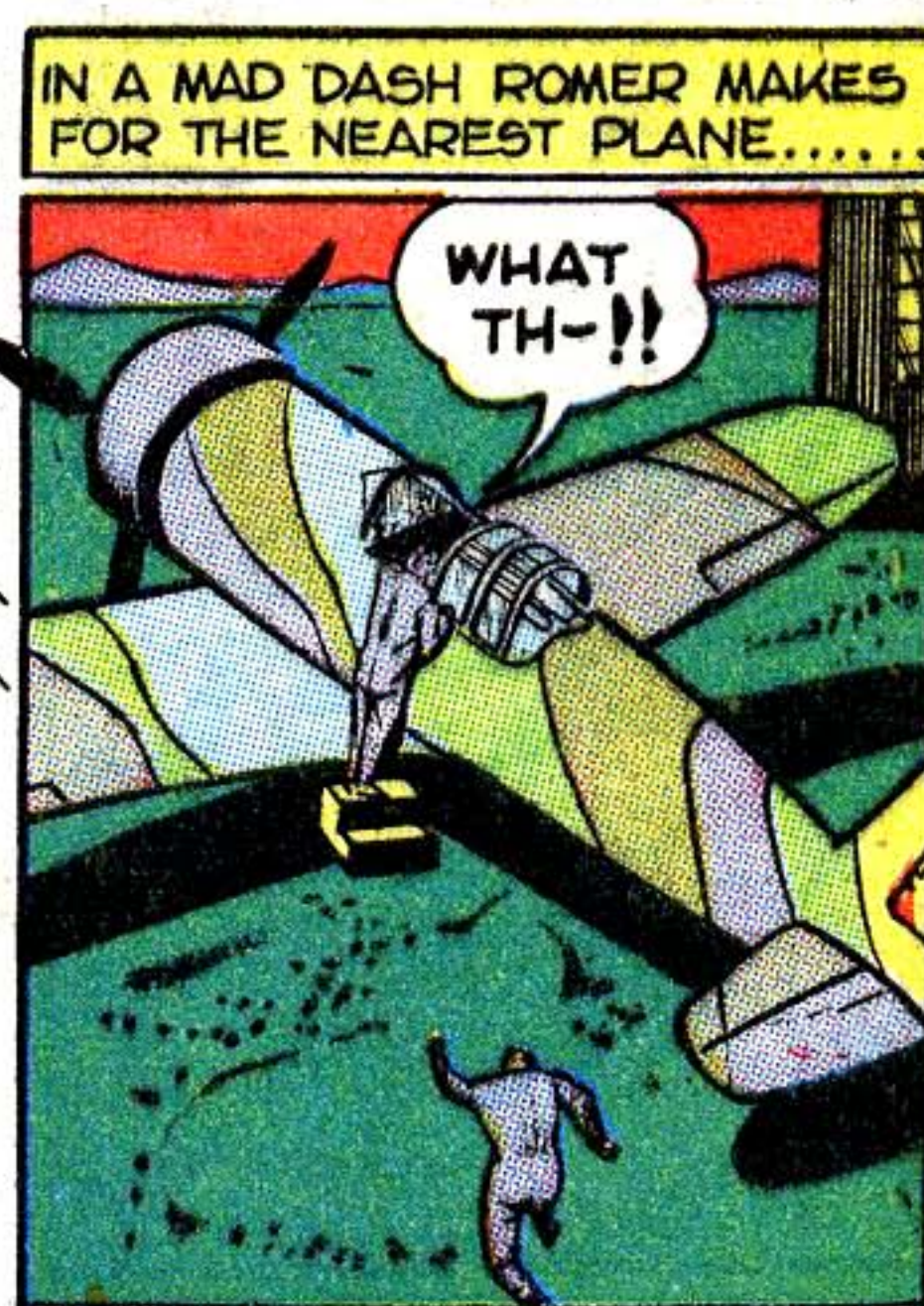
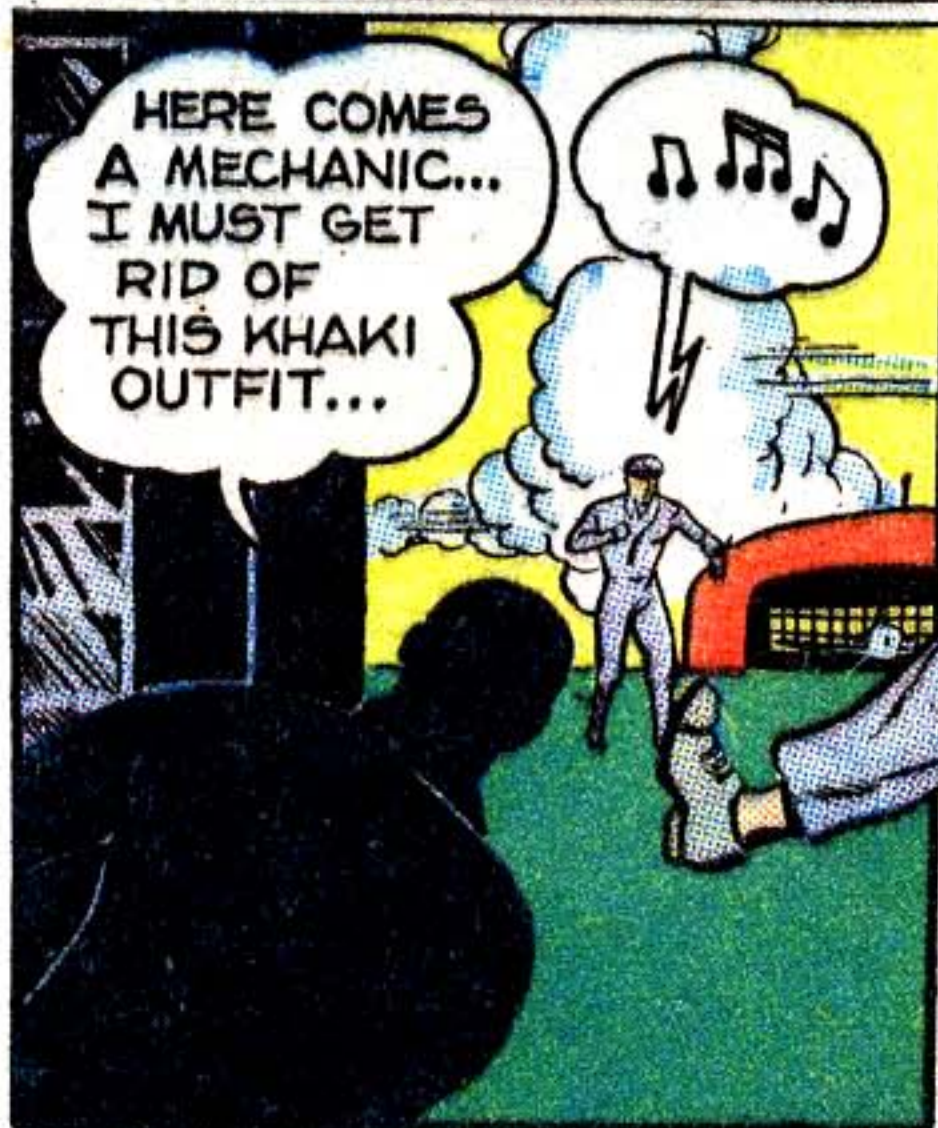


BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE CAR...

HE'S GONE-PROBABLY RAN DOWN THE ROAD AND HID IN THE BUSHES!

NEVER MIND-WELL... LET'S GET BACK!

MEANWHILE ROMER HAS MADE HIS WAY INTO THE FLYING FIELD.....





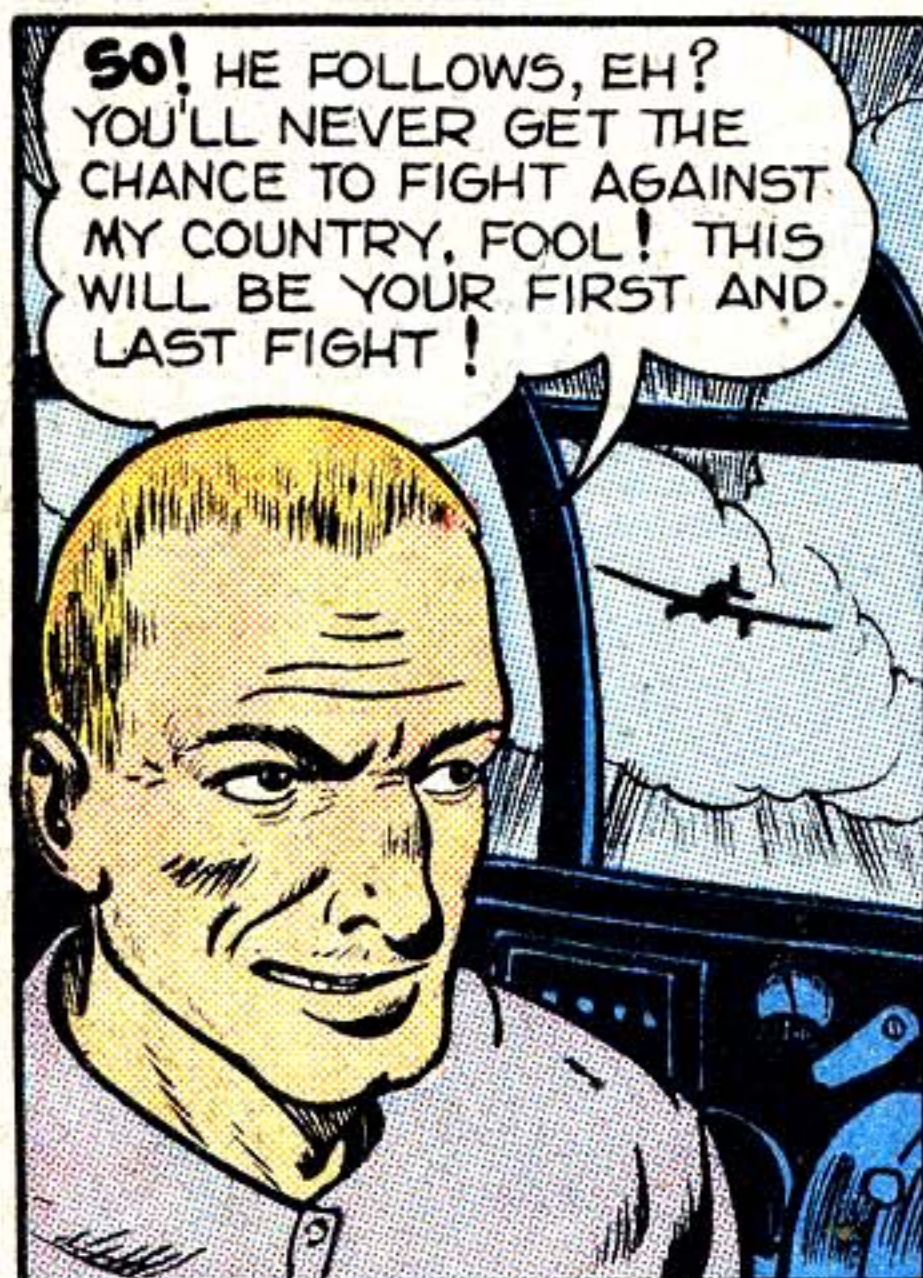
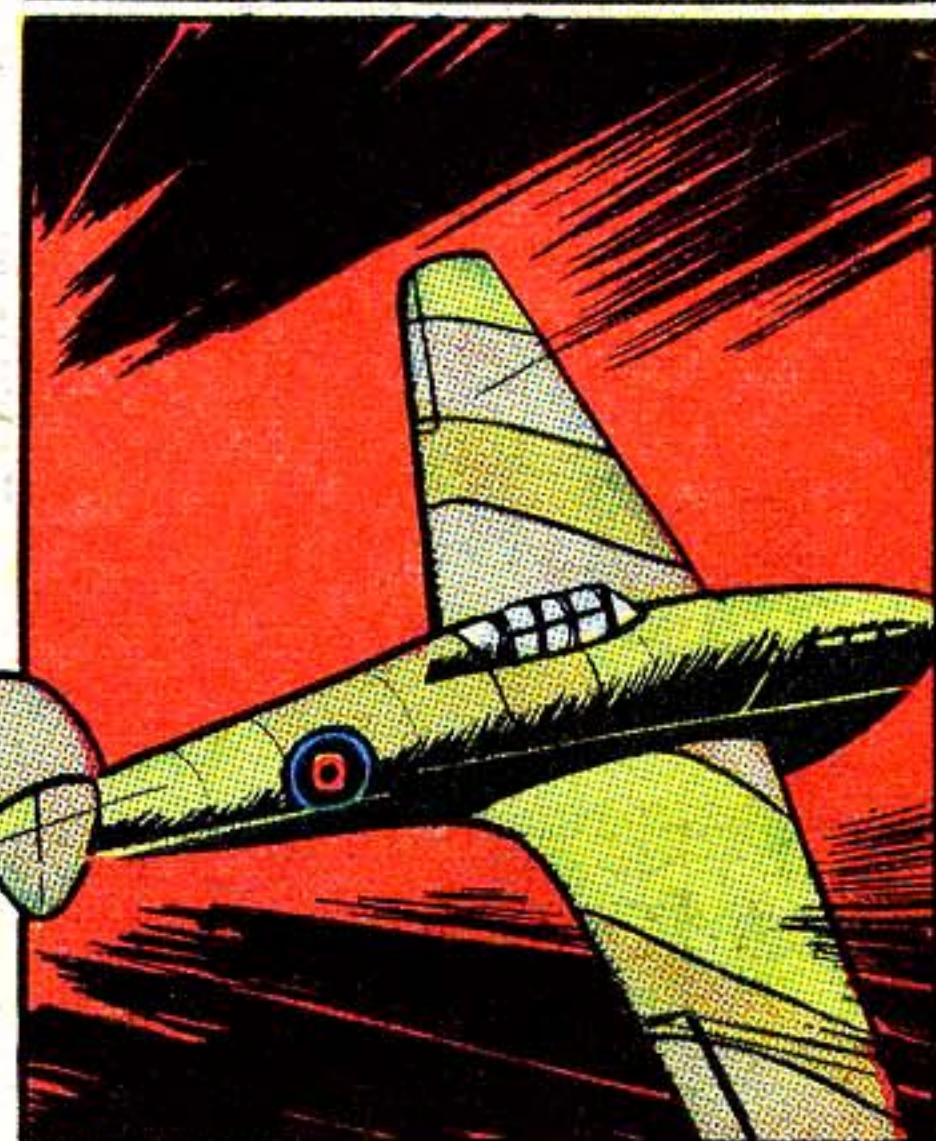
AS REYNOLDS AND BLAINE REACH THE PLANE...

THERE HE GOES, HEADED FOR THE BORDER!

I'M GOIN' AFTER 'IM!



BLAINE'S SPITFIRE FIGHTER TAKES OFF A SECOND LATER...

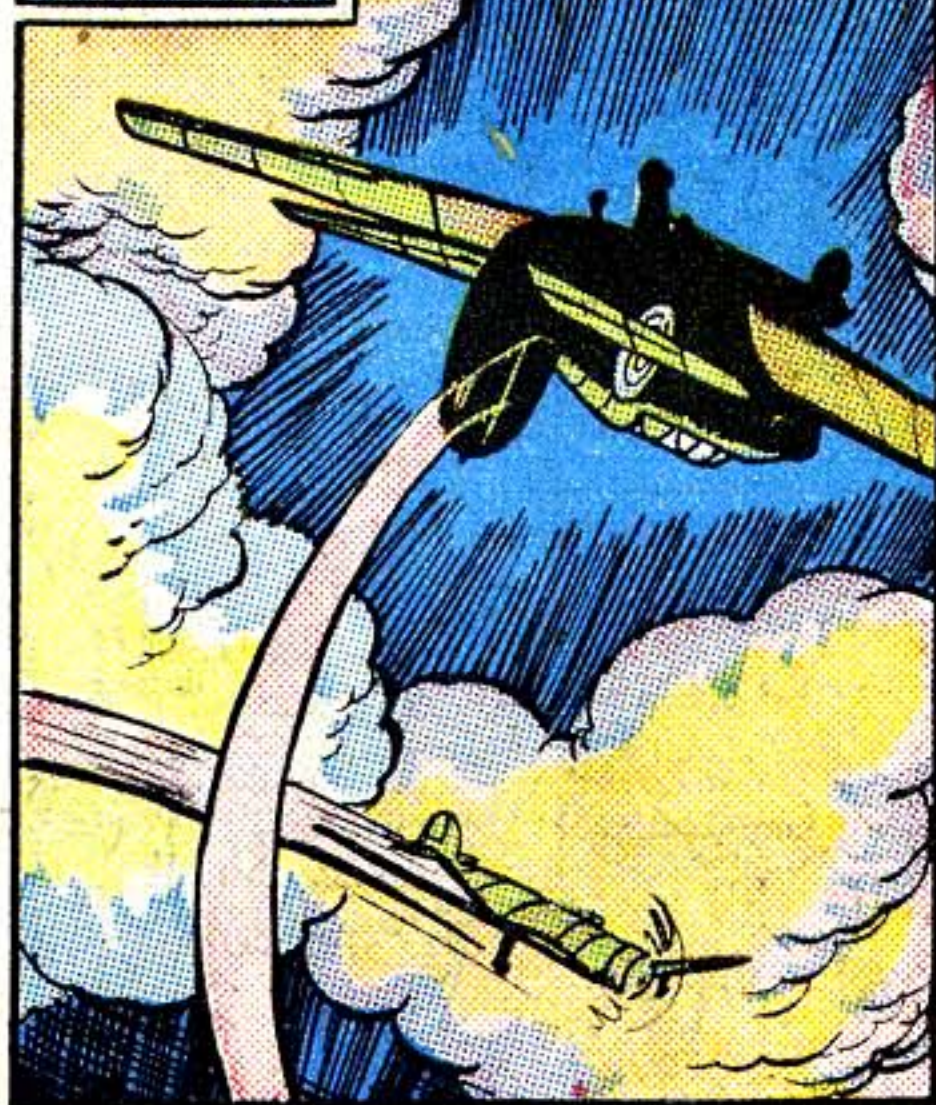


SO! HE FOLLOWS, EH? YOU'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO FIGHT AGAINST MY COUNTRY, FOOL! THIS WILL BE YOUR FIRST AND LAST FIGHT!

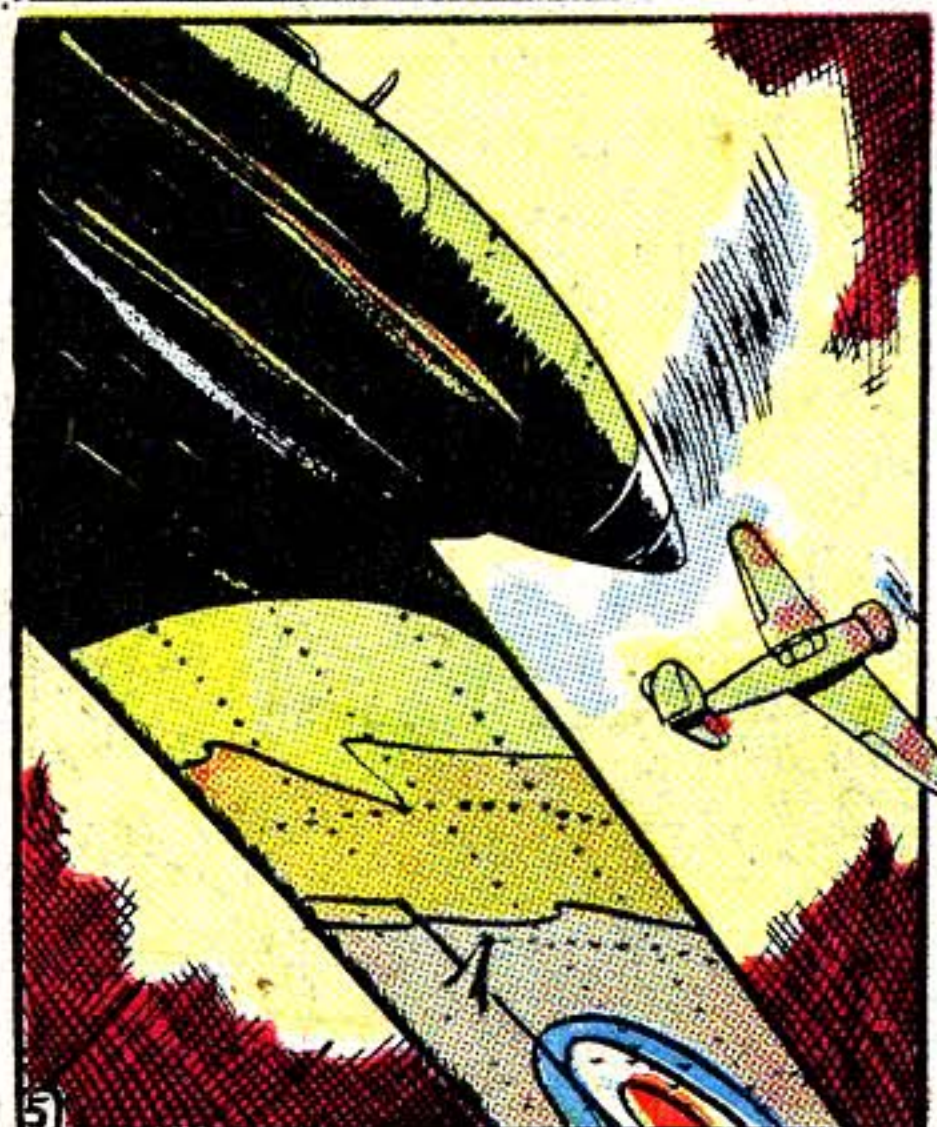
AS BLAINE'S PLANE COMES WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE, ROMER SHOTS OUT OF A CLOUD.



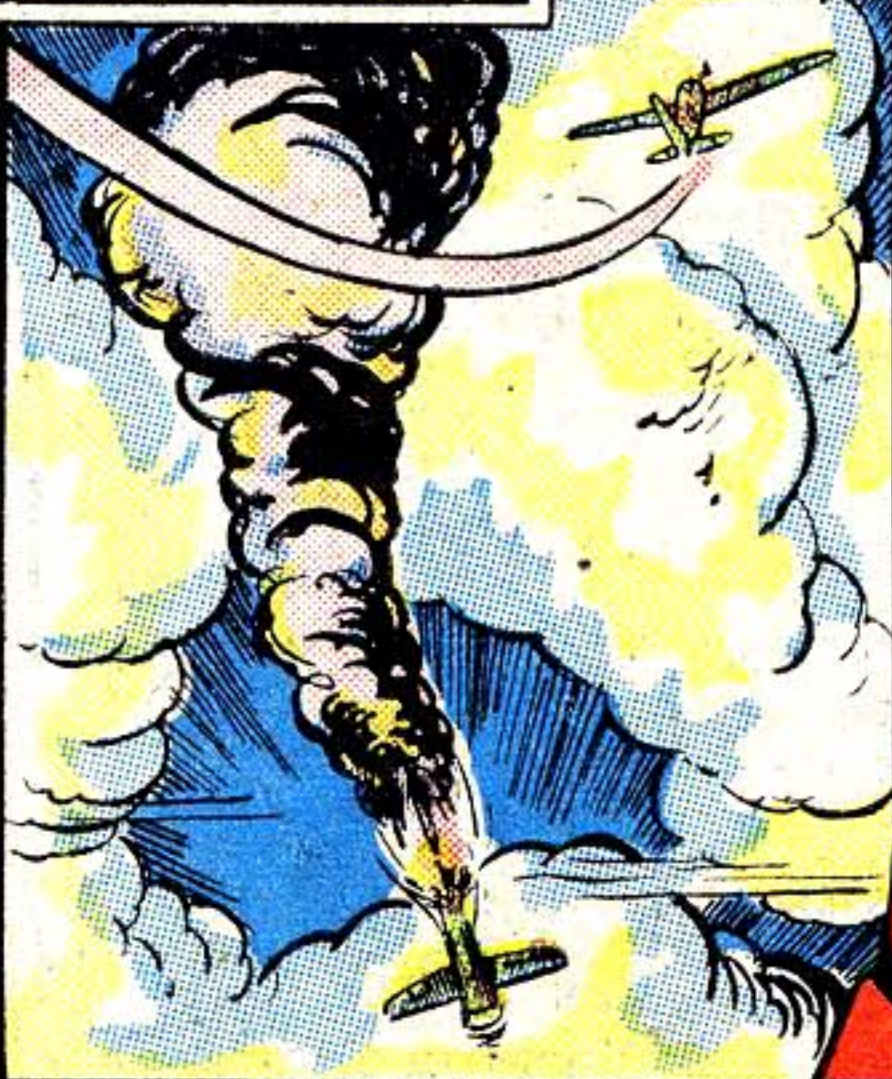
BUT BLAINE PULLS INTO THE CLEAR...



WITH A SUDDEN TURN JIMMY MANEUVERS ONTO ROMER'S TAIL...



AMID A CLOUD OF SMOKE ROMER'S PLANE TAKES A SUDDEN DIVE...



YOU TURNED THE TRICK, JIMMY—WITH A START LIKE THAT NOTHING CAN STOP YOU... GOOD LUCK, SON!

THANKS SERGEANT—WE'LL CERTAINLY NEED IT!



CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

IN
CLUE
of the
MATCHES

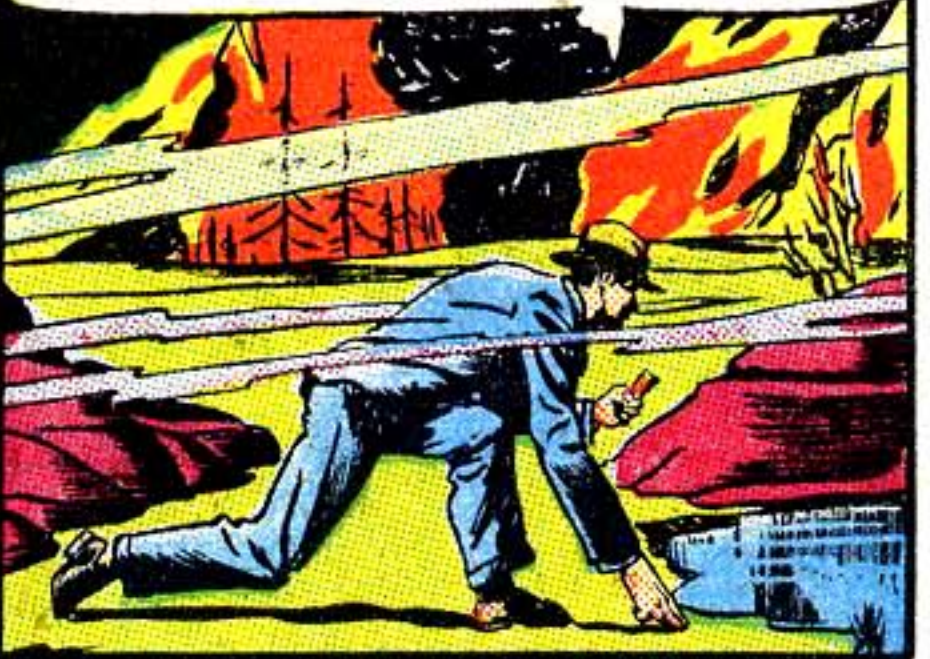
by
FRANCIS
JAMPORE

CAPTAIN BRUCE
BLACKBURN, ACE OF
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS BUSY
FIGHTING SABOTEURS OF NATIONAL
DEFENSE! BECAUSE OF HIS DOUBLE,
JACKSON, BRUCE SEEMS TO BE TWO
PLACES AT ONCE.

A GREAT FOREST FIRE ROARS
THROUGH WESTERN MARY-
LAND, AND IN ITS WAKE
FOLLOWS BRUCE BLACK-
BURN, LOOKING FOR
CLUES.



THIS MAY BE A CLUE! A
FOLDER OF OHIO MATCHES
ADVERTISING A
TENNESSEE RESTAURANT!



CAMP ASHTON IS A HOPELESS
RUIN AS A RESULT OF ANOTHER
FOREST FIRE

ANOTHER MATCH FOLDER,
ALSO FROM THAT **DINER**
IN **TALOOSA, TENNESSEE!**
I'LL LOOK INTO THIS.



THOSE FIRES WERE INCENDIARY
AND **MAYBE** THE KEY IS IN THAT
LITTLE
TENNESSEE
TOWN!



IN AN ARMY PLANE,
BRUCE IS ON HIS WAY
TO TALOOSA

LATER, IN TALOOSA.

STATION DINER? **THEY**
WENT OUT O' **BUSINESS**
A PIECE BACK!



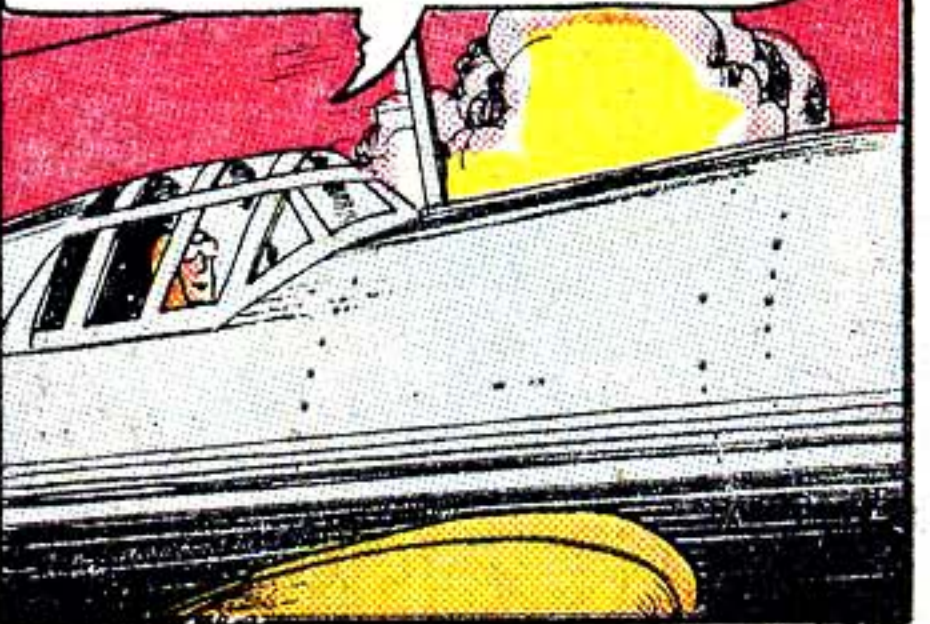
THANKS,
OLD TIMER!

A CALL TO THE MATCH
FACTORY GETS INFORMATION.

YOU SOLD THOSE MATCHES
TO THE LITTLE TOBACCO
SHOP IN **WASHINGTON,**
D.C. ? THANKS!



THAT EXPLAINS IT! **MOST**
OF THOSE PLOTS COME OUT
OF **WASHINGTON.** I'LL CALL
ON THE TOBACCO SHOP!



AT THE LITTLE TOBACCO SHOP, IN WASHINGTON.

YES! I REMEMBER SELLING SEVERAL CARTONS OF THOSE MATCHES TO **ONE** MAN—**HERE** HE COMES **NOW!**



AS THE MATCH BUYER LEAVES, BRUCE FOLLOWS.

HE BOUGHT MORE MATCHES! I'LL FIND WHERE HE GOES.



INSIDE AN APARTMENT HOUSE

HE LIVES IN APARTMENT 405 I'LL ASSIGN SERGEANT GURK TO WATCH IT!



GURK, TAP THE PHONE TO APARTMENT 405 IN THE ENGLANDER. WORK FROM 406, IT'S VACANT AND **CALL ME AT 5 P.M. SHARP!**

YES, SIR, CAPTAIN!



BY 5:45 P.M. THERE HAS BEEN NO REPORT FROM GURK.

GURK MUST BE IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE, OR HE WOULD HAVE PHONED! I'LL LOOK INTO IT!



GURK! IT'S ME!



WHO DID THIS, GURK?



WE DID!



I'M GETTING CARELESS, WALKING INTO A TRAP.

CAN'T GET LOOSE! IF I KICK THIS RADIATOR LONG AND HARD ENOUGH..

THUMP!
BANG!

WHEN BRUCE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE IS TIED TO THE RADIATOR BESIDE GURK



SO, FROM APARTMENTS ALL OVER THE BUILDING...

JANITOR, HAVE THAT RACKET STOPPED!

BANG!

THUMP!

WHO'S MAKING THAT NOISE, WHITE?

ALL TIME **SUMPIN'** WHO MAKIN' DAT NOISE, WHITE? **JANITOR!** CAIN'T SLEEP! HUH! AH LOOKS AROUND!

AND 3 HOURS LATER

LAWSY, MIGHTY!

WHO DONE IT?

LITTLE GREEN MEN, NOW, GURK, GIVE!

EVIDENTLY THEY SPOTTED ME, CAPTAIN!

BY SAM, BRUCE AND GURK ARE FREED.

I HAD JUST OVERHEARD A PHONE CALL TO 405, ARRANGING TO HAVE A FIRE STARTED NEAR CAMP CLARO AT NOON. THEN - CURTAINS!

BUT, I RECALL **SOMETHING** ABOUT **SOMEONE** COMING BACK TO **FINISH ME OFF!**

FINE! WE'LL HAVE A **SURPRISE PARTY** FOR THEM!

CALL MY DOUBLE, JACKSON, AND HAVE HIM STAY HERE, AND PRETEND TO BE TIED. THEN, WHEN THEY COME BACK, GRAB THEM.

RIGHT, SIR.

AS FOR ME, I'VE GOT JUST TIME ENOUGH TO FLY TO CAMP CLARO, AND TRAP OUR FIREBUG. I'M ON MY WAY!

AHA! **STILL** TIED! WE MAKE OUR PHONE CALL, THEN COME BACK TO **KILL THEM!**

TWO HOURS LATER...

Z-2, THEY ARE **STILL PRISONERS!** GO AHEAD WITH YOUR FIRES AS SOON AS I HANG UP, WE'LL **KILL THEM BOTH!**



I THINK **NOT!** WE HAVE **OTHER** PLANS!

HIMMEL!

MEANWHILE, **BRUCE**, IN THE **FAST PURSUIT SHIP.**



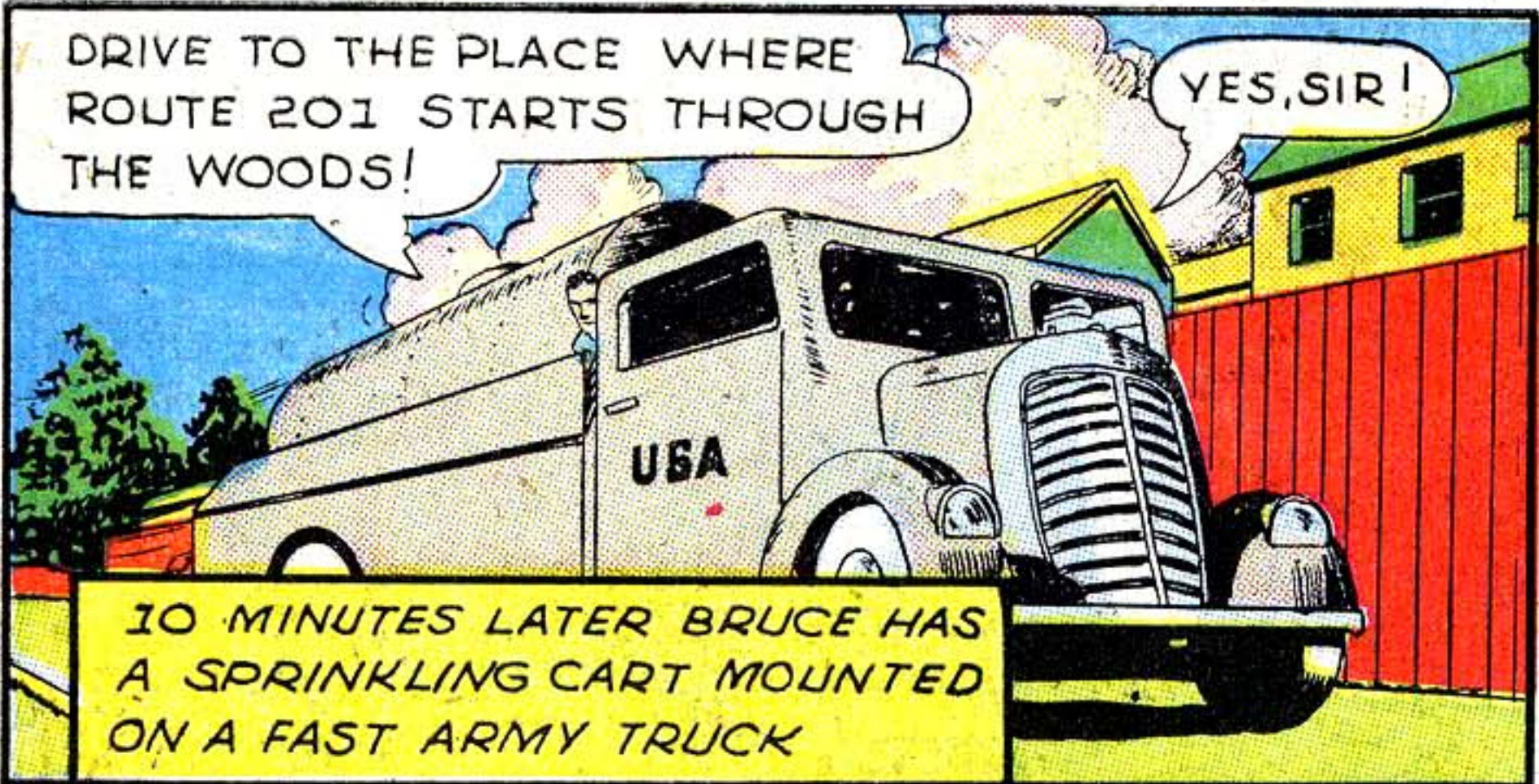
THERE'S **CAMP CLARO!**

LATER, IN THE **CAMP C.O.'S OFFICE**



COLONEL, **UNLESS** YOU WANT THIS CAMP **BURNED** LIKE **ASHTON** WAS, DO AS I ASK!

OF **COURSE**, CAPTAIN!



DRIVE TO THE PLACE WHERE **ROUTE 201** STARTS THROUGH THE **WOODS!**

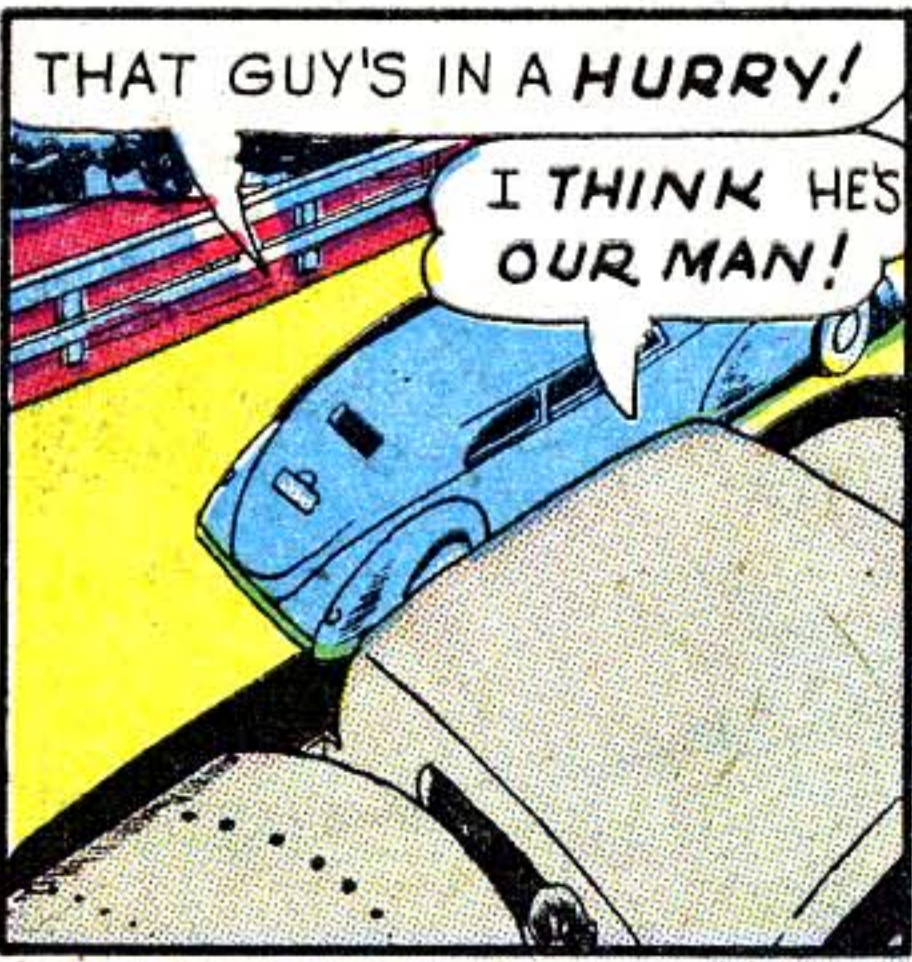
YES, SIR!

10 MINUTES LATER **BRUCE** HAS A **SPRINKLING CART** MOUNTED ON A **FAST ARMY TRUCK**



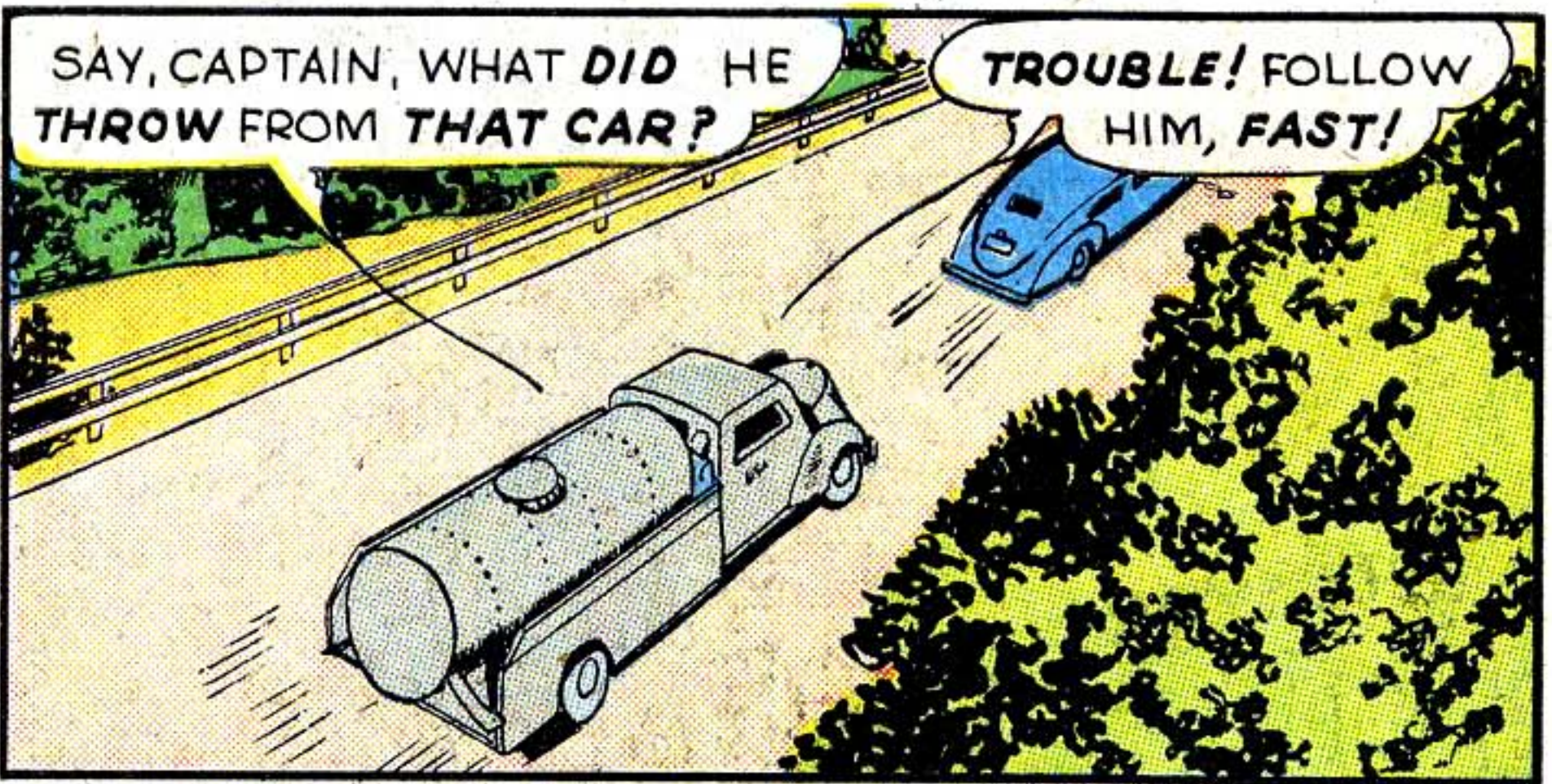
HERE WE ARE, SIR, **NOW** WHAT?

KEEP YOUR **MOTOR RUNNING** AND **WAIT!**



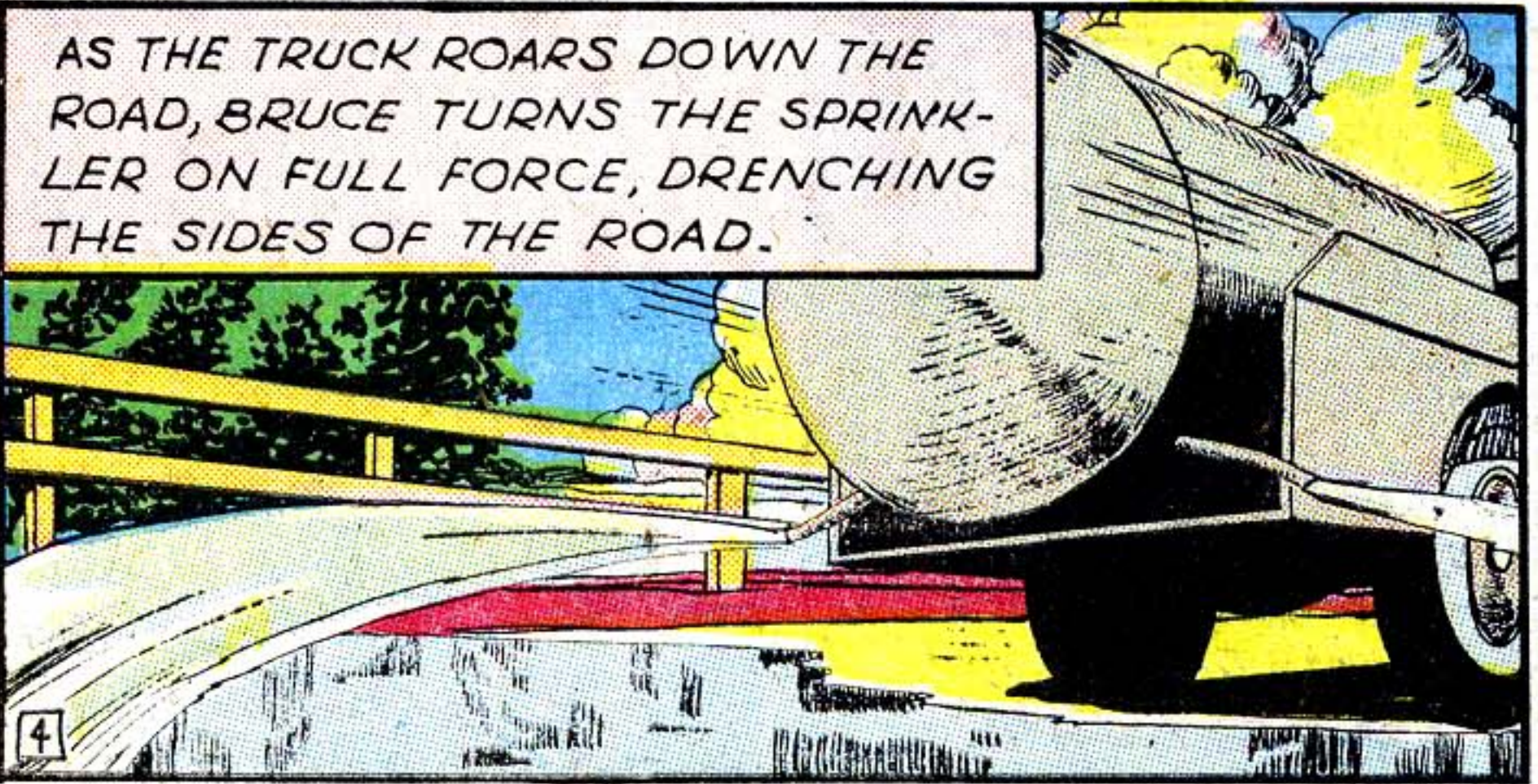
THAT GUY'S IN A **HURRY!**

I THINK HE'S **OUR MAN!**



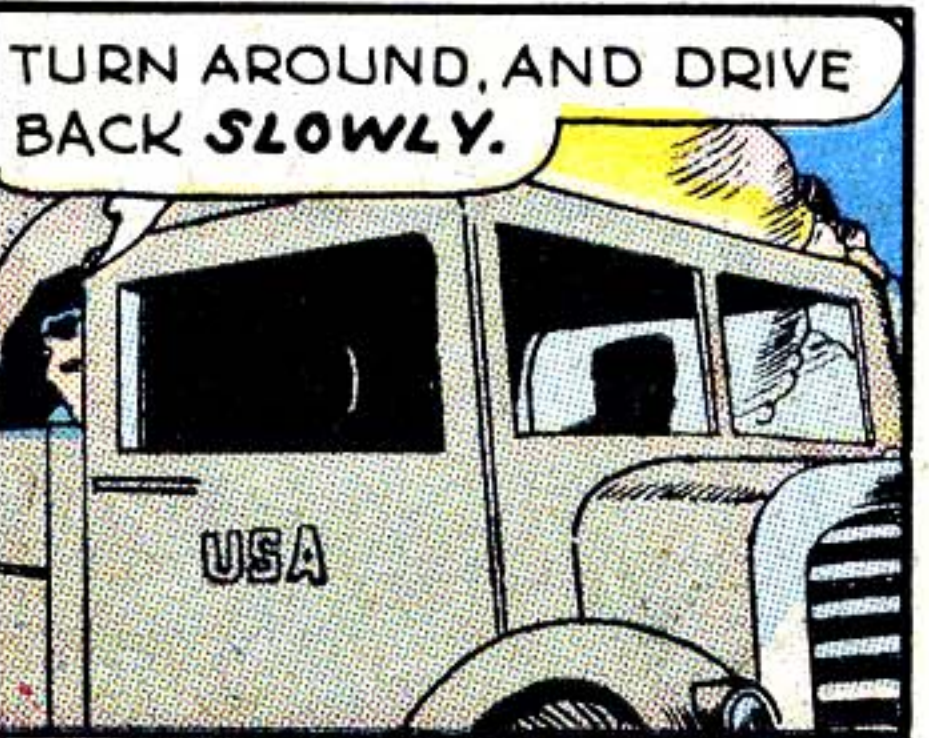
SAY, CAPTAIN, WHAT **DID** HE **THROW** FROM **THAT CAR?**

TROUBLE! FOLLOW HIM, **FAST!**

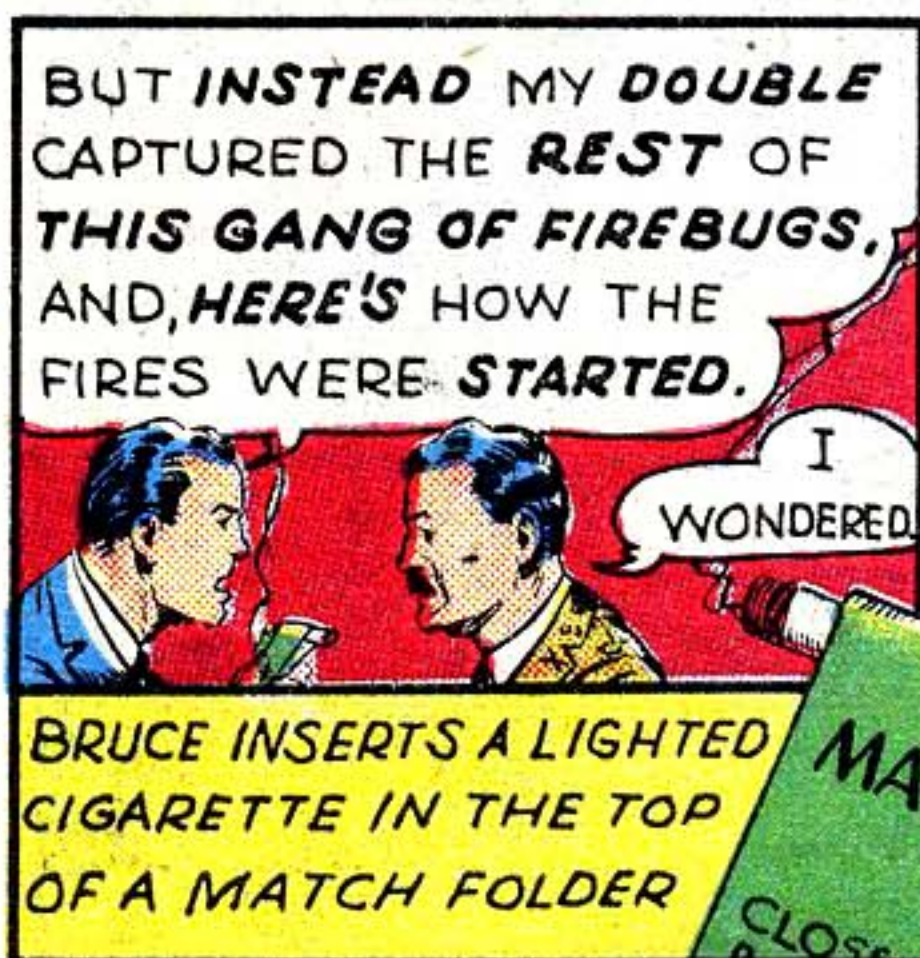
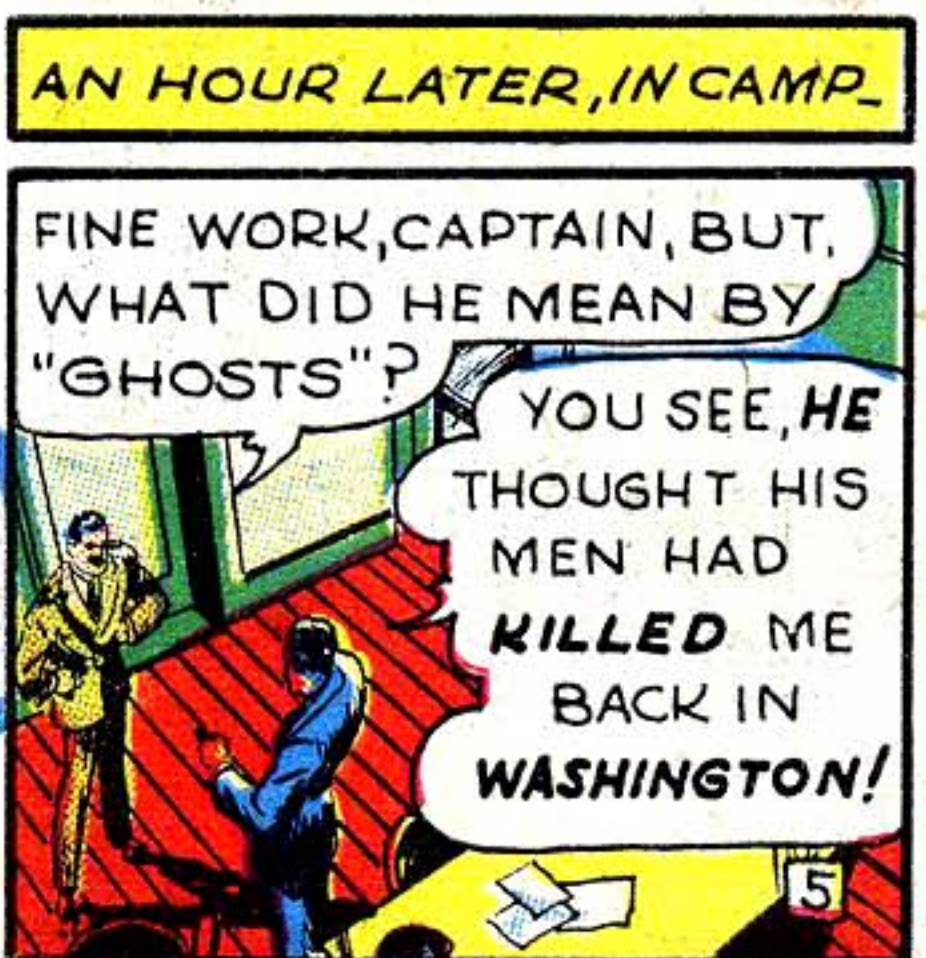
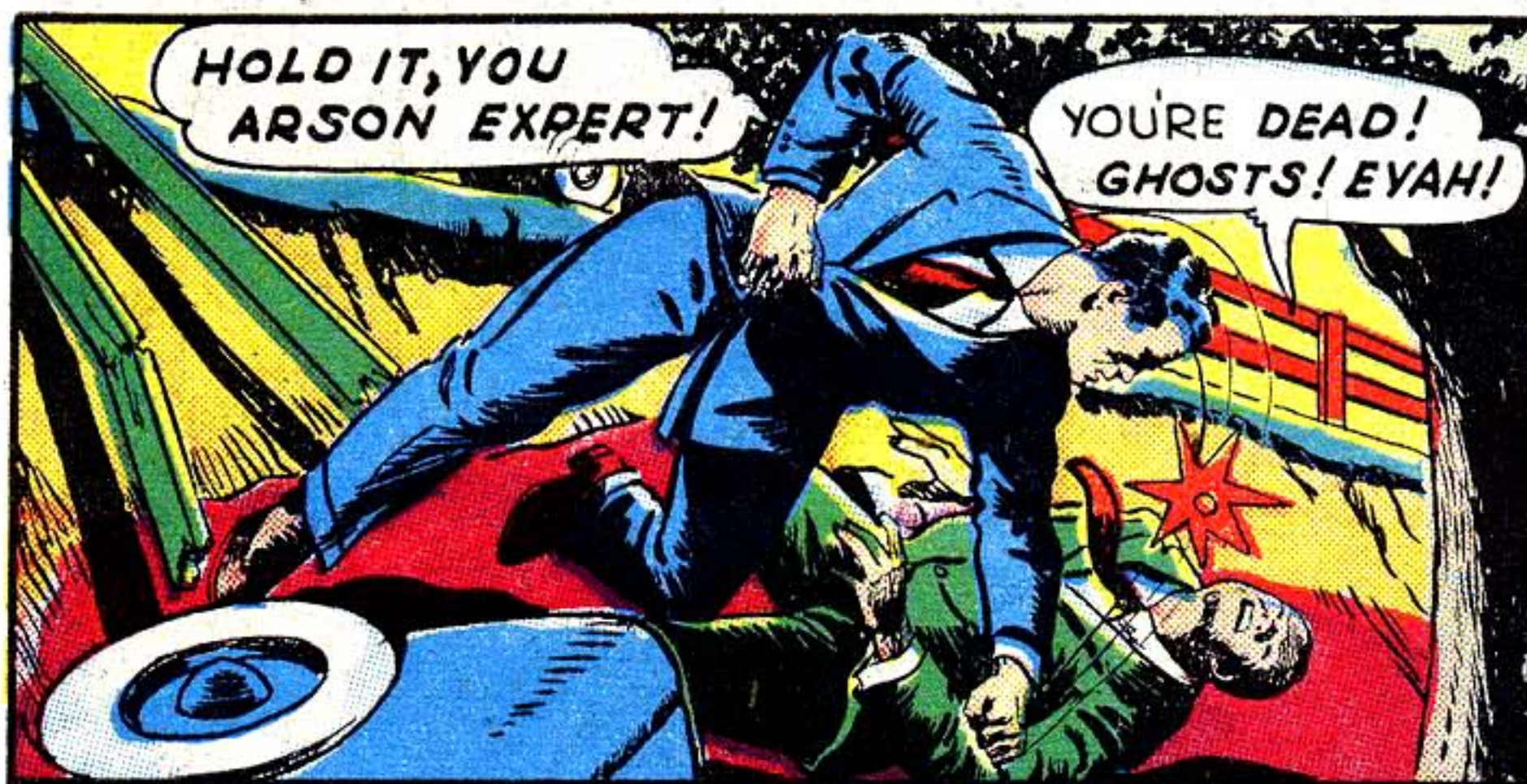
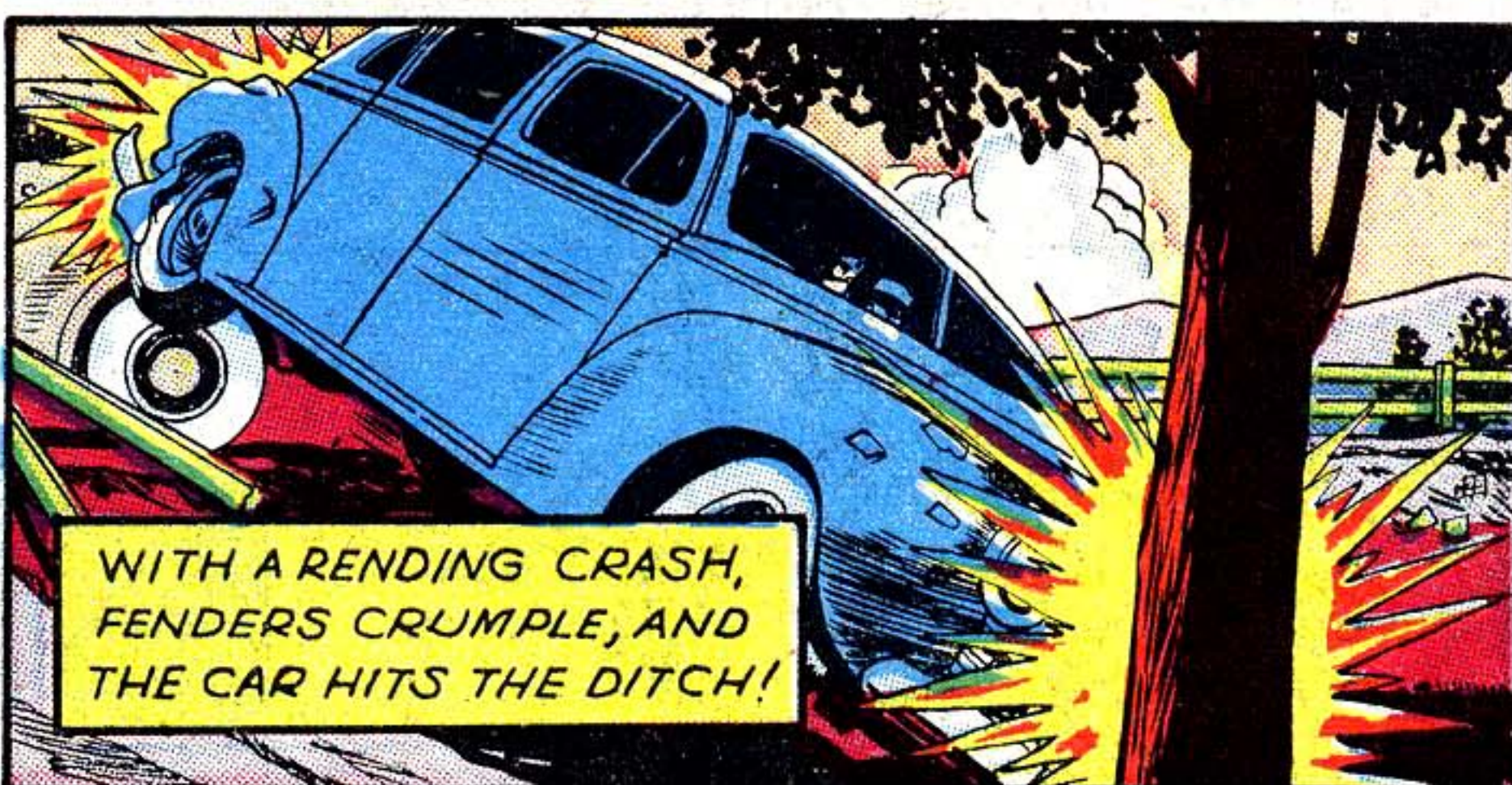
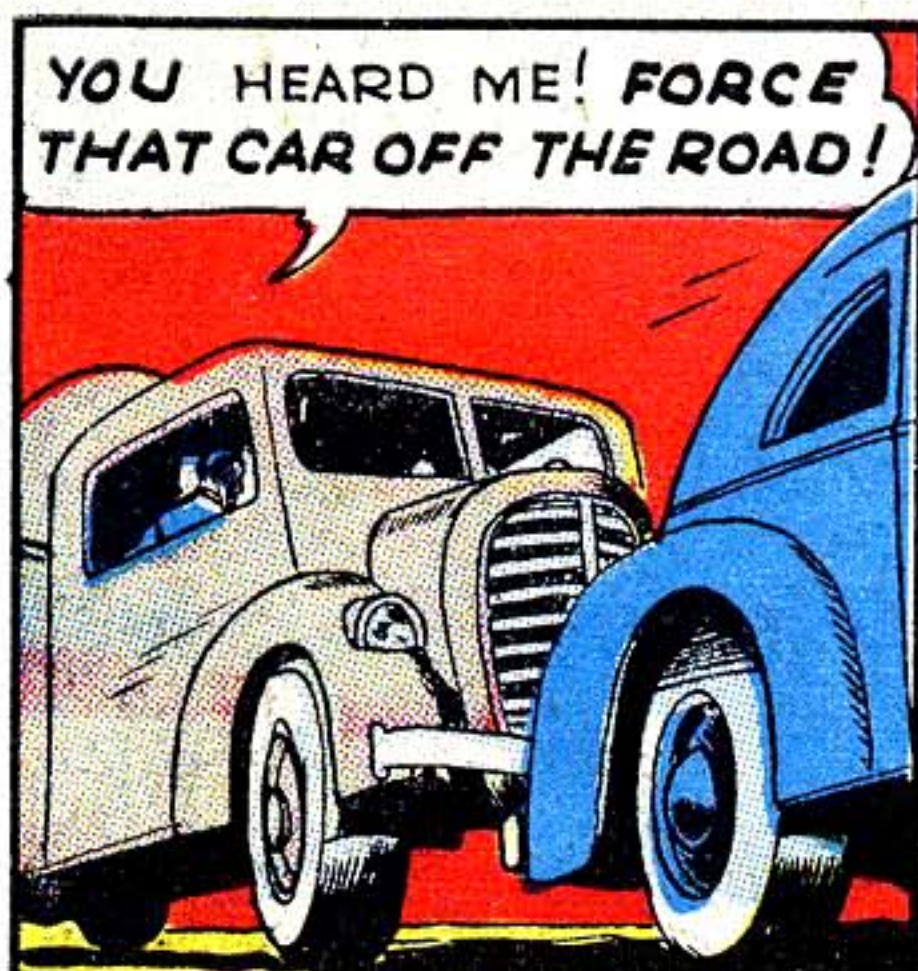
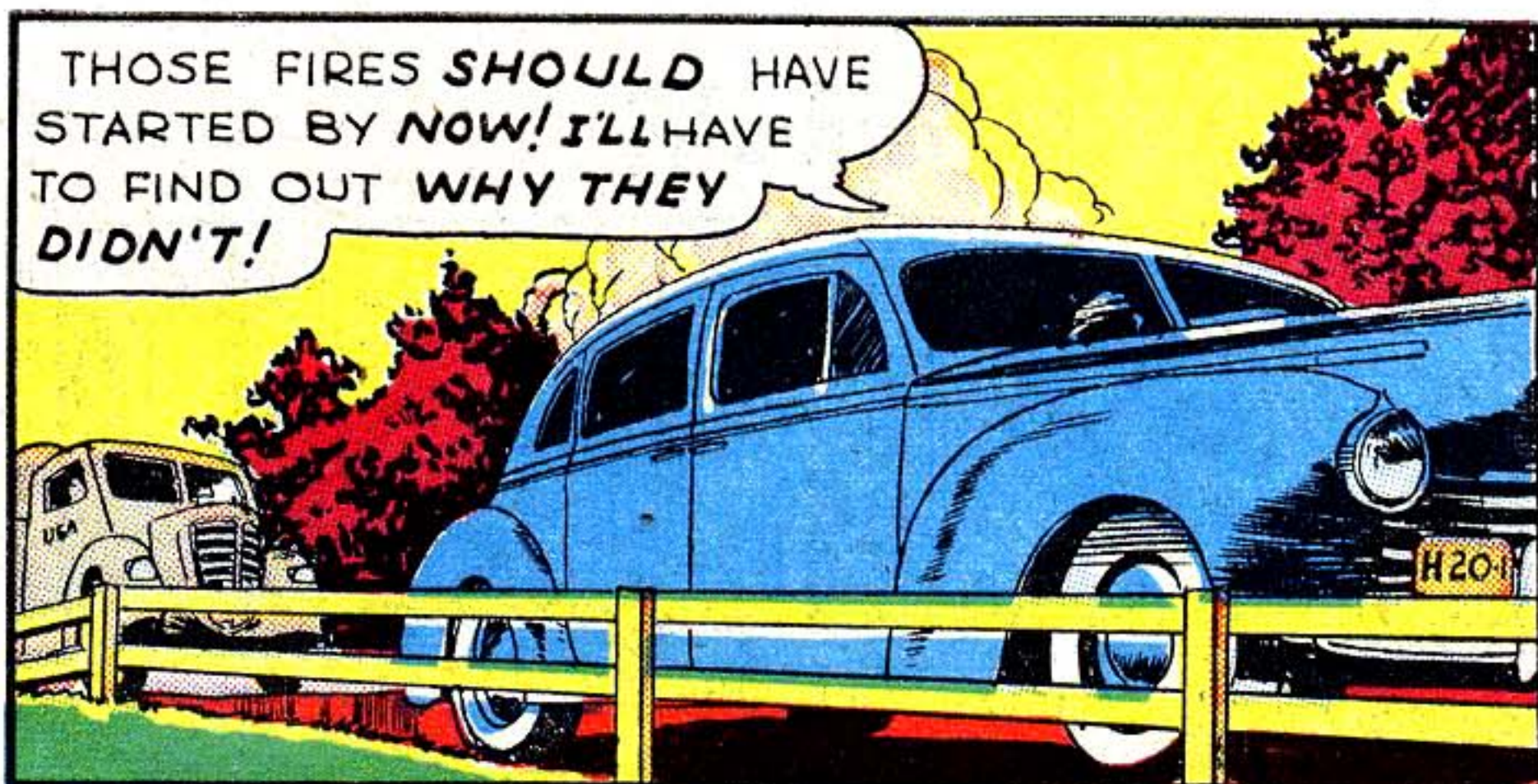
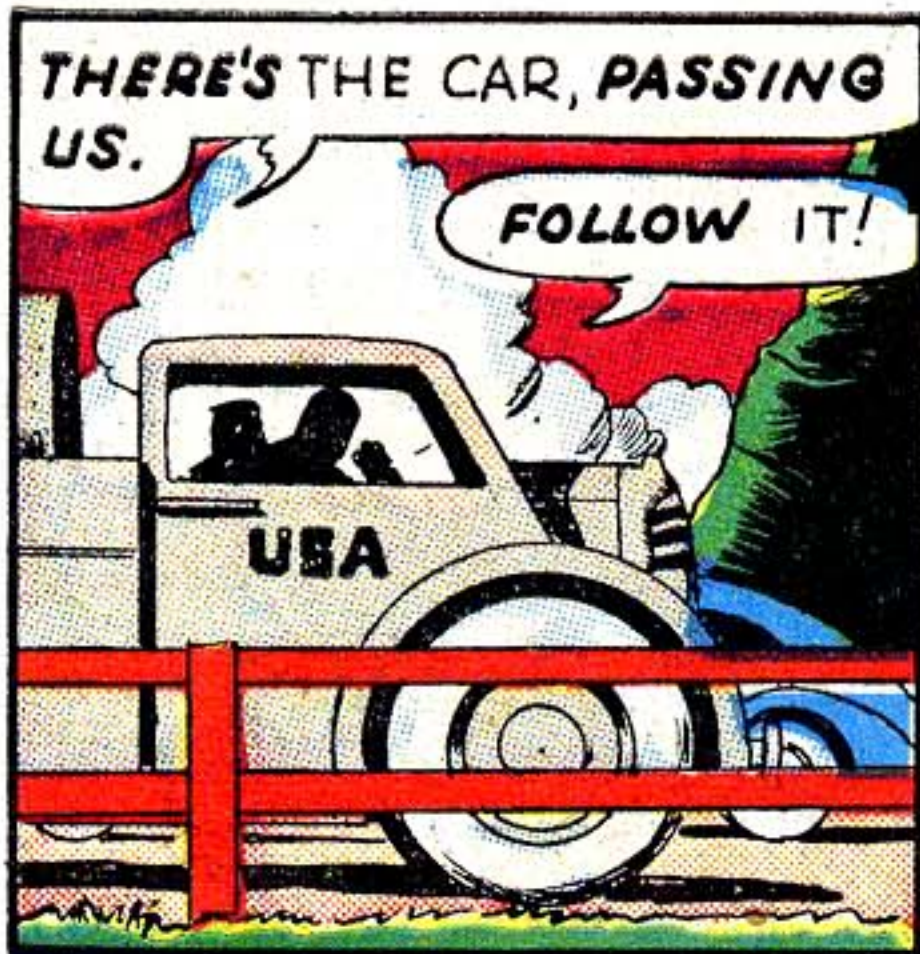


AS THE TRUCK ROARS DOWN THE ROAD, **BRUCE** TURNS THE **SPRINKLER** ON **FULL FORCE**, **DRENCHING** THE **SIDES** OF THE **ROAD.**

AT THE OTHER END OF THE **WOODS.**

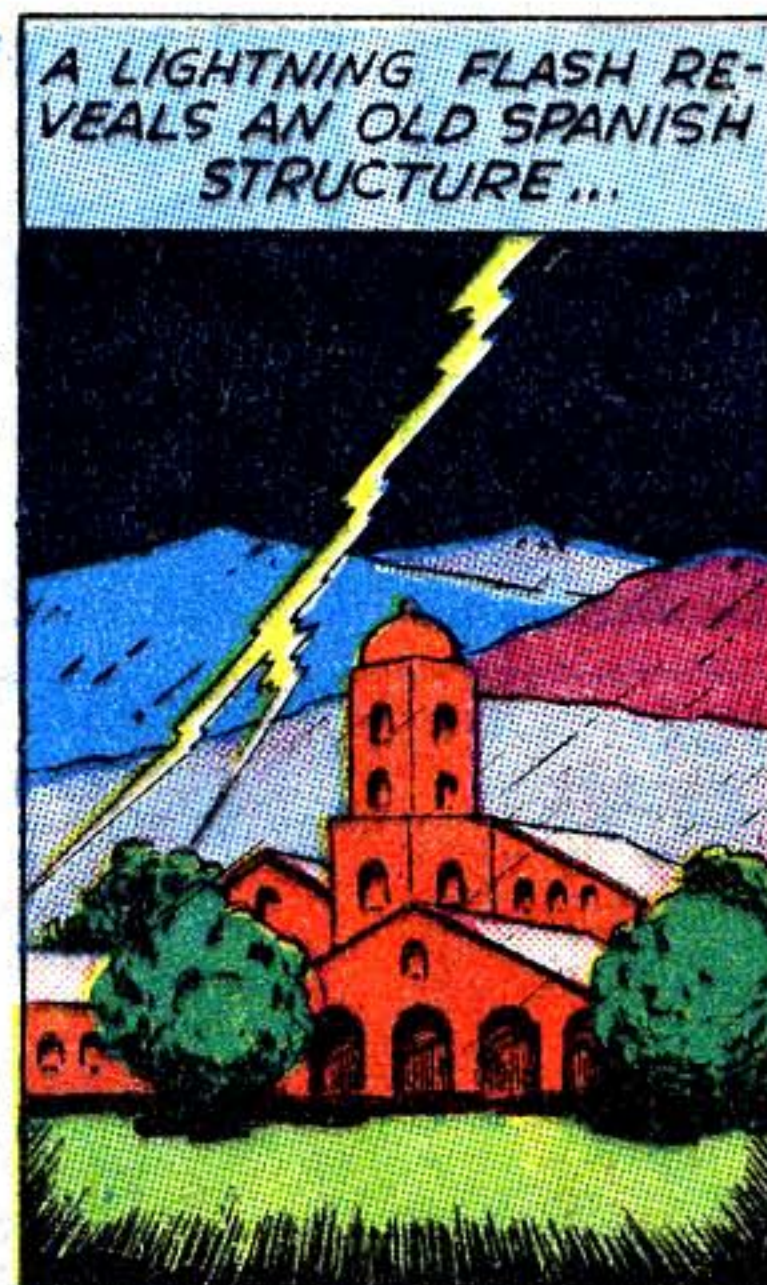


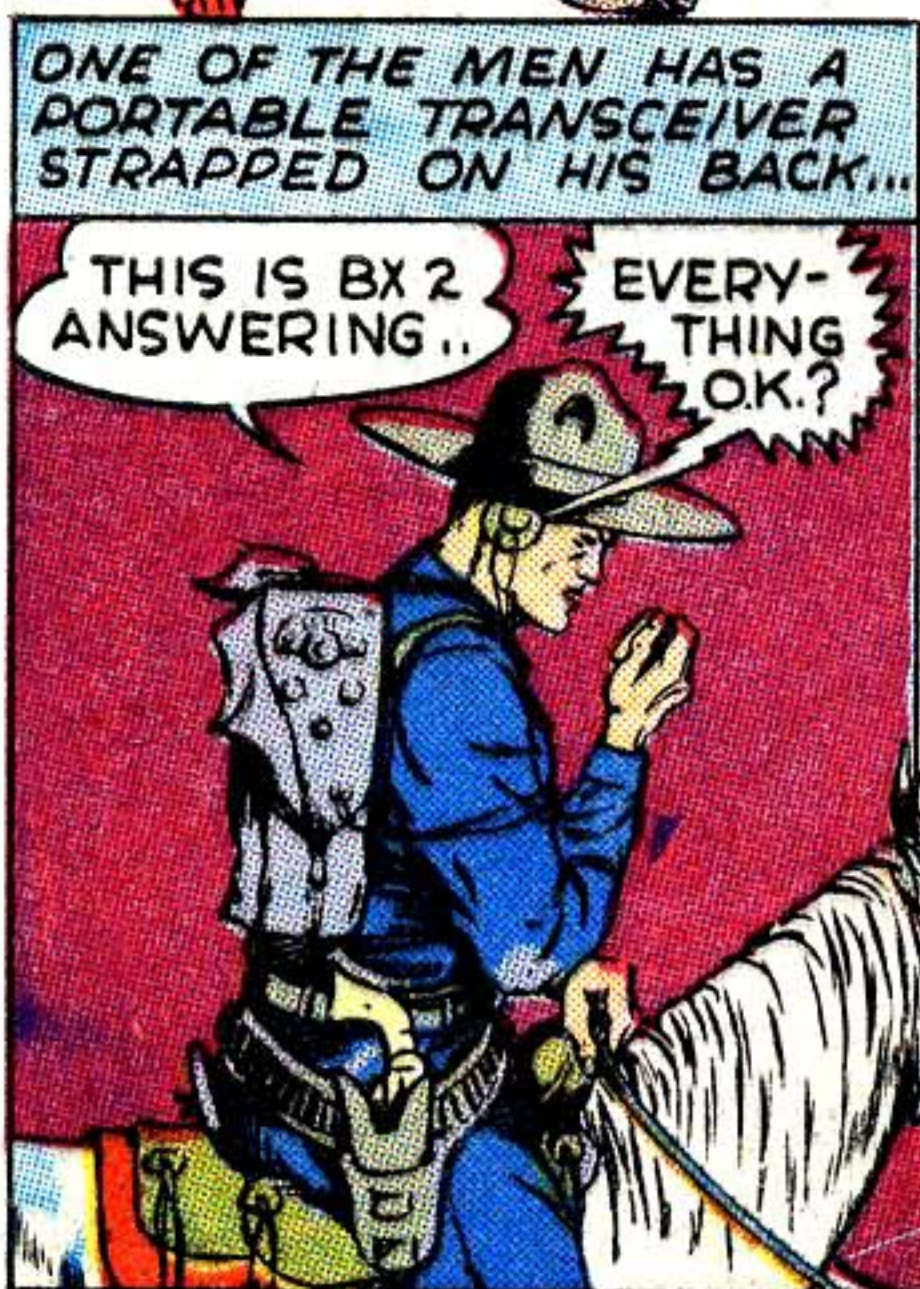
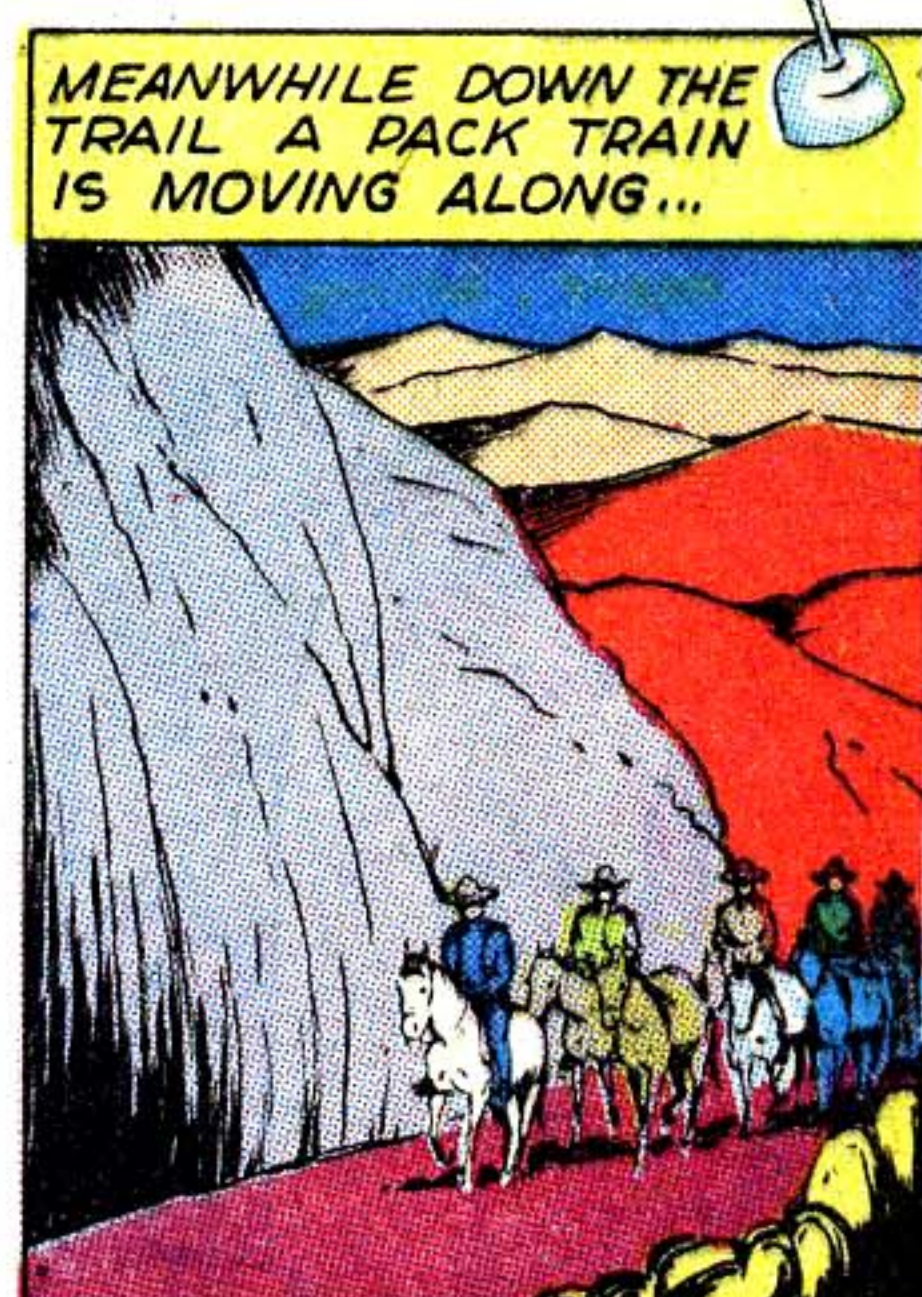
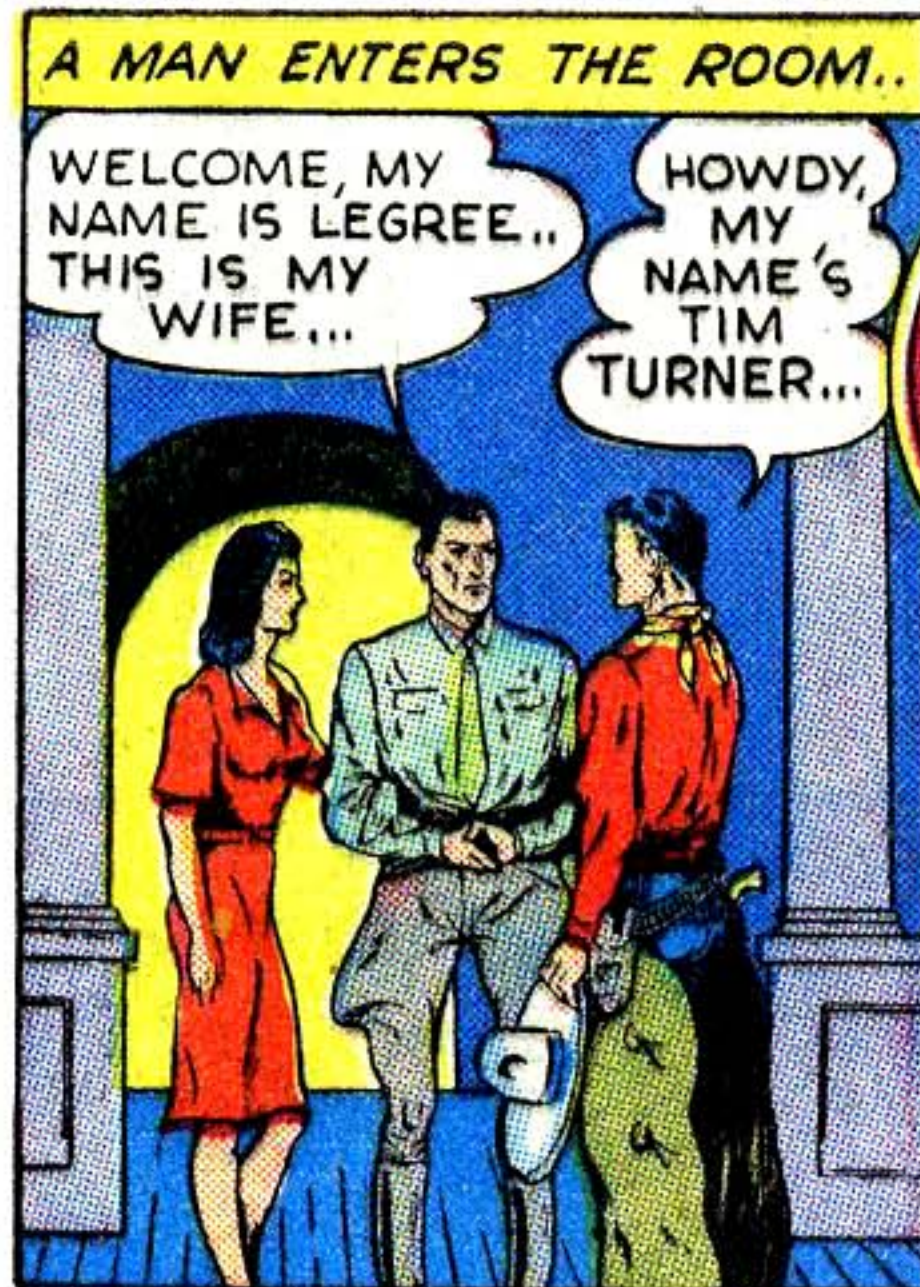
TURN AROUND, AND DRIVE BACK **SLOWLY.**



THE FARGO KID

TIM TURNER, ALIAS THE FARGO KID, AIDS THE LAW BY BATTLING WESTERN INJUSTICE





BUT THE DRUG EFFECT LEAVES THE FARGO KID, AND HIS EYES OPEN... HE GRASPS THE KNIFE HAND AS IT DESCENDS...



HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?



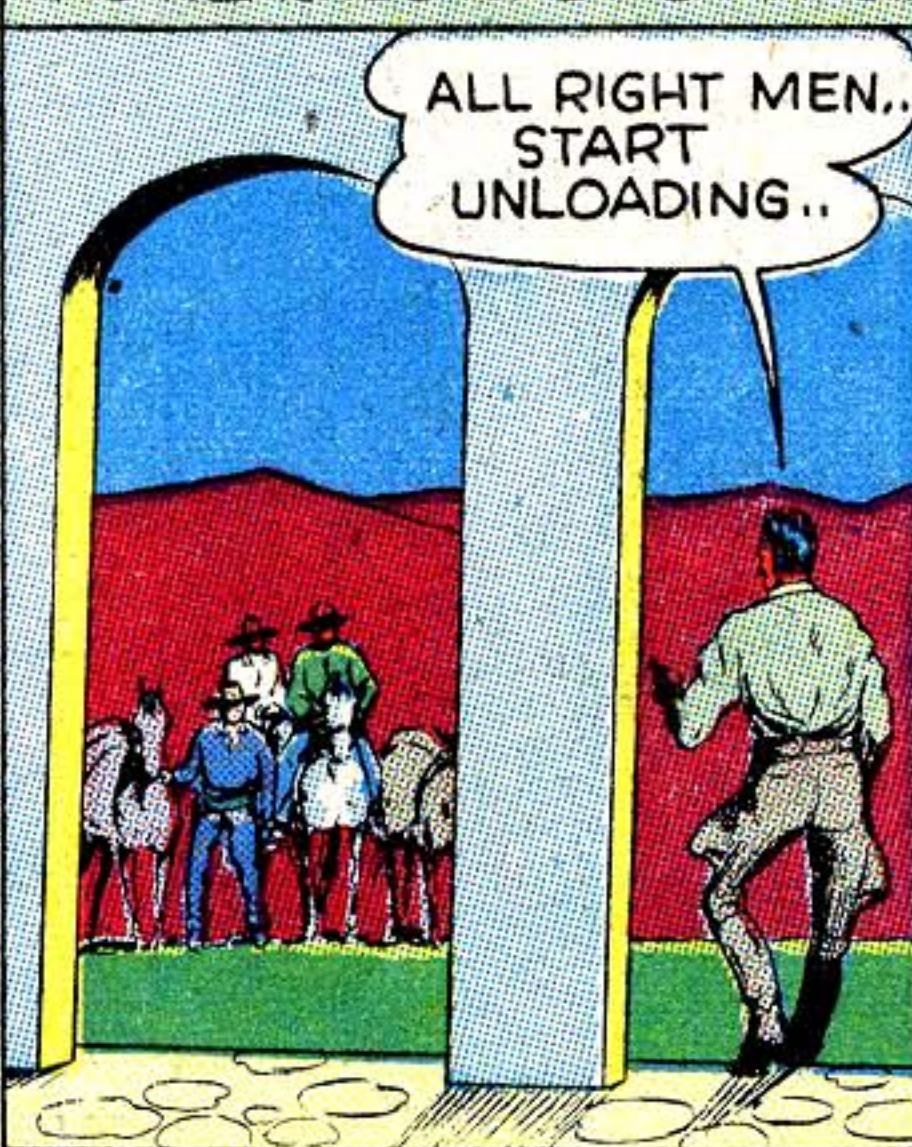
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL HAVE MORE EFFECT THAN THAT DRUG!



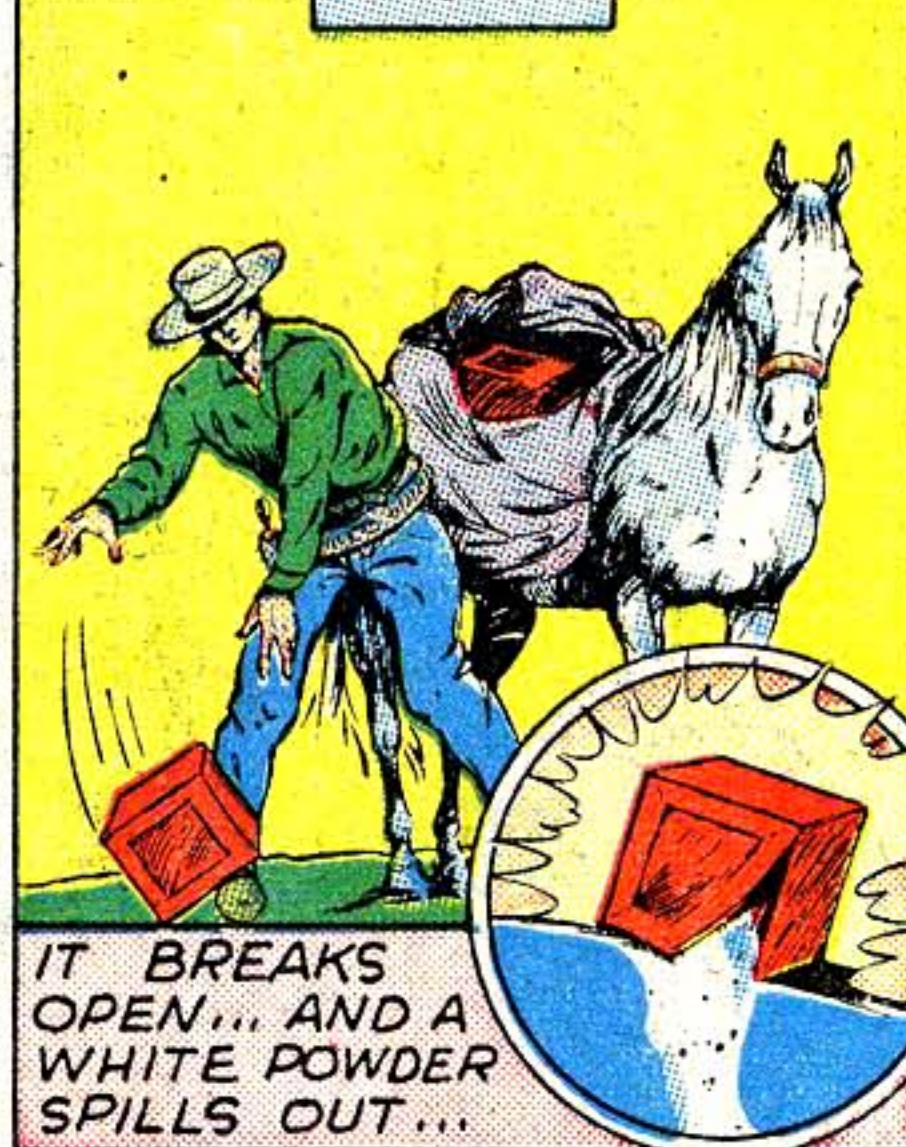
WHOA, THERE GOES LEGREE.. I'LL FOLLOW HIM!



MEANWHILE THE PACK TRAIN HAS REACHED THE PORTALS..



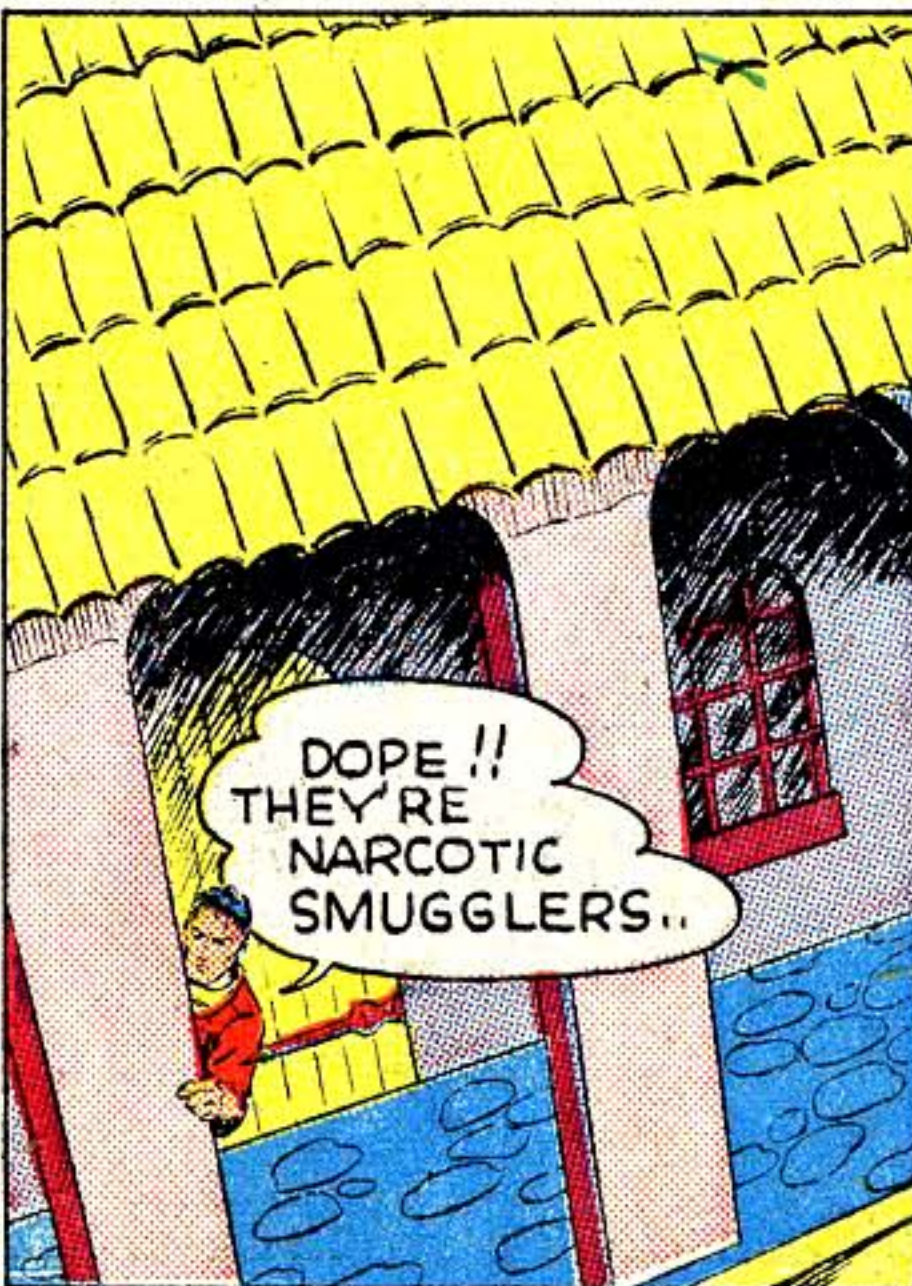
ONE OF THE MEN DROPS A CASE...



YOU CLUMSY FOOL!



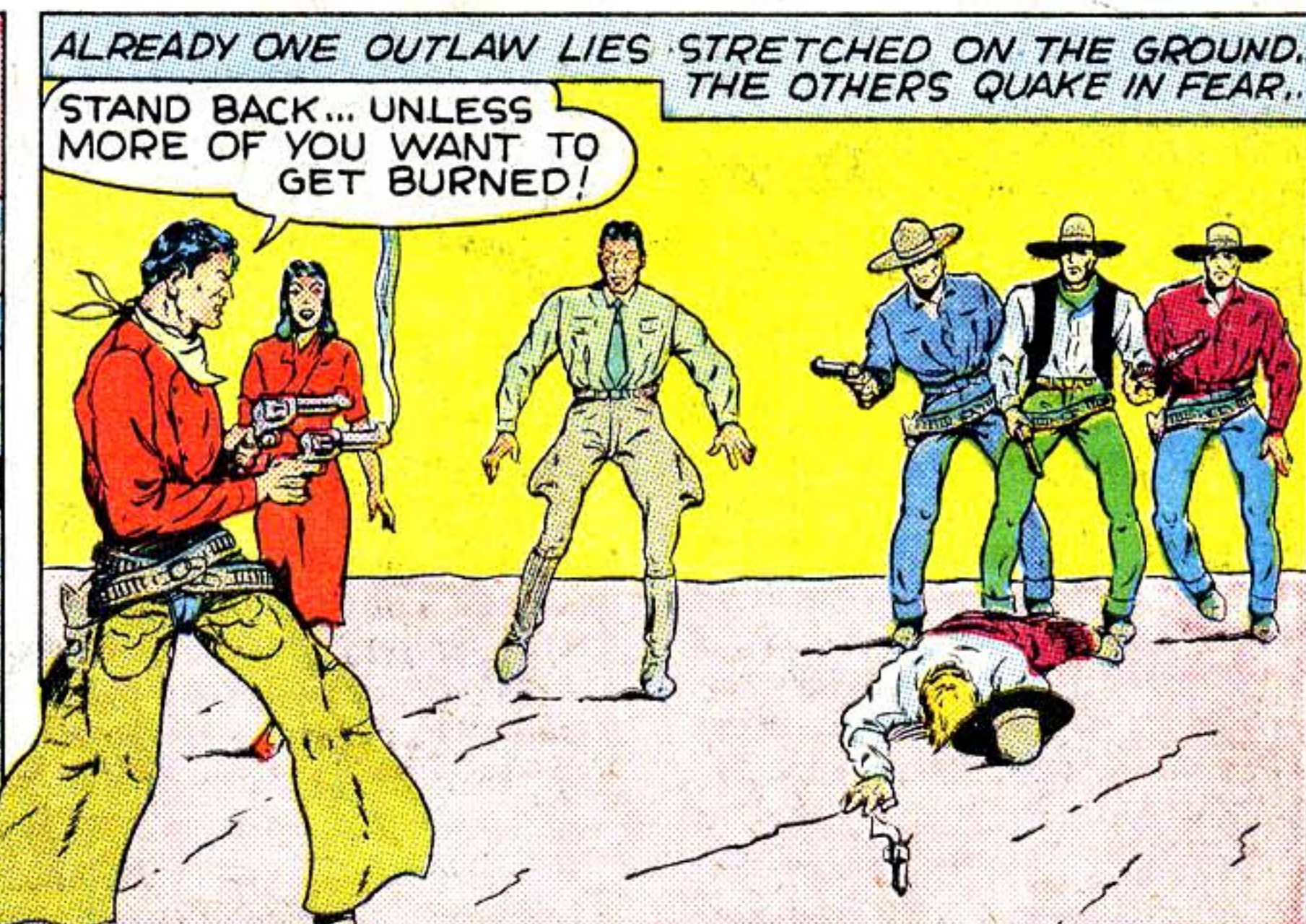
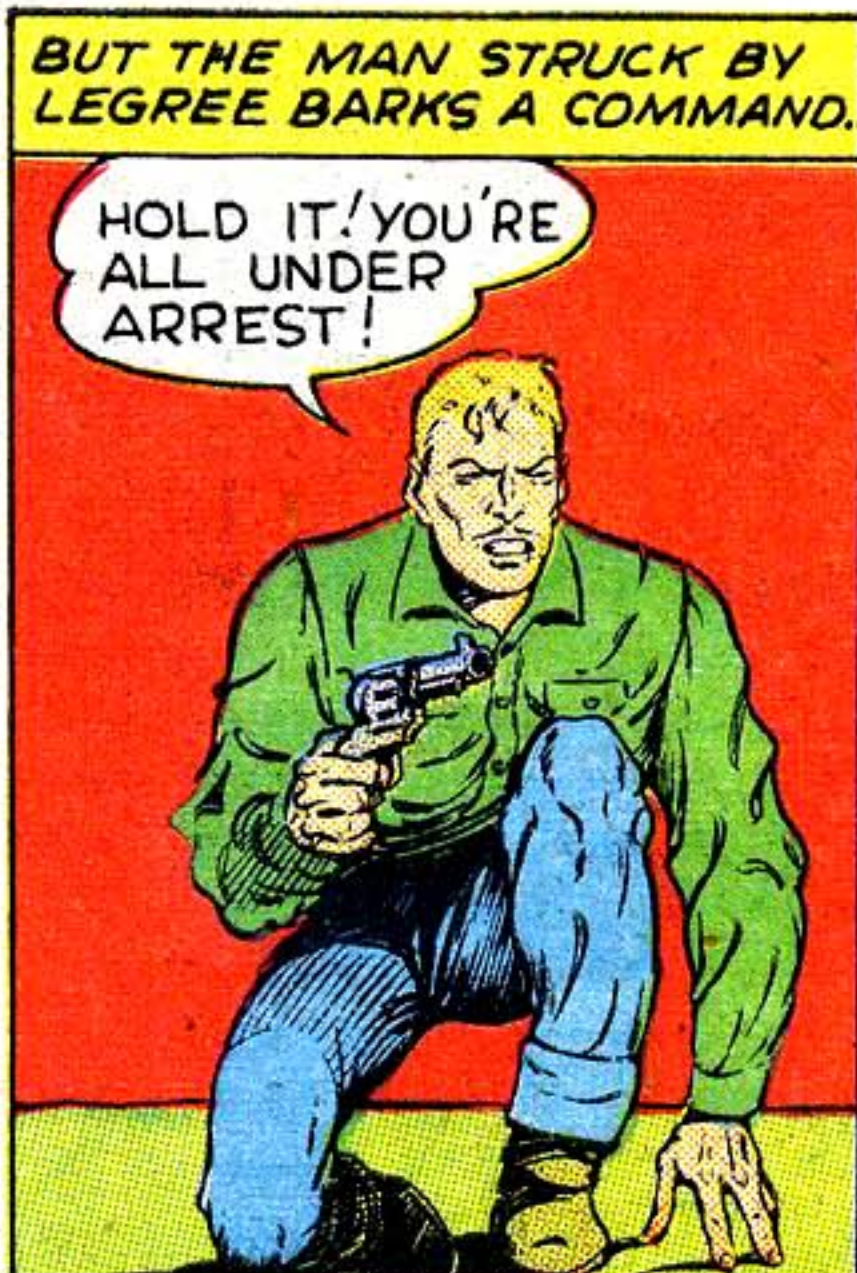
DOPE !! THEY'RE NARCOTIC SMUGGLERS..

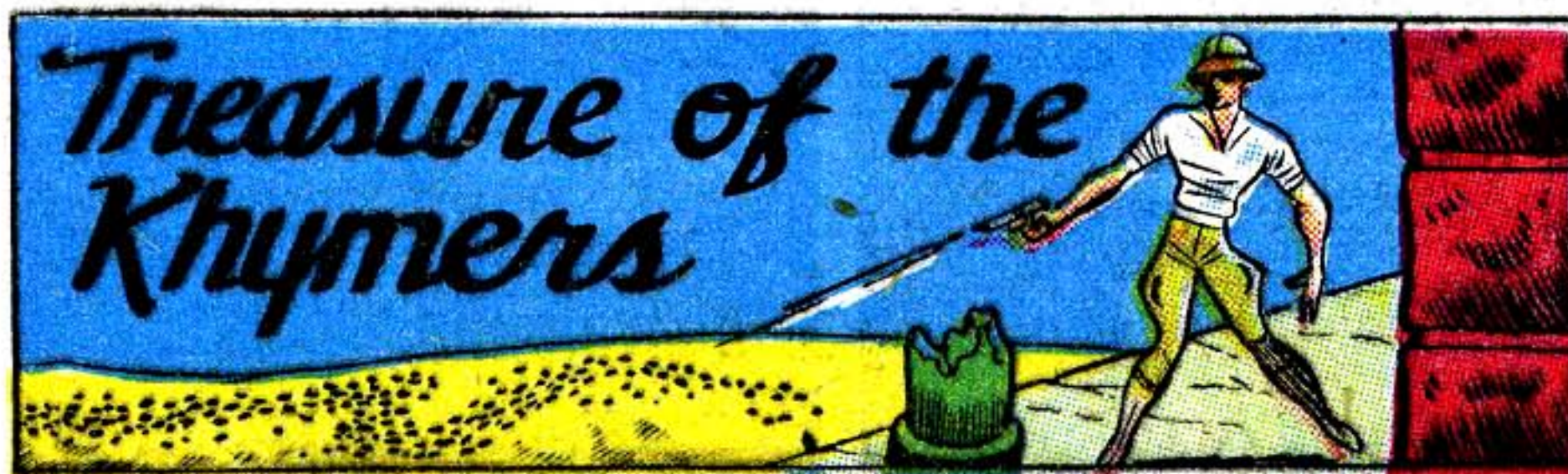


BUT SUDDENLY..

ALL RIGHT, MR. TURNER.. REACH !!







Weird St. Elmo's Fire sheathed every member of the party in an armour of phosphorescence as they filed out of the jungle into the cleared space before the temple. St. Elmo's Fire, that bizarre luminous radiation that still baffles science, is quite common in various parts of the world . . . it is present in moist jungles, on the rigging of ships in tropical or extremely frigid waters, often on sweating bodies of humans; or those made rigid by intense cold.

Perry Scott watched the last of the bearers leave the jungle and put their burdens down in a heap. They reminded him of fiery ghosts. His own hands were covered with the unearthly wavering glow; and when he held the tips of his fingers close together, the rosy, bluish flame arced across the gap like live electricity.

Perry indulged in some thinking as they made the camp fast for the night. The hidden city! The lost race of Khymers! The vanished empire of Cambodia! All so romantic-sounding, and yet so grimly reminiscent of evil! The Khymers, part of that once mighty Cambodian civilization, had vanished from the face of the earth without so much as a trace. History related that between the years of 1250 and 1300 they had simply disappeared.

In Saigon the year before Perry had talked with a middle-aged Englishman who claimed to have found a missing manuscript in a stone crypt somewhere in the Cambodian jungles. This, the Britisher had explained, was the key to the priceless royal jewels of the last Khymers kings . . . worth millions!

Perry had struck a sort of agreement with the man to pack into the wilds of Indo-China at an early date. Then, a week before they were to leave, the Englishman died of fever in a Saigon hospital.

Perry had one clue to go on: The Englishman had mentioned the "hidden city."

The ruins before which they were now camped had been discovered by a Frenchman in 1870. That was the first knowl-

edge the world had that the Khymers ever existed, or had built gorgeous cities deep in the jungles. Angkor Vat! Other cities were later found. But as to where the race came from, or where it went, nobody knew.

Unless the dead Englishman . . .

The hidden city, so far as Perry had been able to deduce from legend and the Englishman's rambling, was some five miles from Angkor Vat, in a northwesterly direction. Solid jungle, teeming with deadly snakes and leprous swamps.

"There are three ravines," the Englishman had said. "You follow each until it brings you to a deeper one; the deepest is the entrance to the hidden city."

At four o'clock the next day, Dhat Klung, who was fifty yards in advance of the others, suddenly threw up his arms with a scream, and disappeared!

"Make camp," Perry ordered the bearers. "I will go find Dhat Klung."

Perry let himself down into a dark hole and felt stone steps. He released his hold on the tree roots and dropped. The stairway ran down—down to a pitch dark tunnel. Old Klung lay at the foot of the steps. There was a growing lump on his head. Perry held ammonia under his nose and the old man opened his eyes. In a moment he was recovered and on his feet.

"All right," Perry said. "Let's follow this tunnel; it may lead into the hidden city."

For two hundred yards they shuffled along, Perry's flash cutting a hole through the ebon blackness. Then the tunnel made a turn. A short distance beyond, they came out into an open court at the base of a lofty temple, ornately carved in ancient Khymers hieroglyphics—seven-headed cobras, winged beasts, eight-armed caricatures of Siva.

"This is it! It must be!" cried Perry. "Klung, we've found the hidden city! Now to find the treasure!"

They explored the temple until it grew too dark, but no treasure did they find. Now, in the breathless heat of the dying day, they stood on the stone parapet and looked into the purpling jungle beyond.

Perry descended the dangerous stairway again to the lower floors of the temple. Earlier in the day they had discovered, in one wing of the huge building, many apartments, all of them bare of everything except their stone walls and floors.

At midnight, with the great moon riding almost directly overhead, Perry mounted the steps again, fagged out with his explorations. Throwing his leather coat on the stone floor, he lay down, his mind filled with the strange, little known history of the people who had once lived here in luxury.

He had dozed off for only a few minutes when something bit the lobe of his ear. He jerked erect, fumbled for his flashlight. He shot its beam across the floor. Then he saw the reason for the bite coming from a square hole in the sacrificial altar was a compact file of marching ants. They crossed the floor five feet, then entered another hole in the stone floor. One of them had taken the short detour to bite Perry's ear.

"Hmmm!" he said. "Pretty high for ants. Where do they come from? Where do they go?"

Sticking his flash closer to the hole from which the ants came, he looked inside as best he could, but could see nothing. He tapped on the stone top. It sounded hollow. He got up, grasped the altar top and pulled. The heavy stone lifted. And Perry let out a gasp.

"Klung!" he cried. "Look here! The treasure!"

Old Klung grumbled sleepily, but got up and came over to the altar. He too gasped.

There was no more sleeping for Perry that night. In the morning they would pack the treasure of gems in baskets and trek out of the jungle as fast as they could go.

But morning brought a startling interlude. First, there came a sound as of someone clicking a thousand pairs of scissors down in the court. The clicking grew louder. When the sun had come up, Perry made an amazing discovery. The court was literally filled with huge white ants, such ants as he had never seen before. They were fully five inches long, with enormous mandibles which they constantly clicked together.

"Look!" Perry cried, pointing. A small rodent scampered across a bare spot in the court. Instantly a swarm of ants pounced upon it. In five seconds its skele-

ton was revealed as the ants, satiated on flesh, departed.

"Those things . . . we've got to keep 'em away from us, Klung, or they'll devour us!"

They were half way up the stairs now, Perry ran into a small cubicle back of the altar, where he'd seen a few pieces of wood. These he placed on a step below the floor of the altar space, and lighted them. Certainly those ravenous ants wouldn't go through fire! The advance guard of ants was only a few steps below them now, climbing fast. Perry knew they would be eaten alive if those things got up there. They were coming in droves, a vast wave of them. Across the court; beyond, coming out of the jungle. A parade of white death.

Suddenly Perry knew what had happened to the race of Khymers. Ants had eaten them, billions and billions of cannibal ants! And now they were coming again! They must have smelled these modern intruders, Perry thought. Well, they'd never get away alive unless they could kill the creatures. And how to kill things that were countless? If they succeeded in killing half of those visible, more would climb over the dead . . . and still more over them!

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"Klung, we've got to do something!"

Klung was fumbling with the copper chest that held the treasures. Suddenly he let out a howl.

"Stairway!" he cried. "It go down inside temple!"

Perry scattered flashing gems all over the stone floor getting that chest out of its crypt. Below was exposed a narrow hole which revealed a stairway, leading into the depths of the temple.

"Come on!" he shouted, stepping into the dark opening.

The steps led downward a good two hundred feet—far below the base of the temple and court. They ended in a tunnel that ran straight ahead. Perry and Klung reached its end in ten minutes of rapid walking. They were in the open jungle.

Old Klung was panting. "By the ghosts of my honorable ancestors!" he gasped, "I shall never go back there for all the treasures in the world!"

Perry consulted his pocket compass. "Camp is that way," he said pointing. "We'll go back and wait a couple of days. The ants will find nothing to eat and leave."

Klung shook his bald pate slowly. "Master, you like go mebbe. Me, no! Treasure of life far better for old Klung than sparkling jewel you no can see if dead!"

READ Witches Cove
A PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE OCTOBER 24TH

TOPS BY

test pilot

STANDARDS

COLUMBIA BICYCLES...

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Columbia

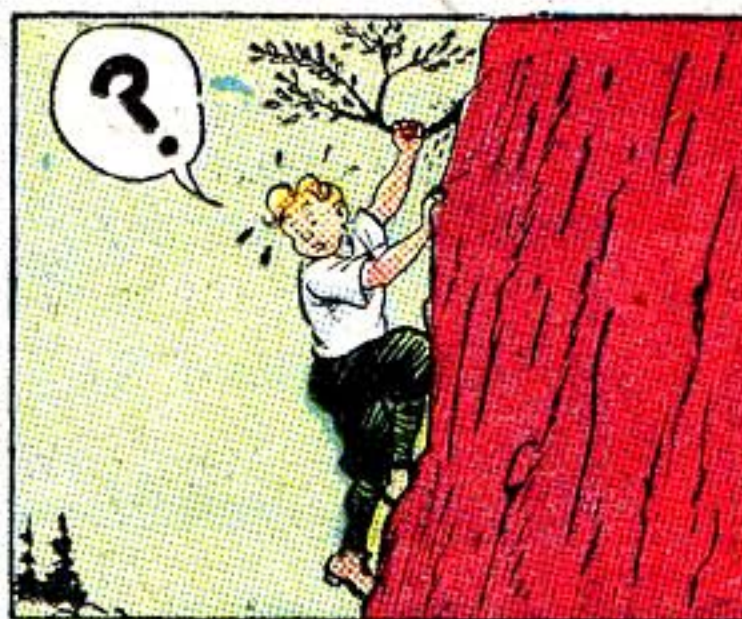
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1941

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

IT'S TOO STEEP
A CLIFF TO
CLIMB, NIPPIE!

NOT
FOR
ME!



OKAY.. I'VE GOT
HIM! PULL
US
UP!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

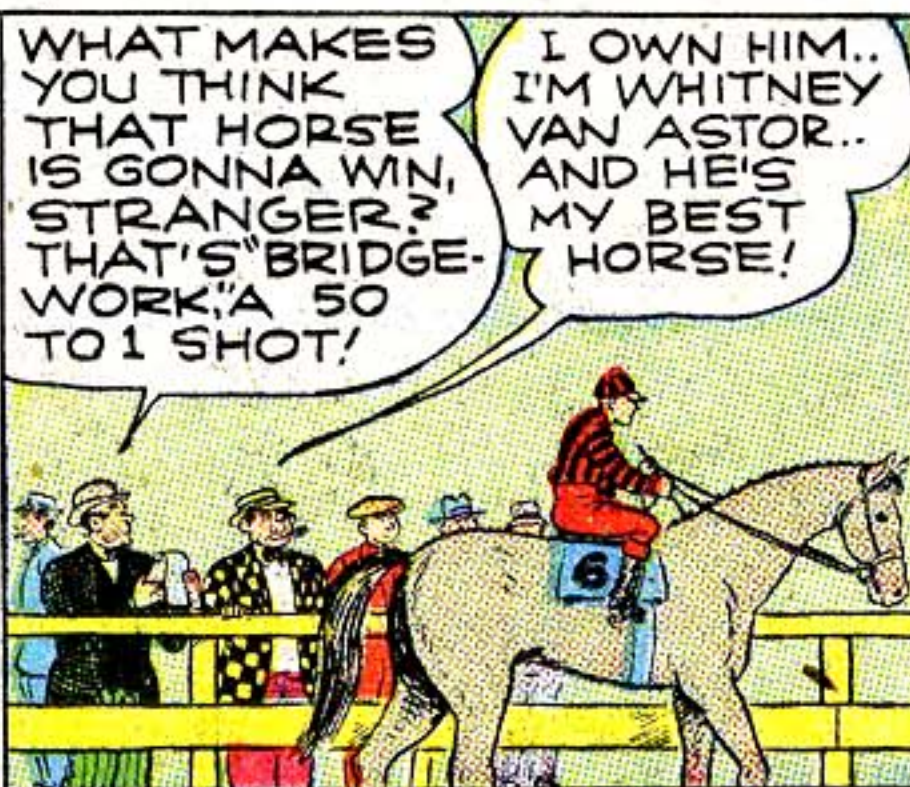
SO YOUR UNCLE
PHIL WENT TO
THE RACES
TODAY, EH
MICKEY?

YEAH, SOME-
BODY GAVE
HIM A FREE
TICKET!



WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK
THAT HORSE
IS GONNA WIN,
STRANGER?
THAT'S 'BRIDGE-
WORK'..A 50
TO 1 SHOT!

I OWN HIM..
I'M WHITNEY
VAN ASTOR..
AND HE'S
MY BEST
HORSE!



Y-YOU MEAN
YOU'RE **THE**
WHITNEY
VAN ASTOR,
THE FAMOUS
SPORTSMAN!

YES..AND I'M SO
SURE BRIDGE-
WORK WILL
WIN THAT I'LL
PAY BACK ANY
SUM YOU
WAGER IF HE
LOSES!



SWELL! I'LL PUT
TEN BUCKS
RIGHT ON
HIS NOSE!

GOOD! I'LL
WAIT HERE
FOR YOU
AND WE'LL
WATCH HIM WIN
TOGETHER!

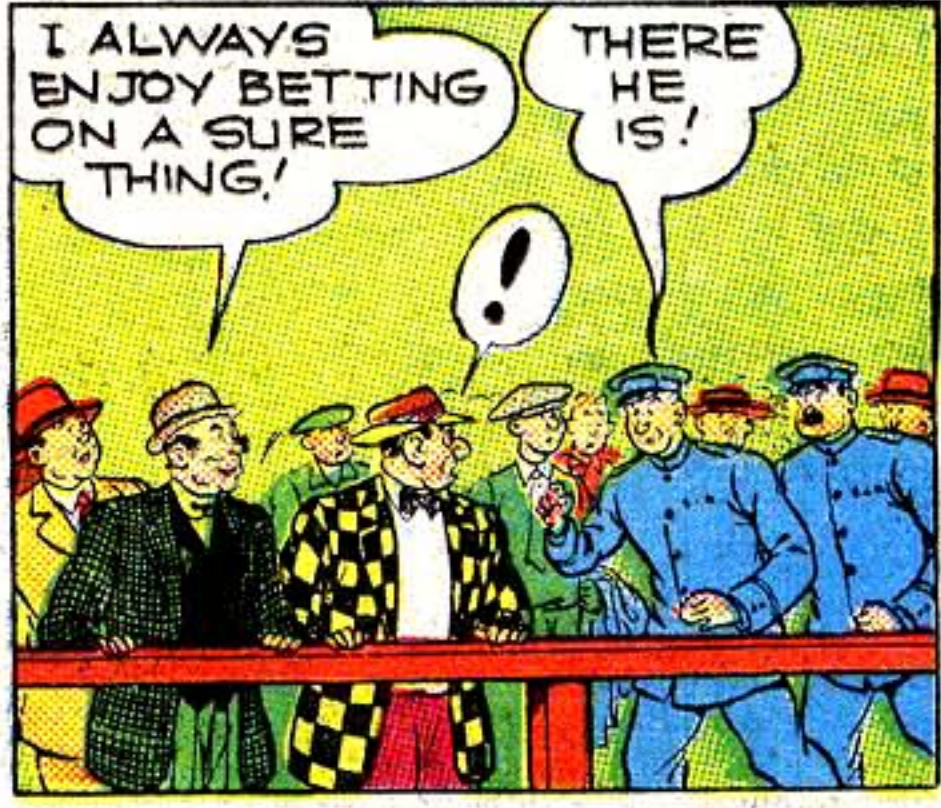


TEN BUCKS ON
BRIDGEWORK
TO WIN!



I ALWAYS
ENJOY BETTING
ON A SURE
THING!

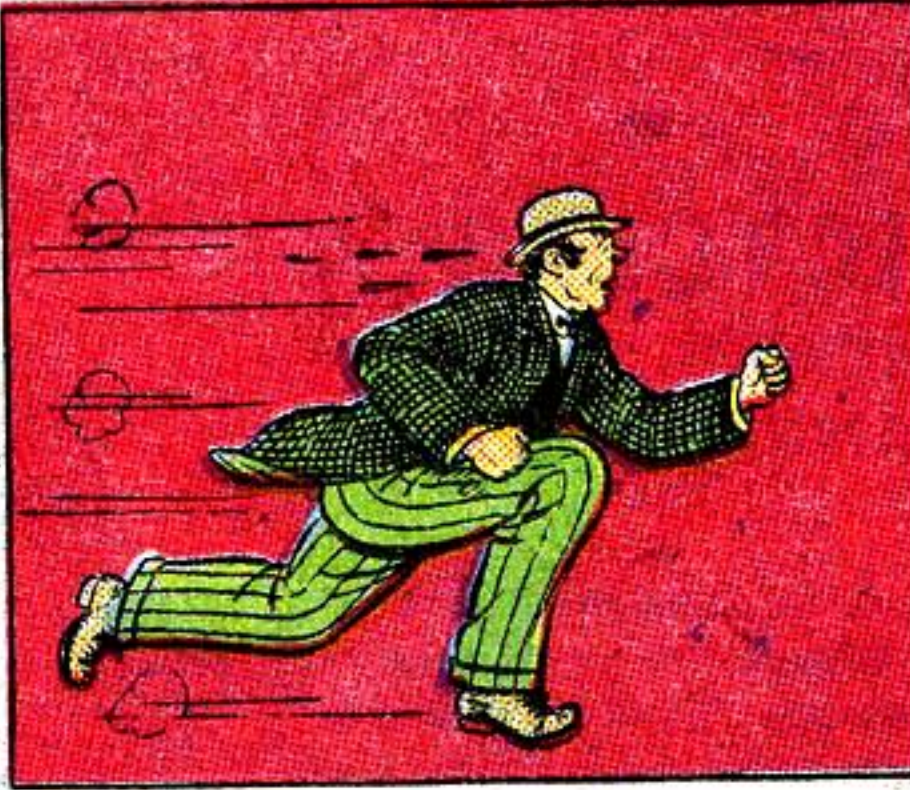
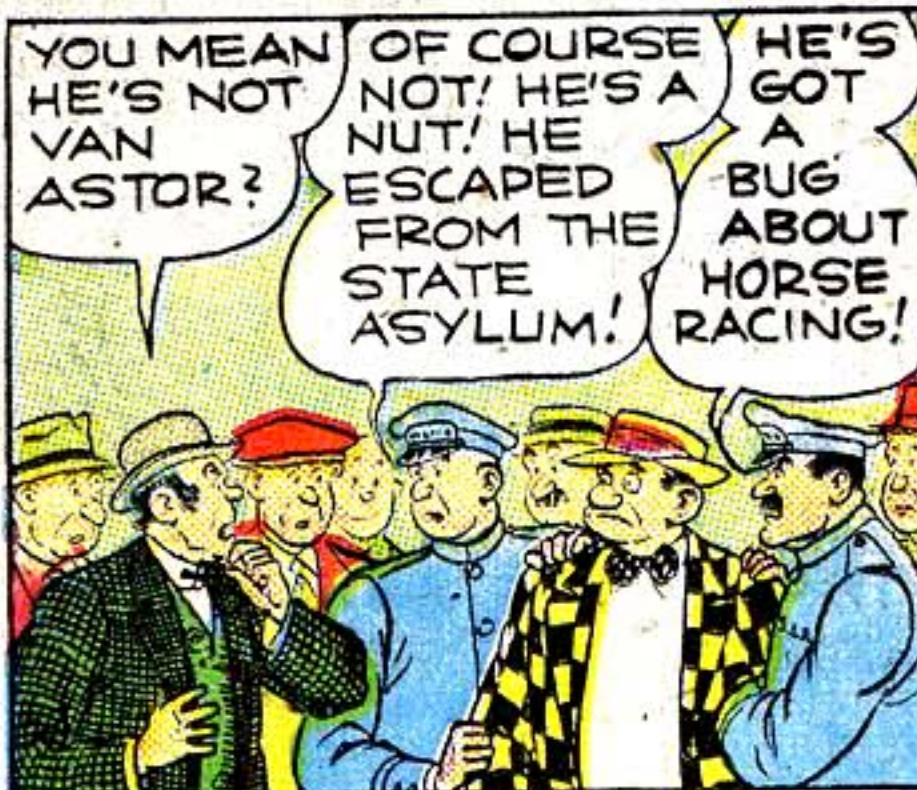
THERE
HE
IS!



YOU MEAN
HE'S NOT
VAN
ASTOR?

OF COURSE
NOT! HE'S A
NUT! HE
ESCAPED
FROM THE
STATE
ASYLUM!

HE'S GOT
A
BUG
ABOUT
HORSE
RACING!



SORRY, MISTER!
ONCE A BET
IS MADE IT
HAS TO
STAND!

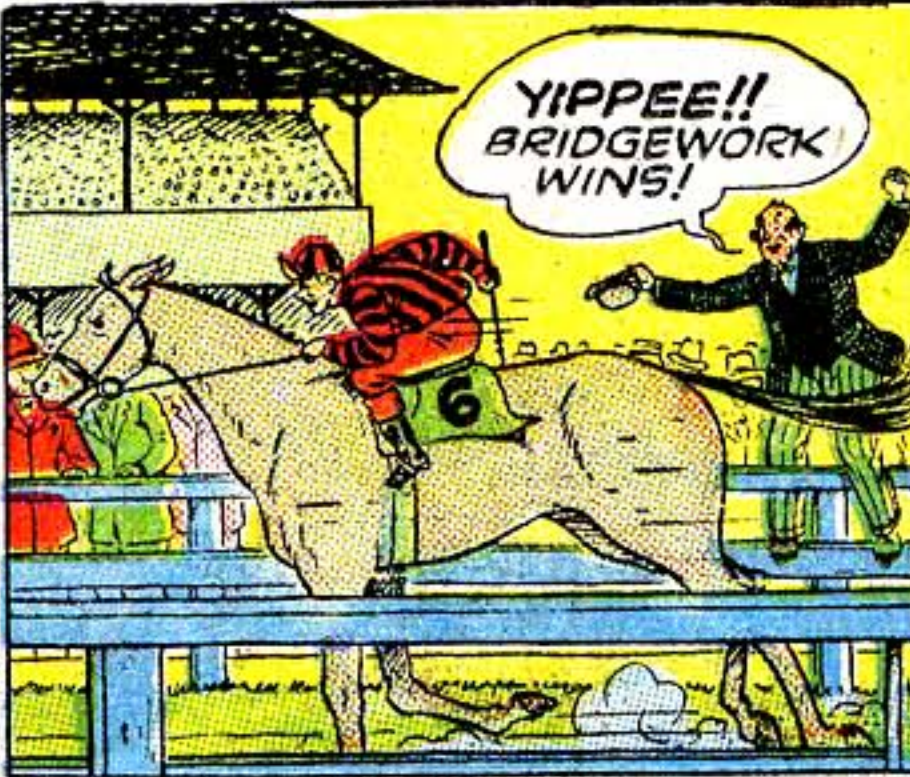
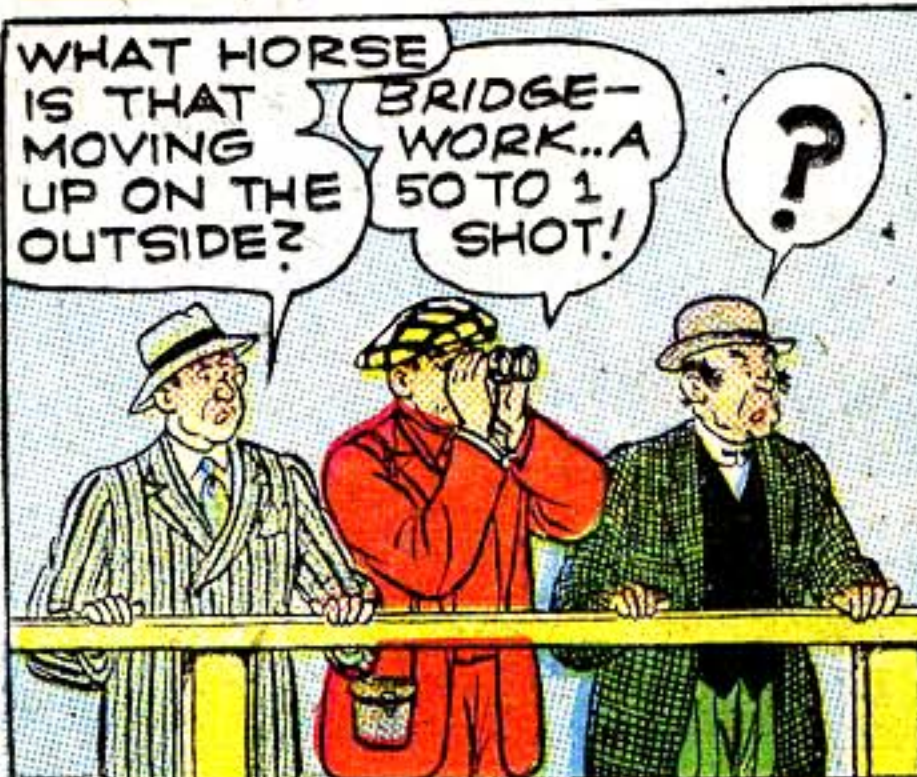
THEY'RE
OFF!



WHAT HORSE
IS THAT
MOVING
UP ON THE
OUTSIDE?

BRIDGE-
WORK..A
50 TO 1
SHOT!

?

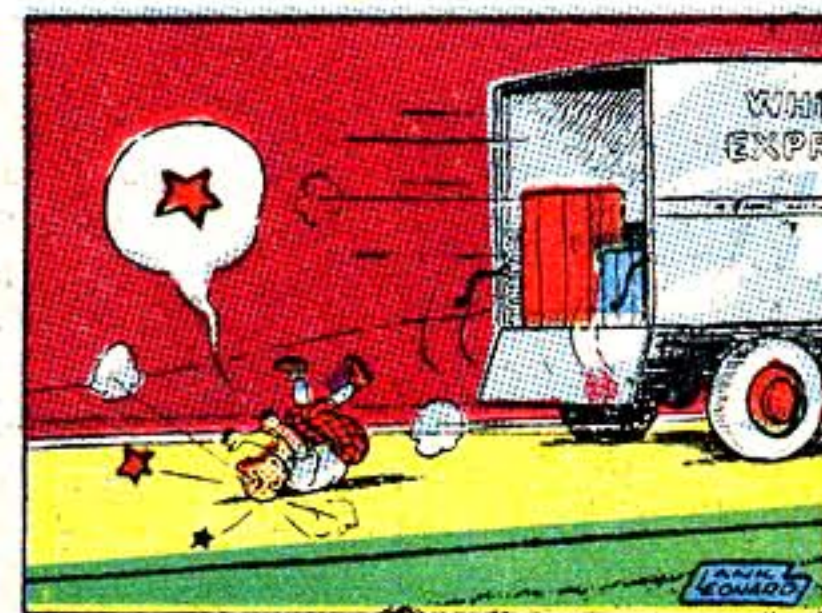
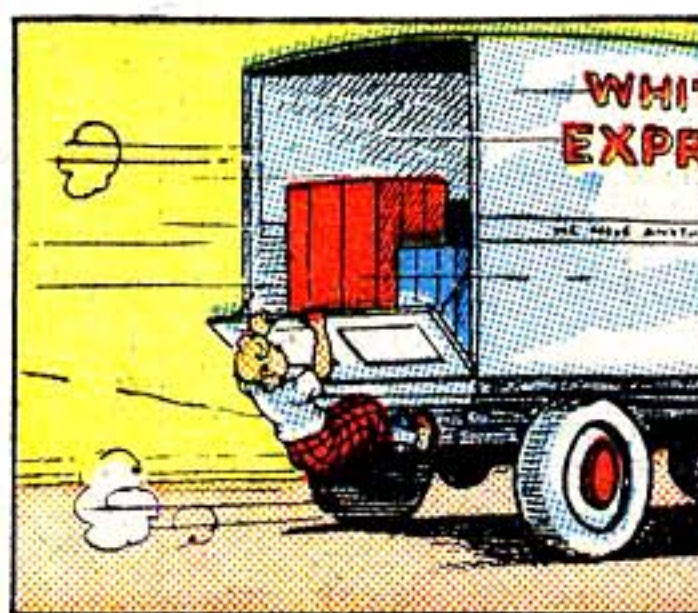
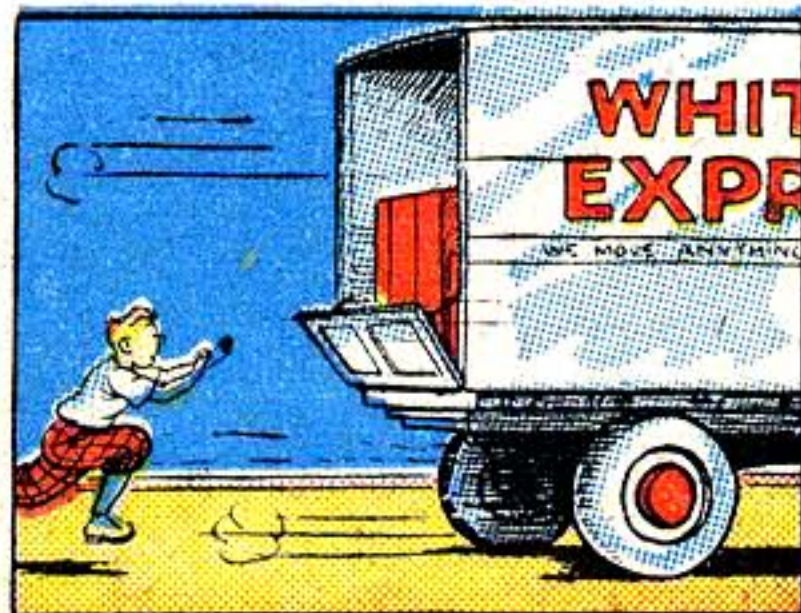
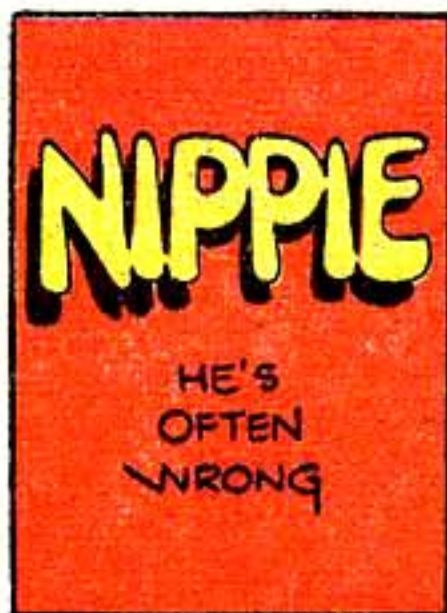


YIPPEE!!
BRIDGEWORK
WINS!

AND IT PAID 50
TO 1, EH, PHIL?
HOW DID YA
PICK THAT NAG,
ON A HUNCH?

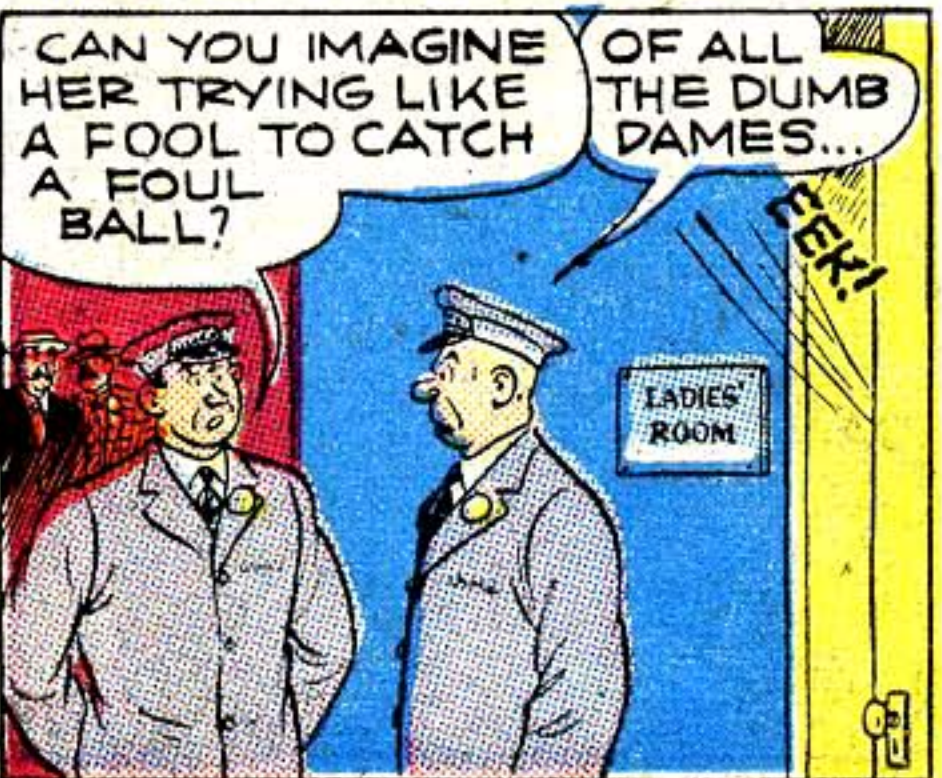
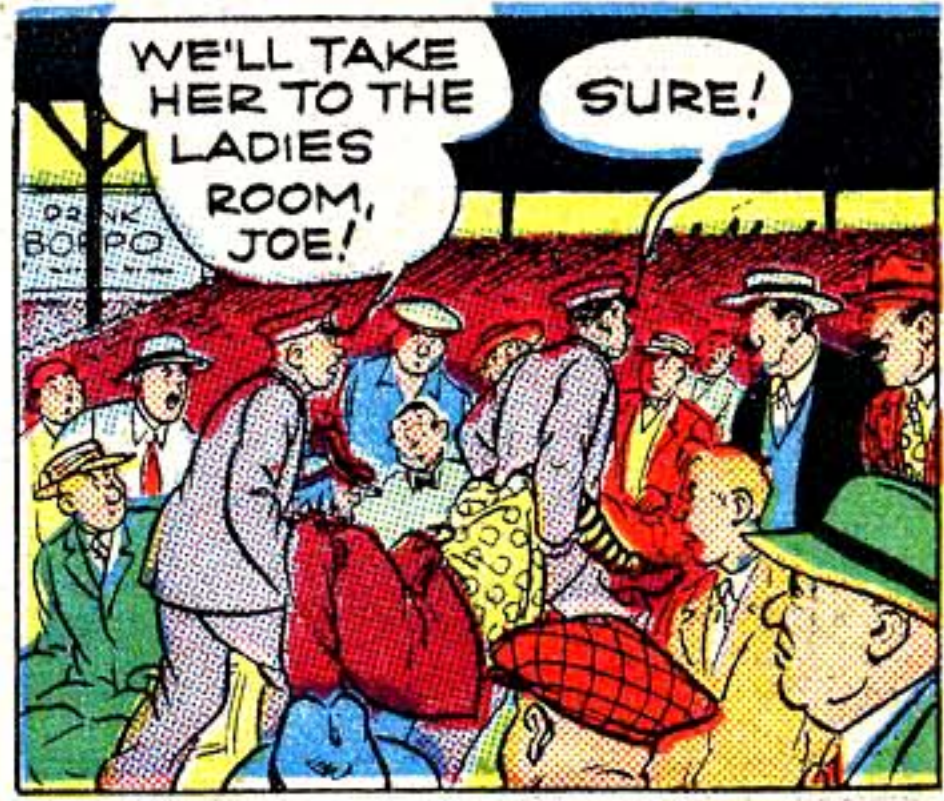
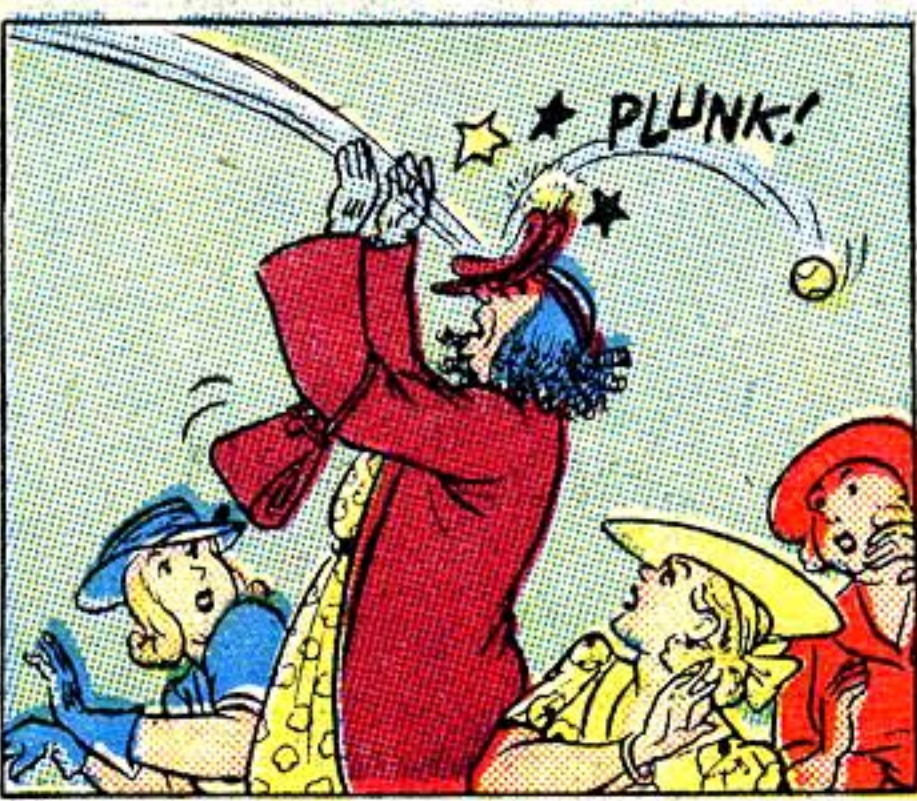
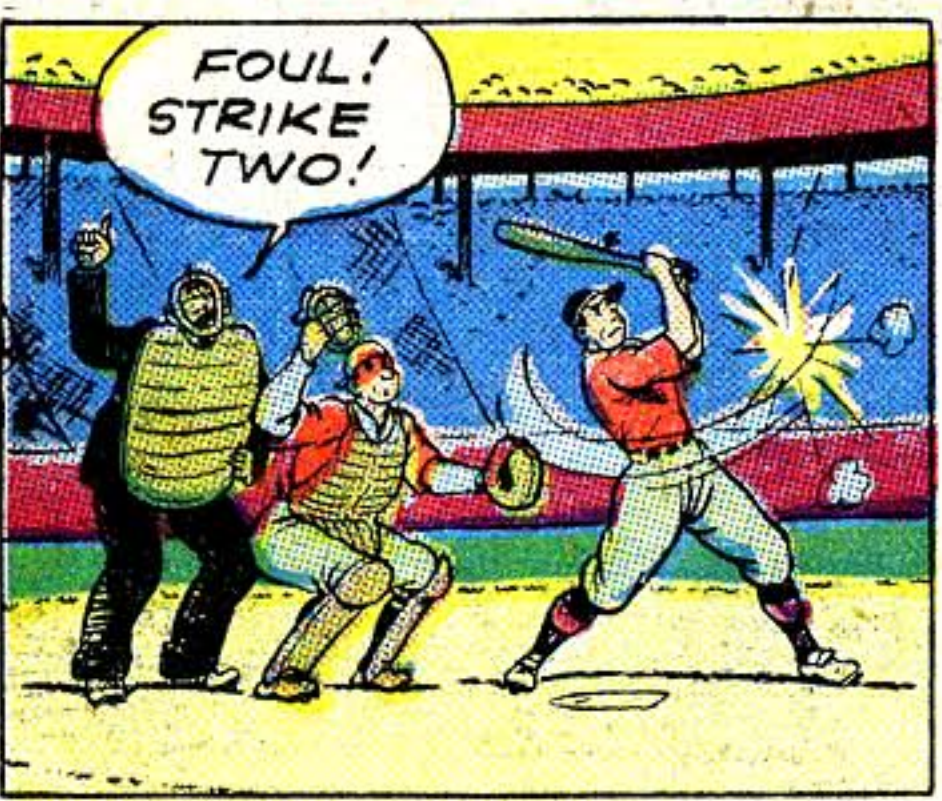
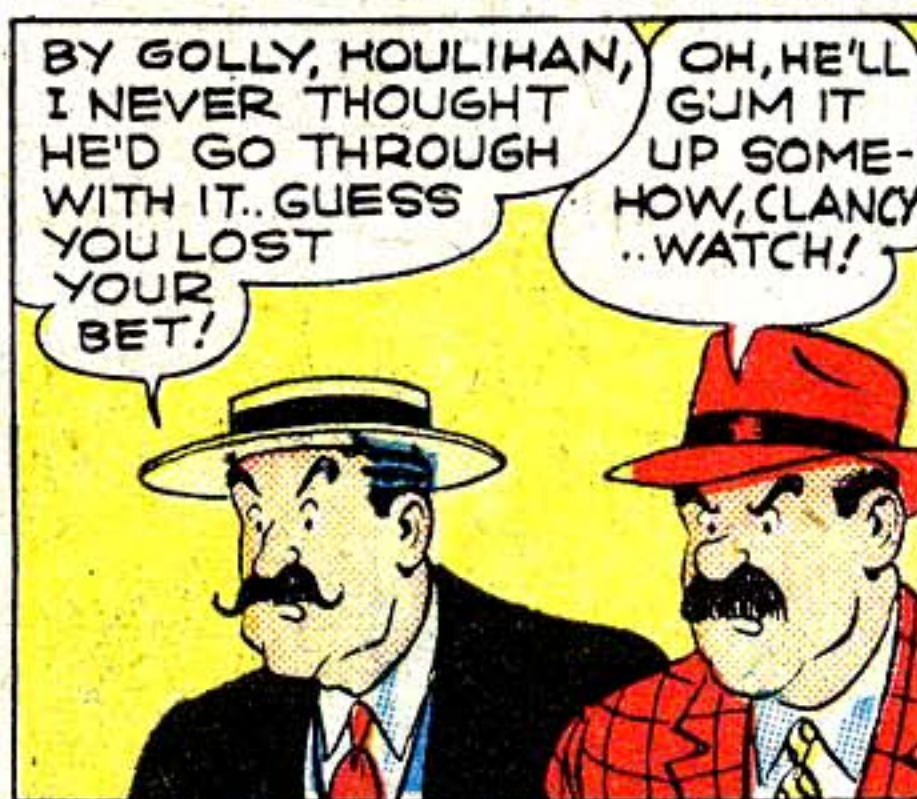
OH, I KNEW
WHAT I
WAS DOIN'!
I'M A GREAT
STUDENT OF
FORM!

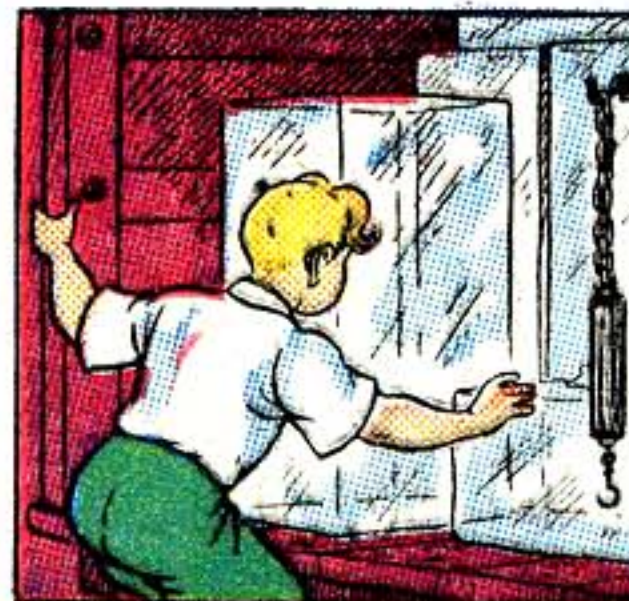




MICKEY FINN

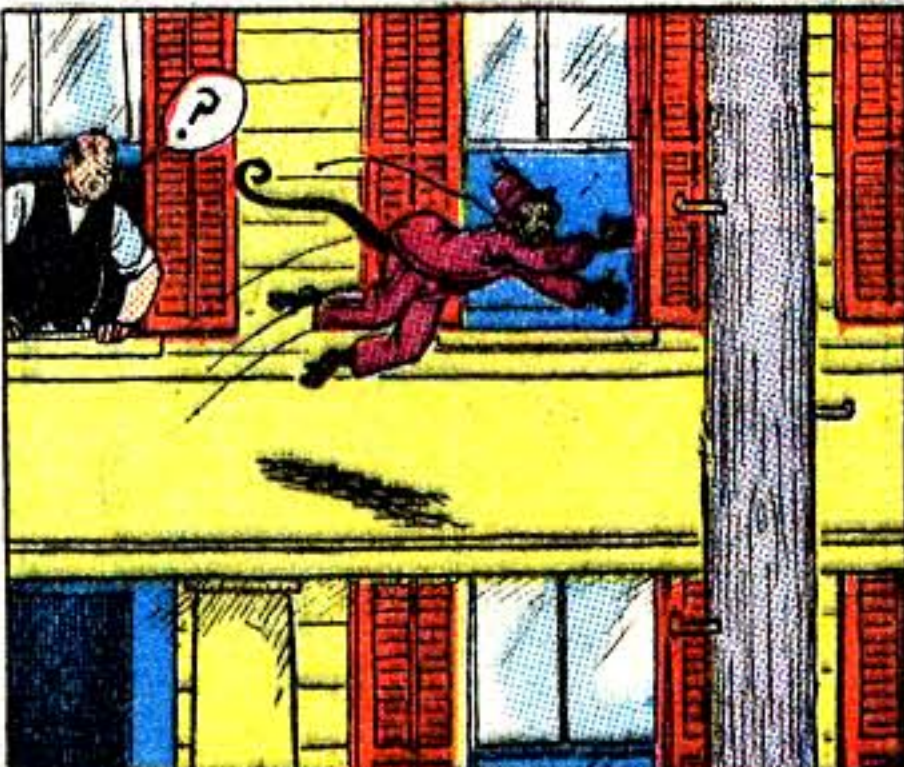
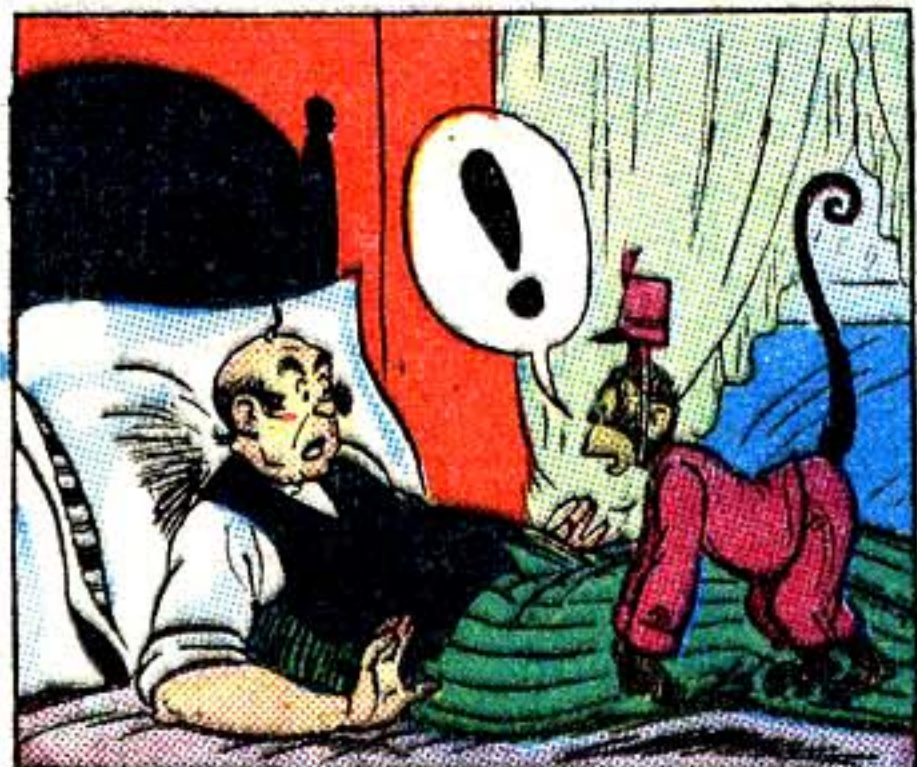
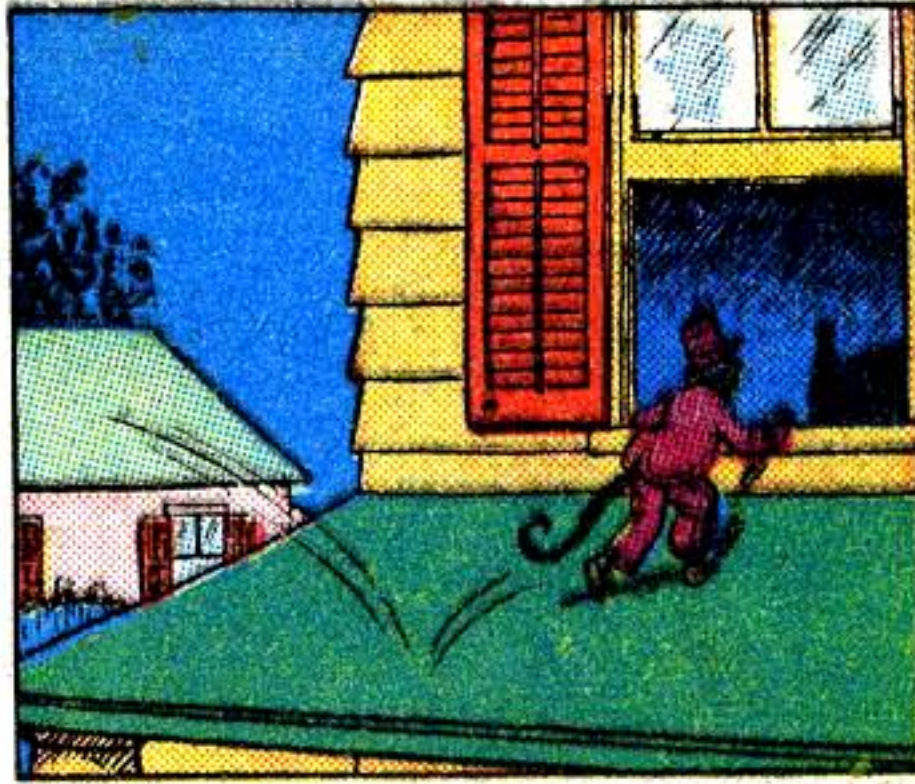
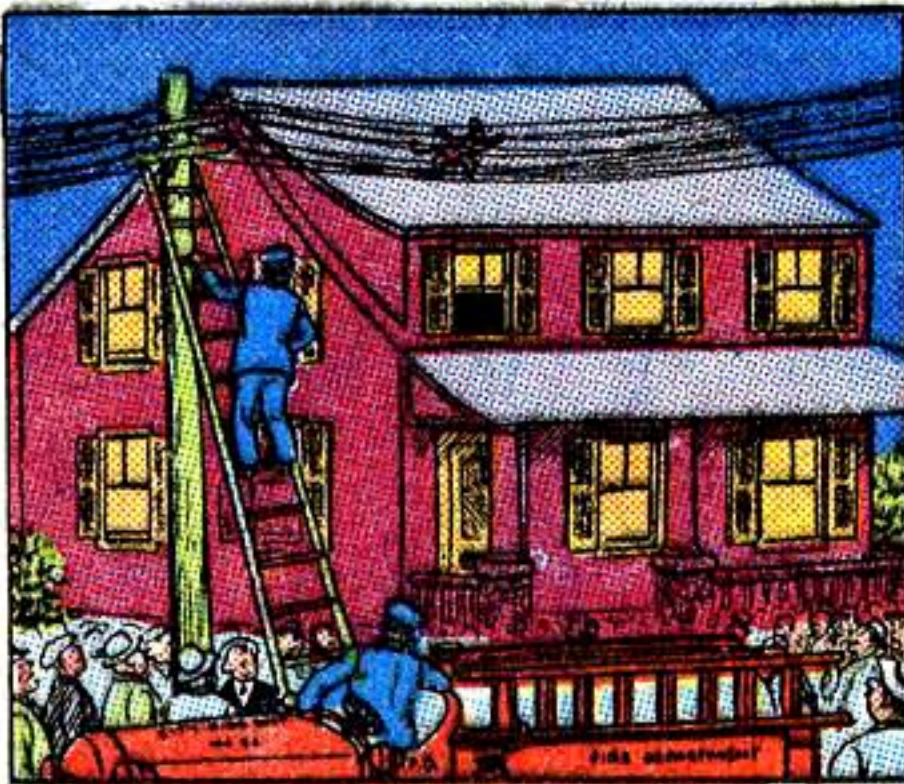
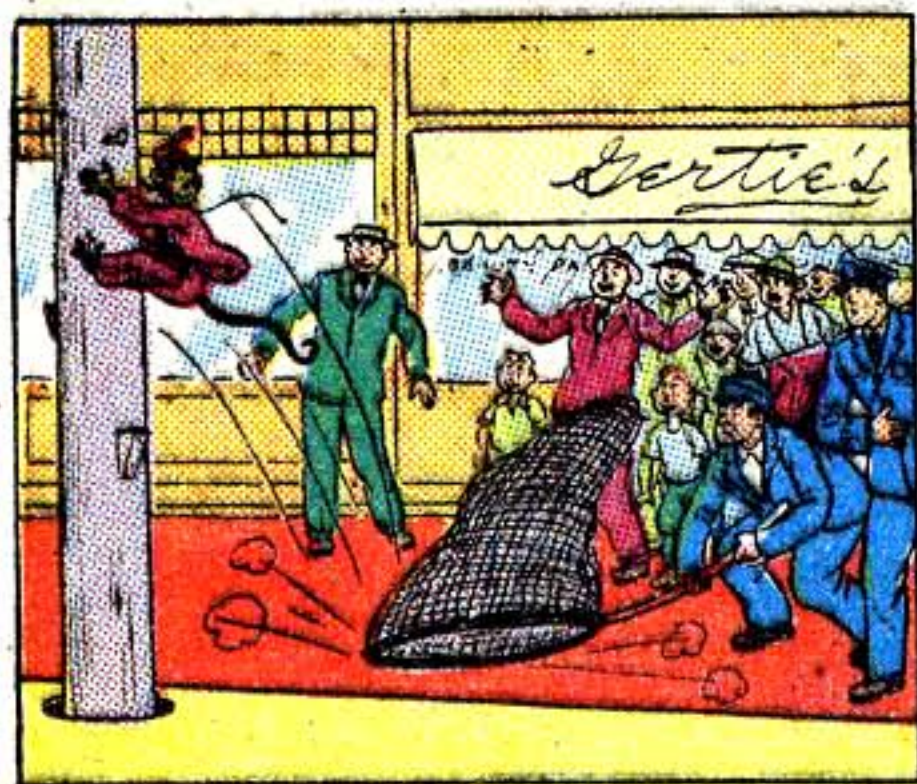
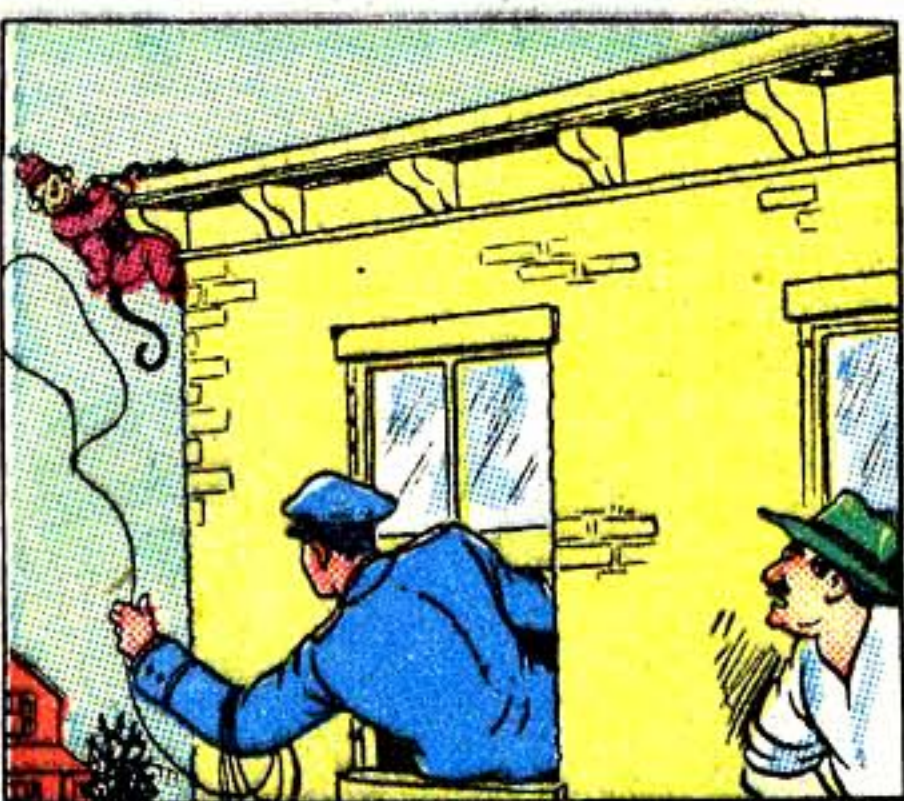
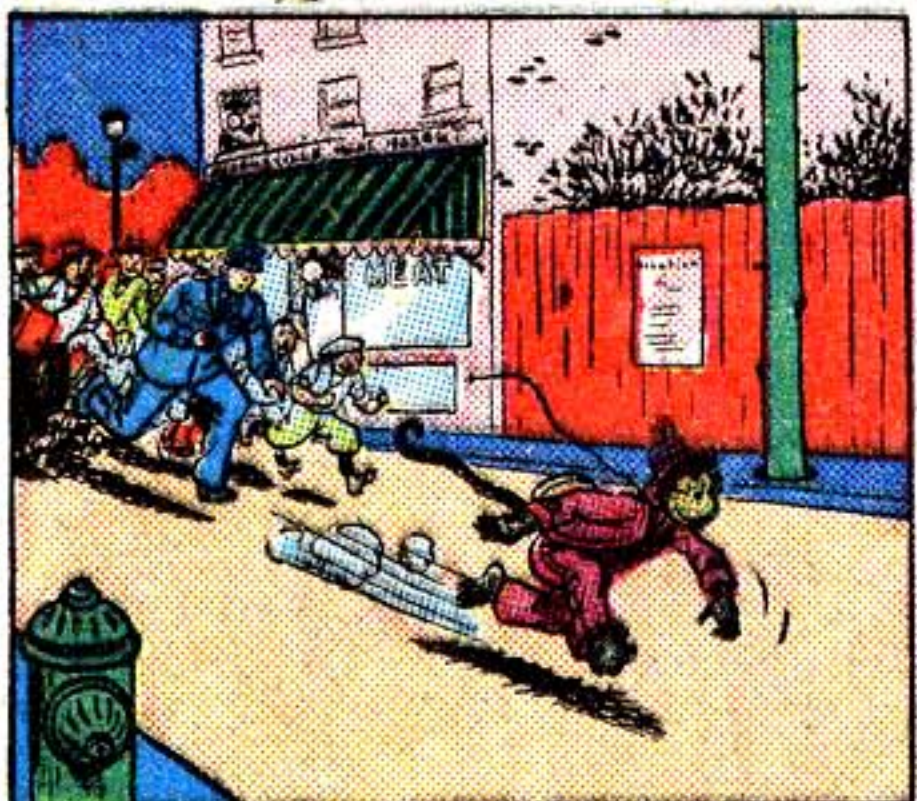
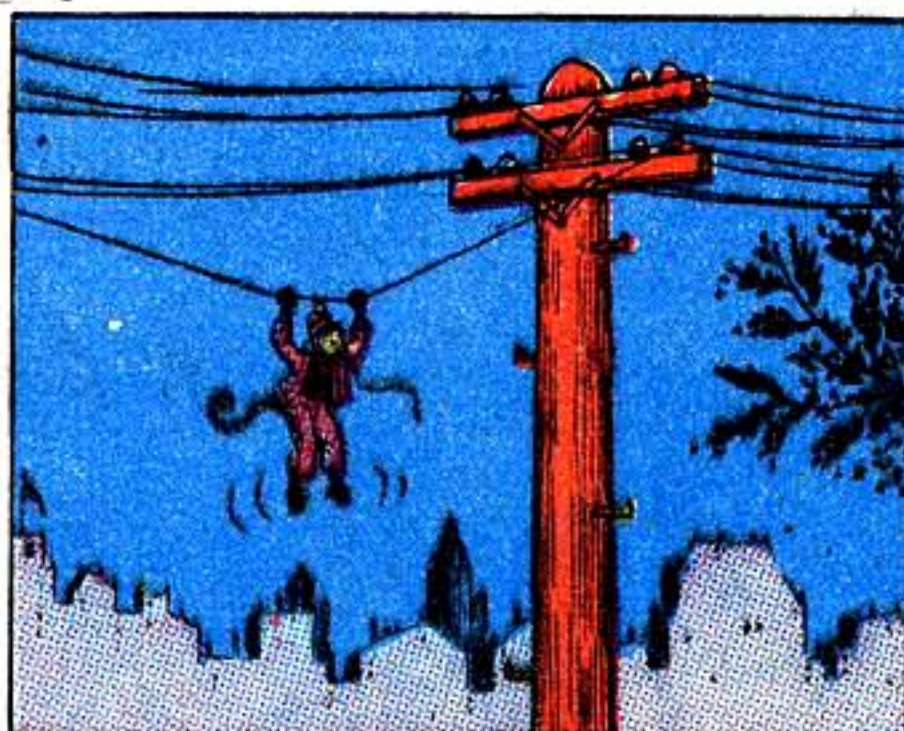
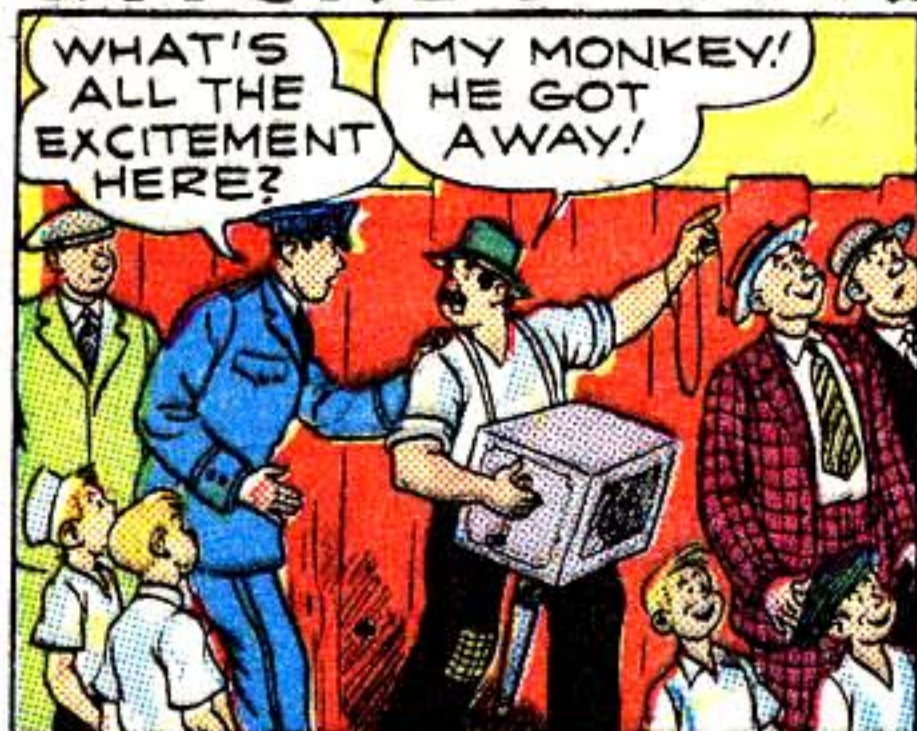
By LANK LEONARD

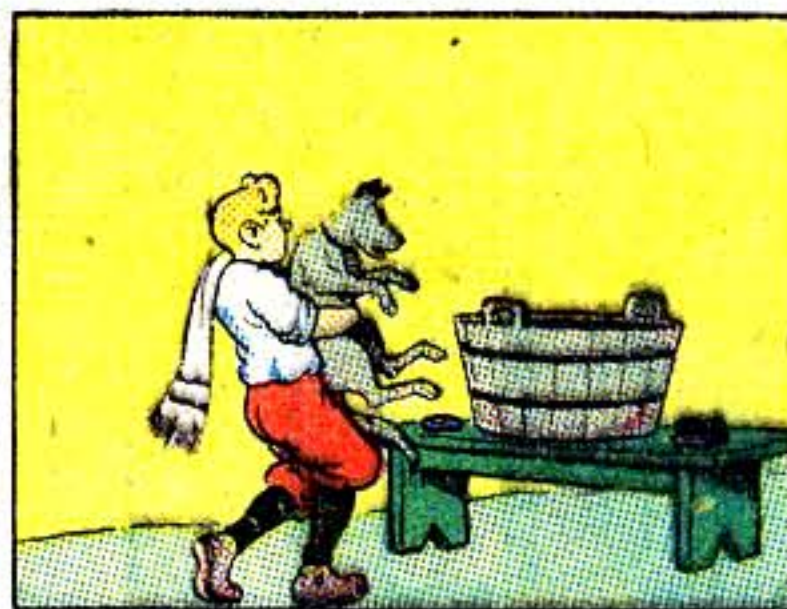




MICKEY FINN

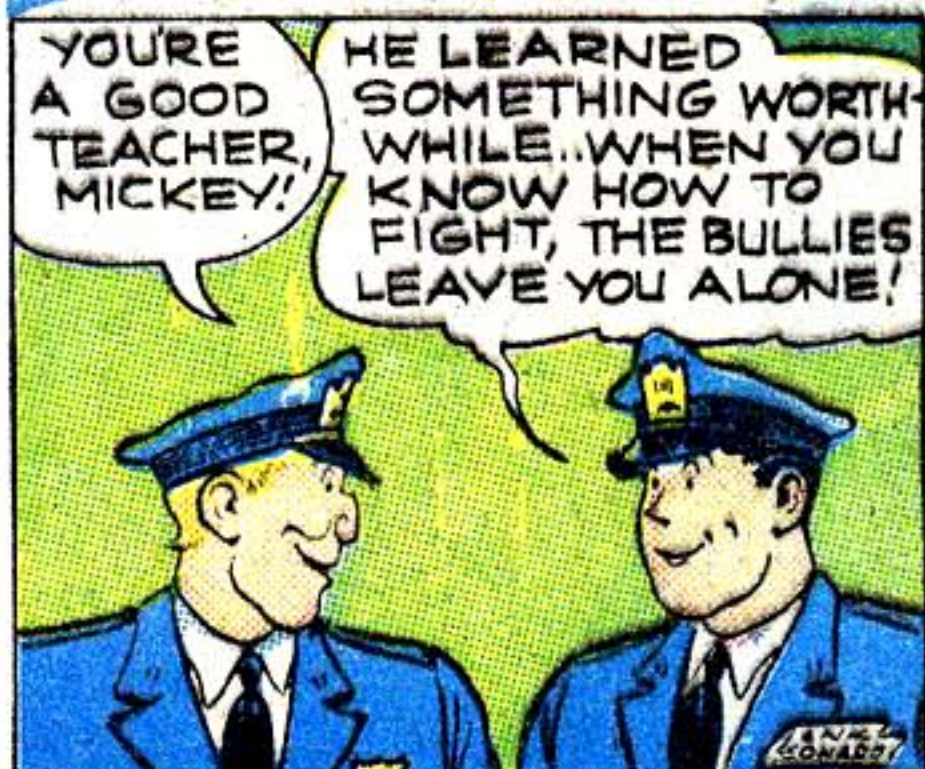
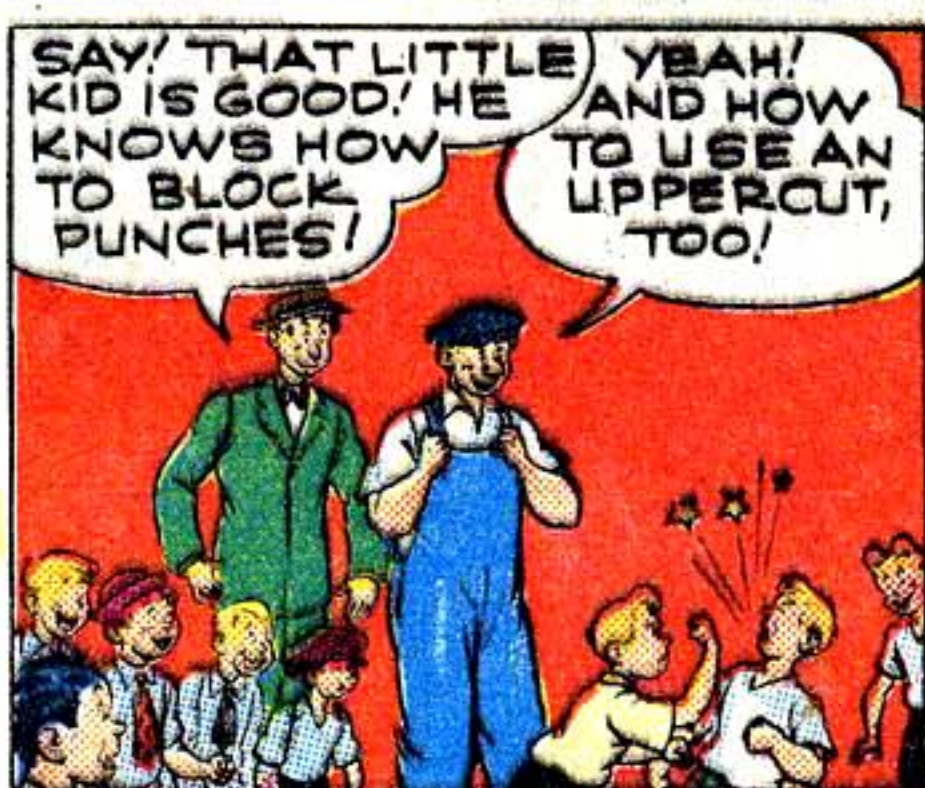
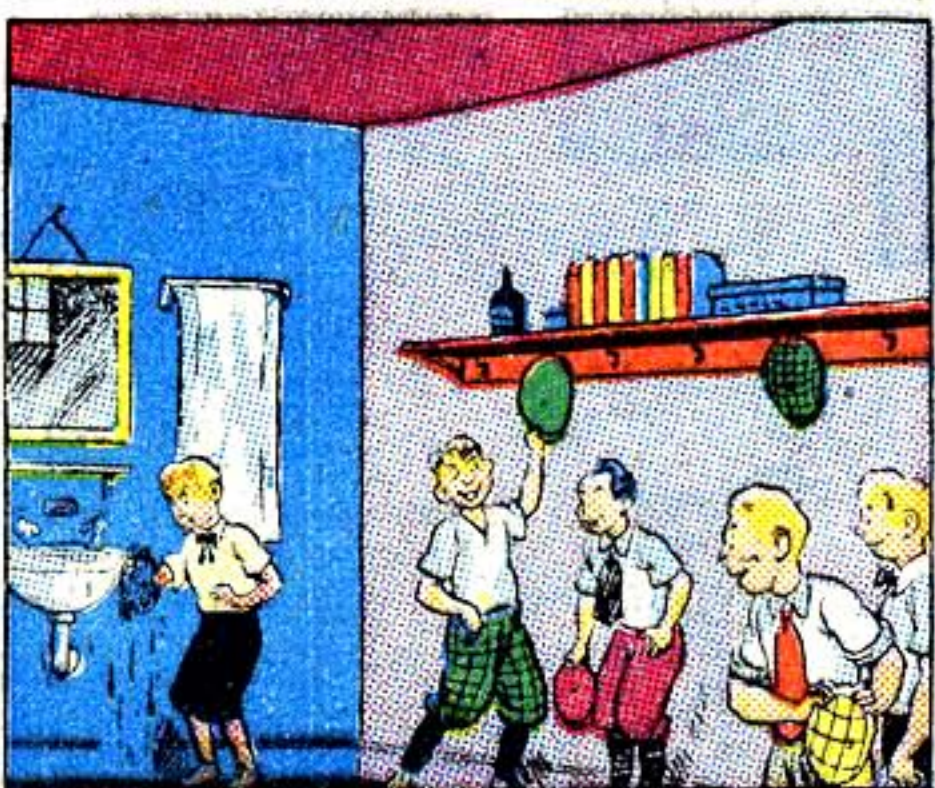
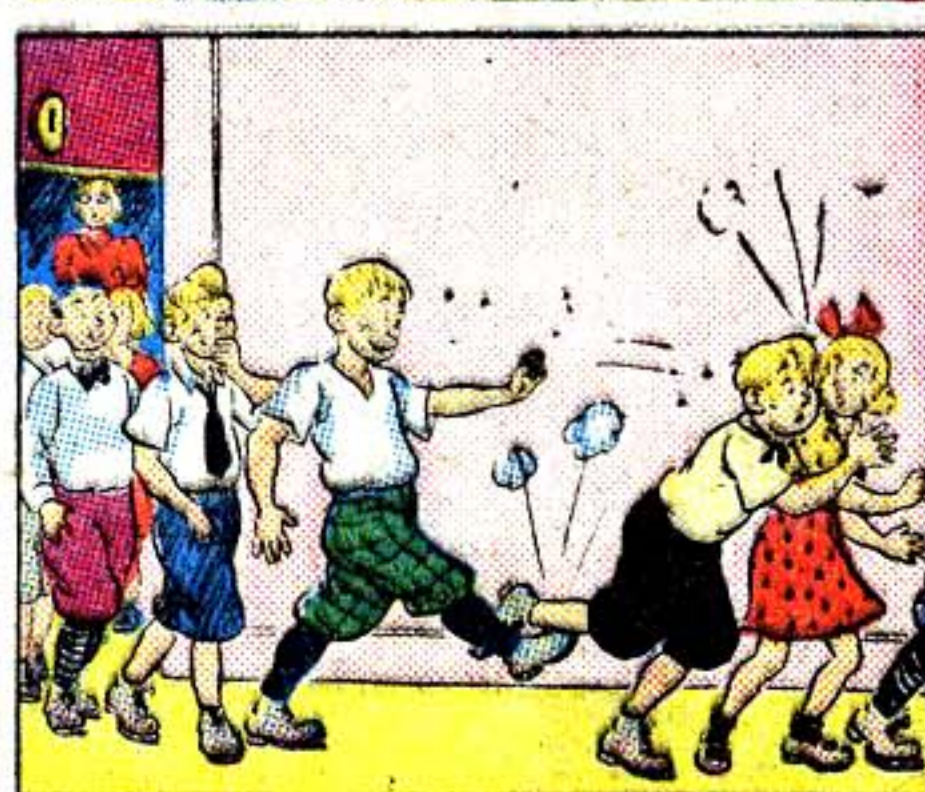
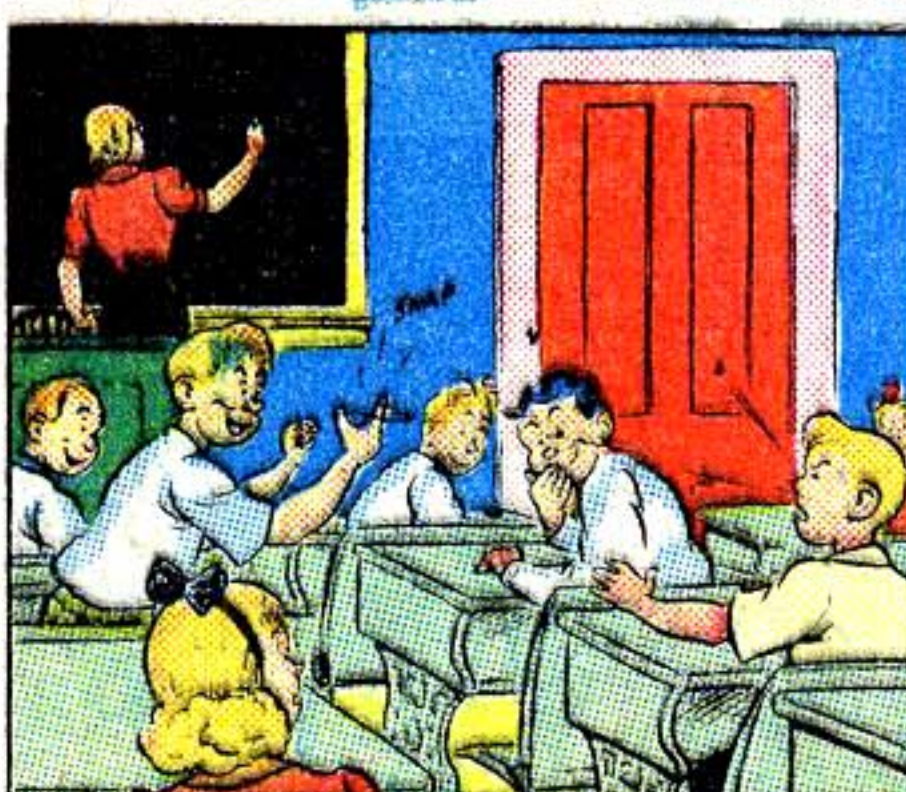
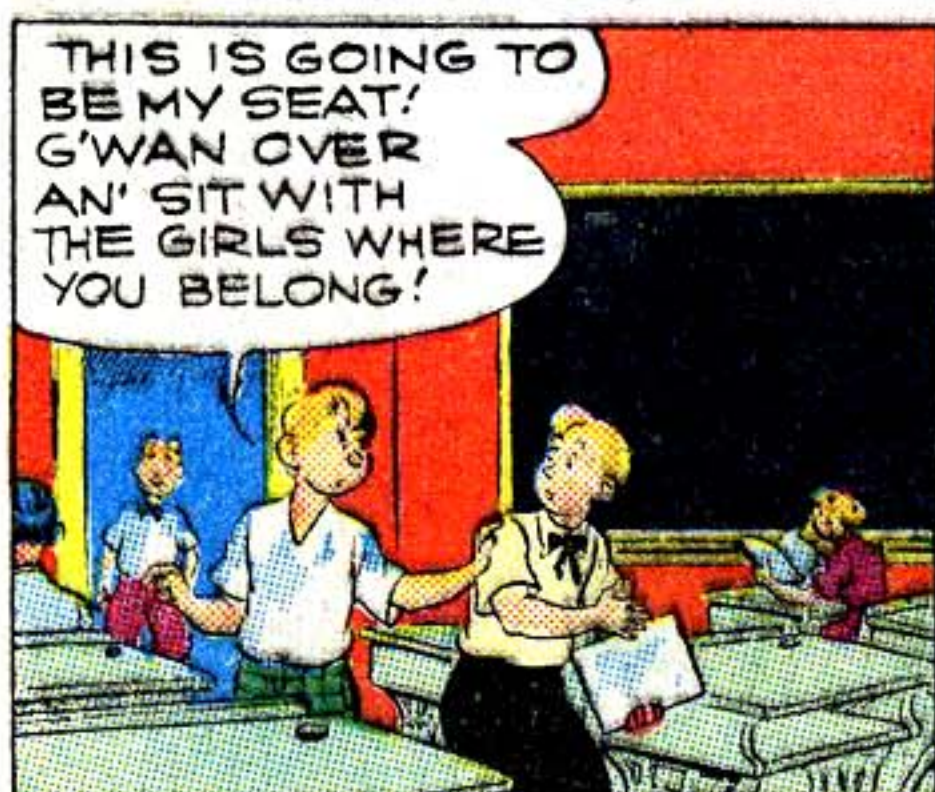
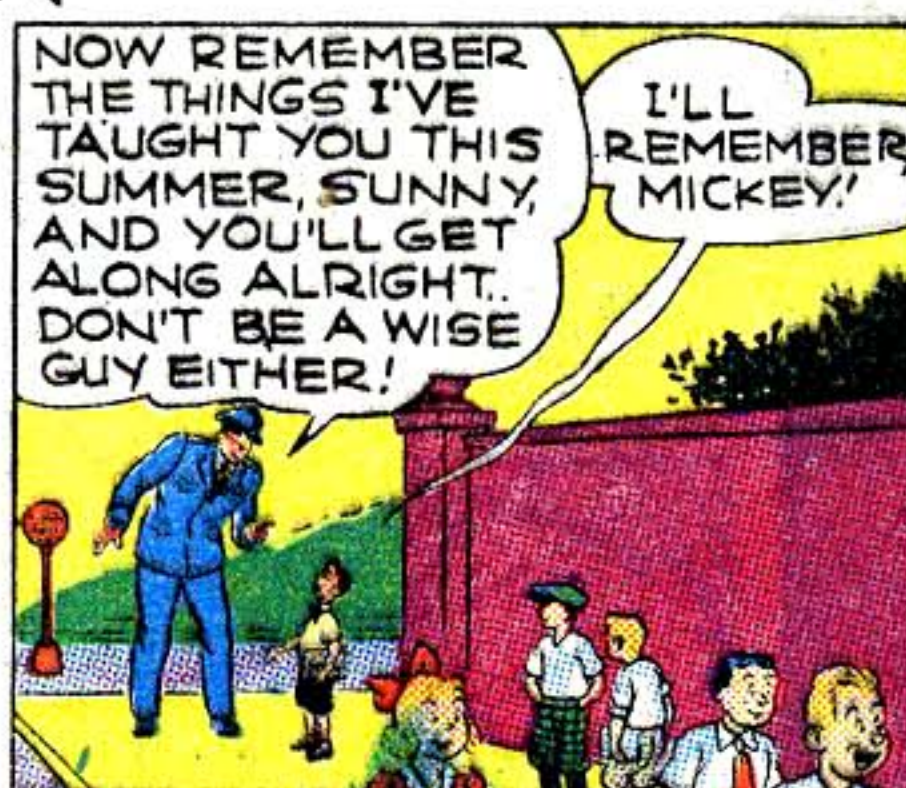
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Enjoy Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil each month in FEATURE COMICS.

RUSTY RYAN

and the
Boyville
Brigadiers—

by
Paul Gustavson

WITH THE EVER-SPREADING THREAT TO DEMOCRACY EATING INTO OUR GREAT COUNTRY THROUGH INNER CIRCLES, RUSTY RYAN FORMS A COUNTERMOVE.... THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS.... SIX BOYS PLEDGED TO EACH OTHER TO UPHOLD THE AMERICAN WAY!!

ONE DAY, AS THE BRIGADIERS VISIT THE NEW AIR-FIELD NEAR BOYVILLE..

AS IF FROM NOWHERE, A SPEEDING CAR PASSES THEM AND A SMALL OBJECT IS THROWN OUT OF IT.. STRIKING RUSTY ON THE HEAD

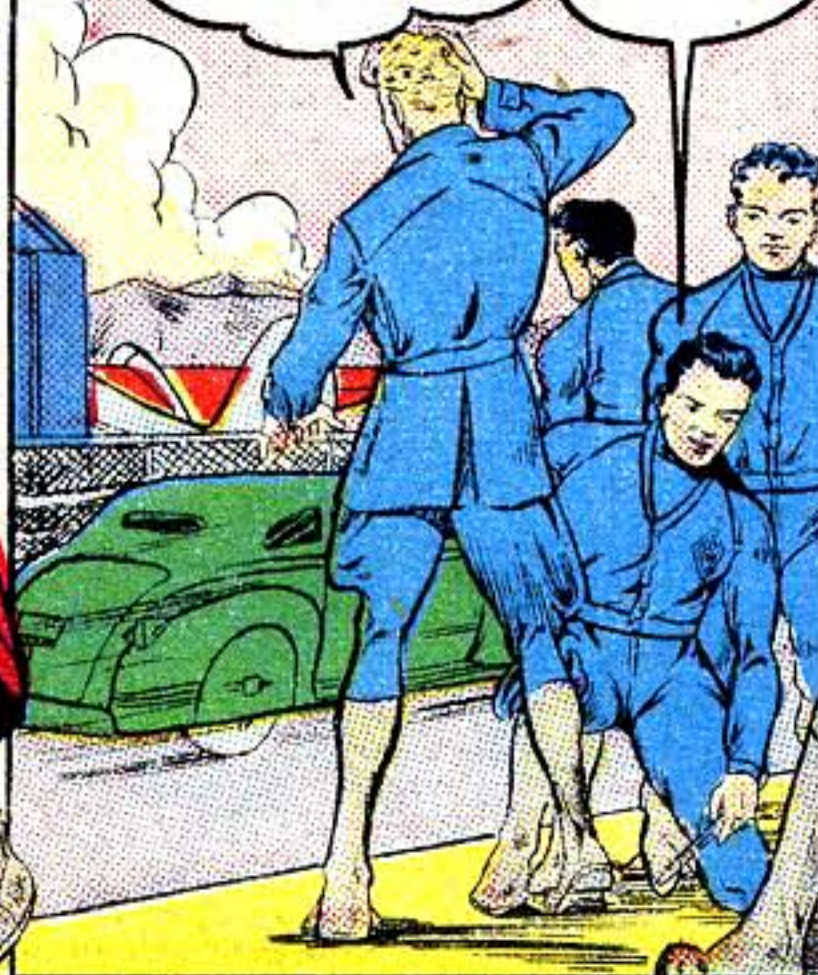
HA! MAYBE IT WAS A TRUANT OFFICER WHO DOESN'T KNOW WE GOT THE DAY OFF FOR GOOD MARKS IN OUR EXAMS!!

NO PENCILS TO WORRY ABOUT TODAY.. AND THAT GOES FOR THAT ONE TOO!!

BALONEY!!

HEY.. WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE THROWING YOUR JUNK!!

A PENCIL.. MADE OF LEAD!!



HEY, SMILEY... WATCH OUT WHERE YOU'RE THROWING THAT HUNK OF LEAD... YOU MISSED THAT PLANE ONLY BY INCHES!!

GULP... YOU'RE TELLING ME!!

HARDLY A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE PLANE IS SHATTERED IN A DEAFENING EXPLOSION...

HOLY MACKEREL... THAT HUNK OF LEAD MUSTA BEEN ONE OF THOSE NAZI "PENCILS" FULL OF NITRO-GLYCERINE!!!

THOSE KIDS OVER THERE DID IT... I SAW THEM THROW ONE OF THEM "PENCILS" AT THE PLANE!!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE OR WE'LL SHOOT!!

WE WERE STANDING NEXT TO THAT BUILDING MARKED EXPLOSIVES. WHEN THAT "PENCIL" HIT ME!! WHOEVER THREW IT MUSTA MEANT IT FOR THAT!!

NOW I'LL TELL ONE!!

OH.. WHAT'S THE USE.. WE'LL ALL GO TO JAIL AND THE REAL NAZI RATS WILL GET A CHANCE TO BLOW UP SOME OTHER PLACE!! OH.. OH.. THAT MOTORCYCLE GIVES ME AN IDEA! H..M..M..M... RUNNING TOO!!

UNNOTICED.. RUSTY UNBUTTONS HIS COAT...

BEFORE THE BRIGADIERS HAVE A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED THEY ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE

SABOTEURS!!

B..BUT LISTEN!!

SHUT UP!!

...AND IN A FLASH SLIPS OUT OF IT AND DASHES FOR THE MOTORCYCLE!!

WHY YOU... ATTA BOY RUSTY... GET AFTER THOSE RATS!!

AS THE POLICEMAN IS ABOUT TO FIRE AT RUSTY THE REST OF THE BRIGADIERS RUSH UPON HIM..

NICE WORK FELLAS! NOW, IF THOSE COPS WILL ONLY FOLLOW ME LIKE I PLANNED THEY WOULD...

MIKE.... WHERE'S ONE OF THEM KIDS ?? I'VE GOTTA SEE HIS SHIRT... AND IF WHATEVER IS ON IT IS WHAT I THINK IT IS... YOU'LL BE KICKING YOURSELF FROM HERE TO TOMORROW!!

WHAT ??

IF THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE, MISTER... TAKE A GOOD LOOK... 'CAUSE WE'RE PROUD TO WEAR THEM!!

I KNEW IT! MIKE..Y'SEE ??

WELL I'LL BE.. THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!! HOLY SMOKES... THAT KID IS OUT AFTER A WHOLE GANG OF FOREIGN AGENTS ALONE!!

CLANCY.. NOTIFY THE HIGHWAY PATROL... GET EVERY COP IN THE STATE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THAT KID! I GOT HIM INTO THIS.. AN' I'LL GET HIM OUT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!! C'MON.. WE'RE TAKIN' EVERY CAR AROUND HERE!!

RIGHT!!

IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, THE HIGHWAYS ARE SWARMING WITH POLICE TRYING TO PICK UP RUSTY'S TRAIL

ATTENTION ALL STATE POLICE... PROCEED TO AREA AROUND TRIBUNE AIRPORT....

AND IS LED TO AN OLD SHACK DEEP IN THE WOODS...

MEANWHILE, RUSTY HAS PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THE SABOTEURS....

SO.. THAT SHACK IS A GARAGE!! NOT BAD!!

HANS.... THERE'S A KID CREEPIN' UP HERE!! ACTS KINDA FUNNY!!

HEY.. IT'S ONE OF THEM BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!!

WHAT?!! WE GOTTA GET RID OF HIM.. IF WE GET THOSE KIDS ON OUR TRAIL IT'LL BE WORSE THAN A DOZEN COPS!!

LEAVE THE CAR HERE FOR NOW AND GET BELOW!! I'LL SET A TRAP AND IT'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR GOOD!!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER..

FUNNY.. NO ONE'S HERE!! MAYBE THEY'RE IN A BACK ROOM OR SOMETHING!

MAYBE I CAN USE THAT PIECE OF PIPE IF THERE ARE A LOT OF GUYS IN THE GANG!!

HE'S RIGHT ABOVE IT!! WELL.. S'LONG, KID!!

AS THE FOREIGN AGENT PULLS THE ROPE, THE FLOOR DROPS BELOW RUSTY AND HE PLUNGES DOWNWARD....



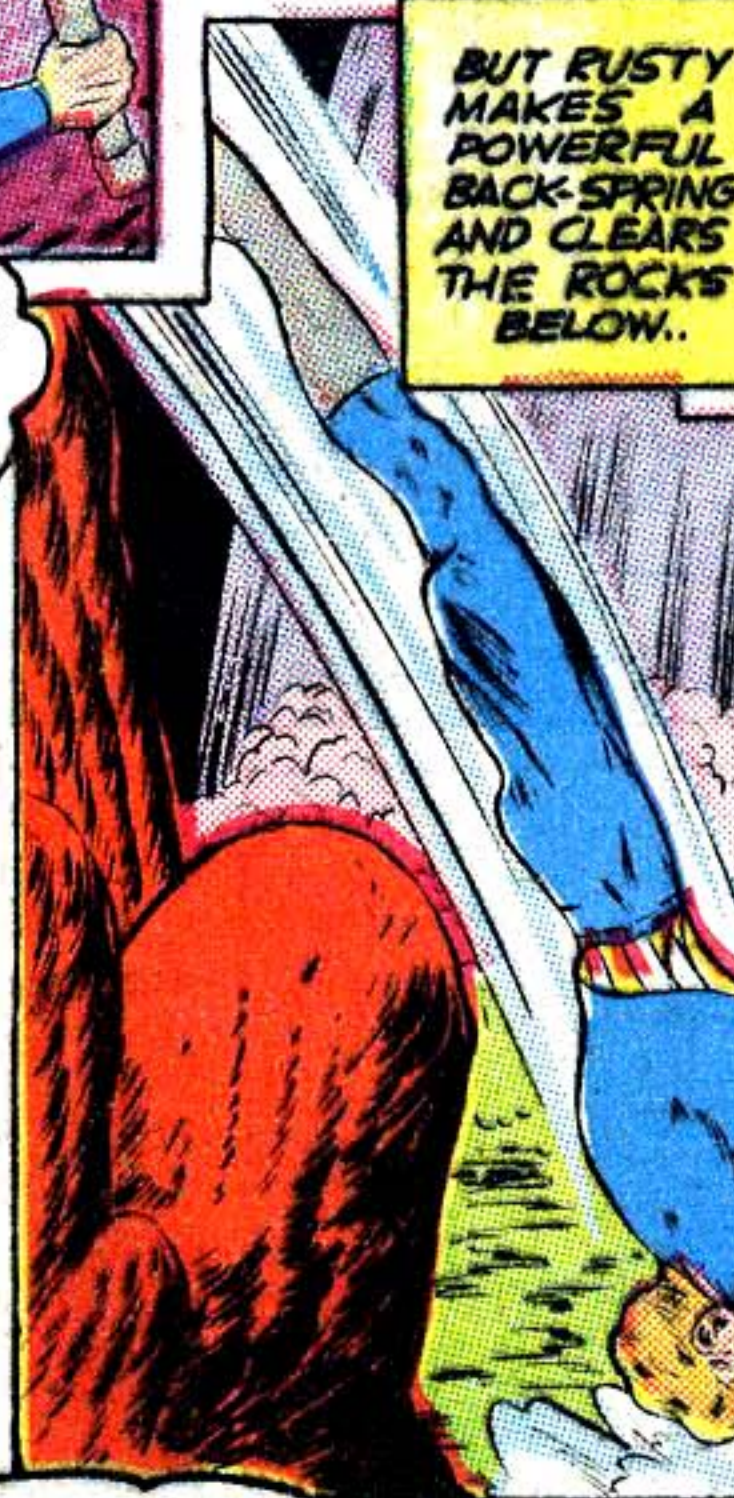
BUT RUSTY'S HAND STRIKES OUT, GRABBING ONE OF THE MEN AND SAYING HIMSELF FROM CERTAIN DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW....



THROWN OFF BALANCE BY THE SOCK ON THE KNEE, NUMBER ONE MEETS HIS FATE...



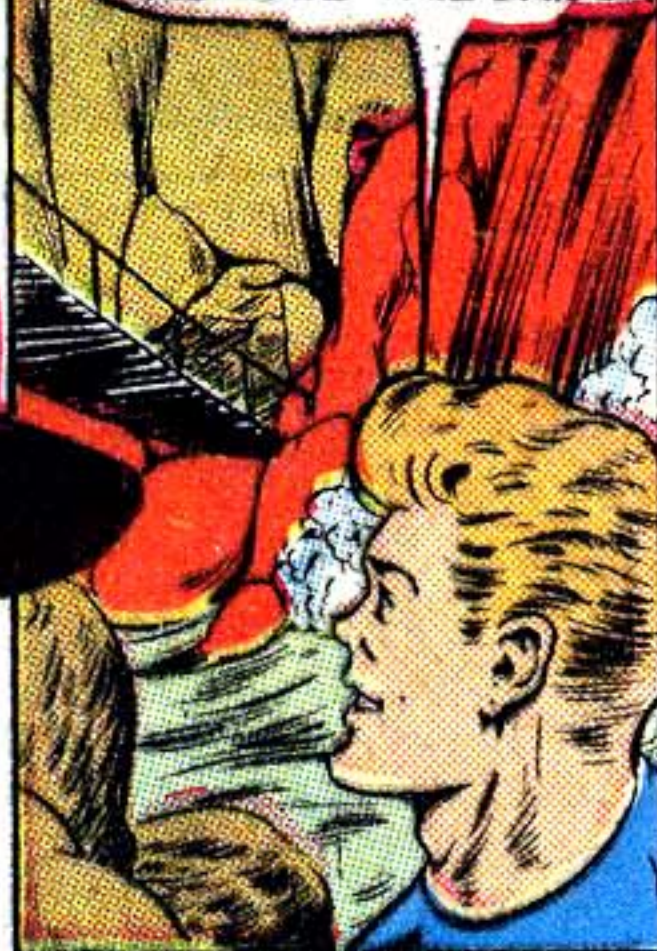
BUT RUSTY MAKES A POWERFUL BACK-SPRING AND CLEARS THE ROCKS BELOW..



T..THAT MUSTA BEEN THE END OF THEM!!! WHAT'S THAT?? POLICE SIRENS!!



THE POLICE... THEY MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE TRAIL FROM THE SCARF I DROPPED AS I TURNED OFF THE HIGHWAY OH..OH.. NUMBER THREE IS HEADING THIS WAY!! HMMM.. PROBABLY ACROSS THIS BRIDGE!



ONCE I GET THE POLICE IN THESE CAVERNS, I'LL FIX THEM SO FAST THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT!!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL GET IN THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?!



SURE.... BUT WHAT'S LEFT OF THIS GANG ISN'T!! I THINK HE'S DEVELOPING GOUT... ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!!



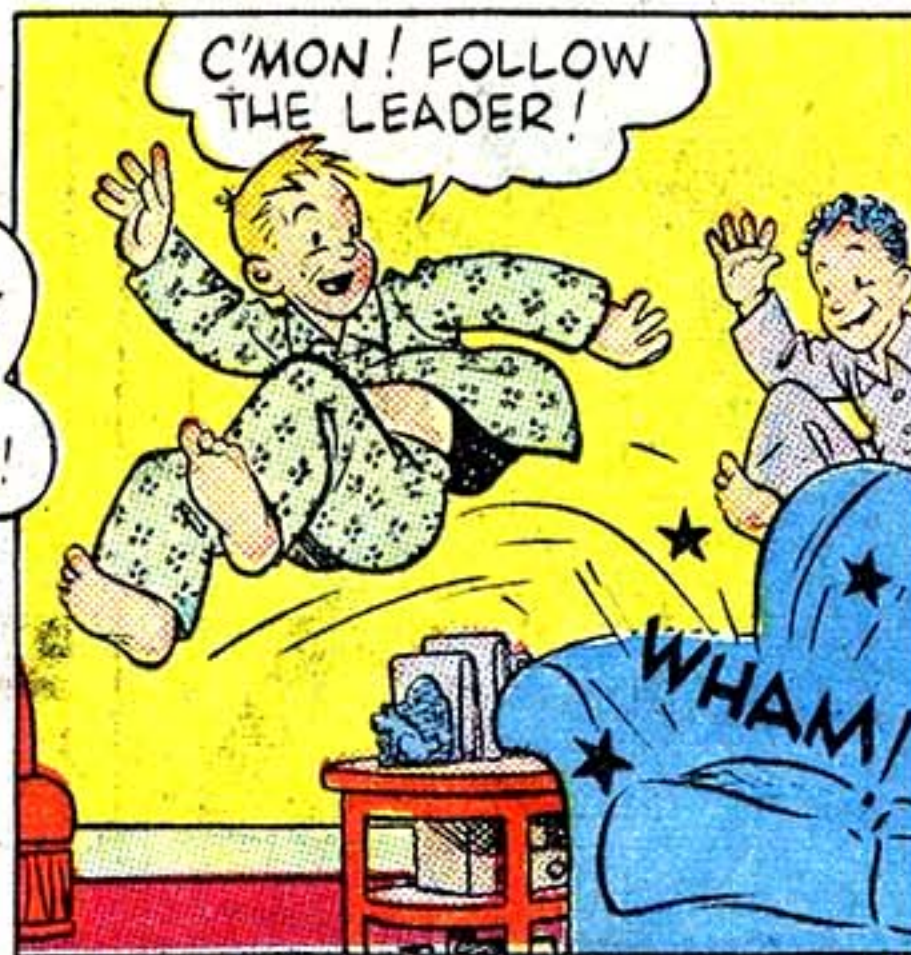
HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

THANKS FOR LETTIN' ME SPEND THE NIGHT WITH JUNIOR MR. DOODLE

YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME HERB! BUT PLEASE DON'T WRECK THE PLACE WHILE WE'RE OUT, BOYS --- REMEMBER- NO NOISE

MOTHER AND I ARE GOING NOW, JUNIOR

by ARTHUR BEEMAN

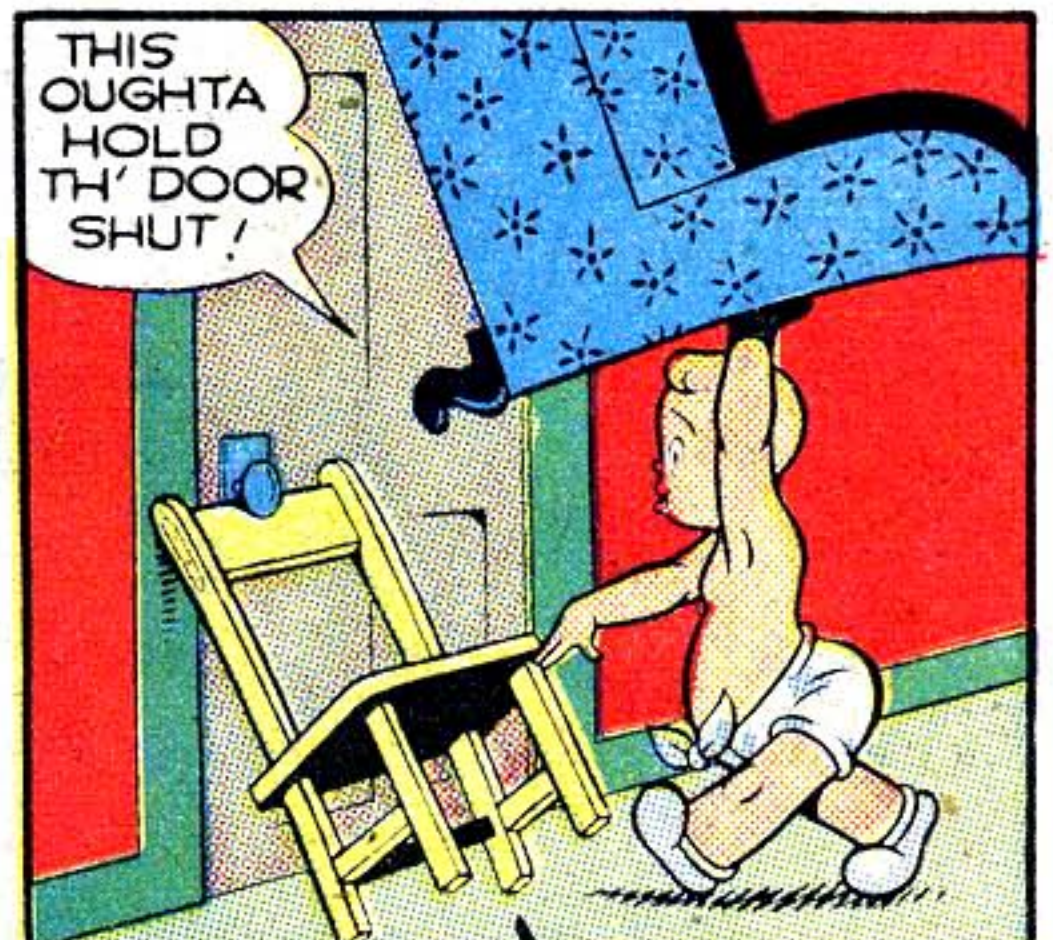
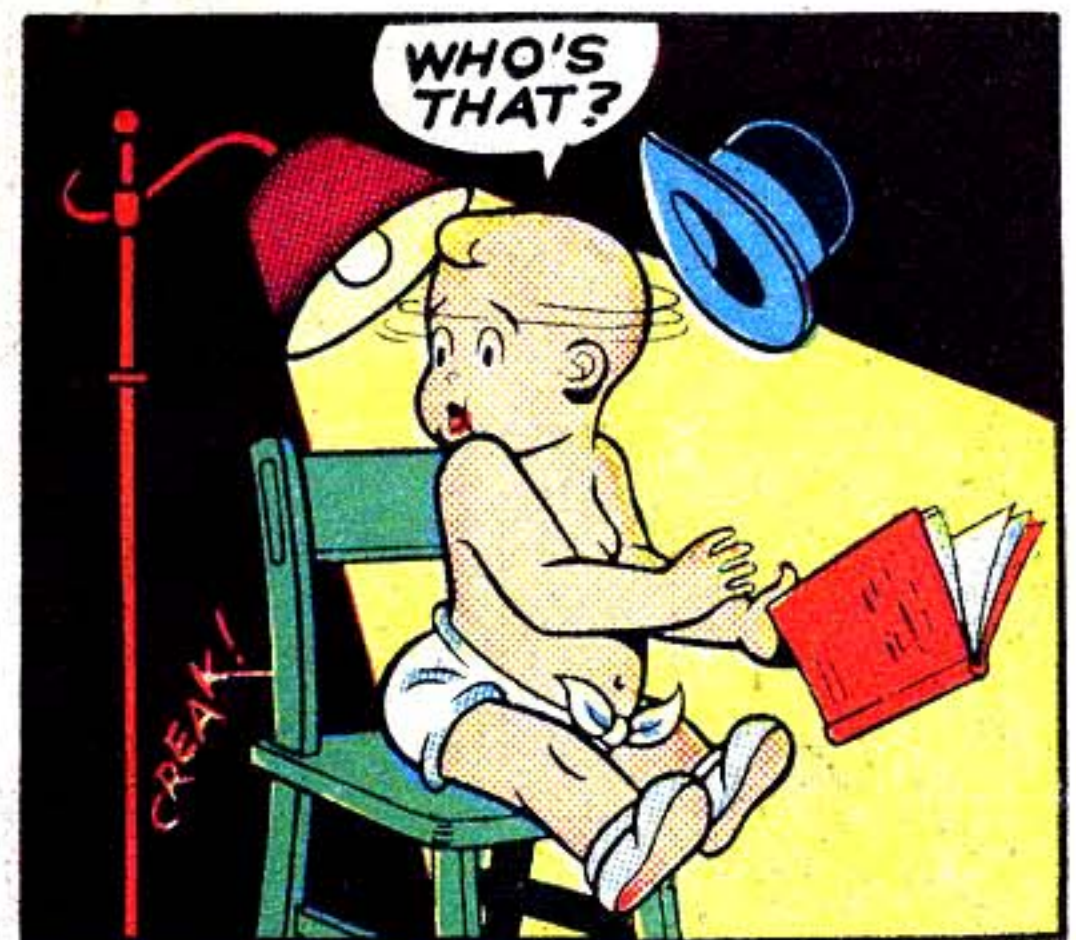


POISON IVY

THE
MIGHTY
MITE

POISON, WHO POSSESSES SUCH
STRENGTH THAT HE FEARS NO-
THING IN THE WORLD, IS READING
AT HOME, WHEN...

by GILL
FOX-

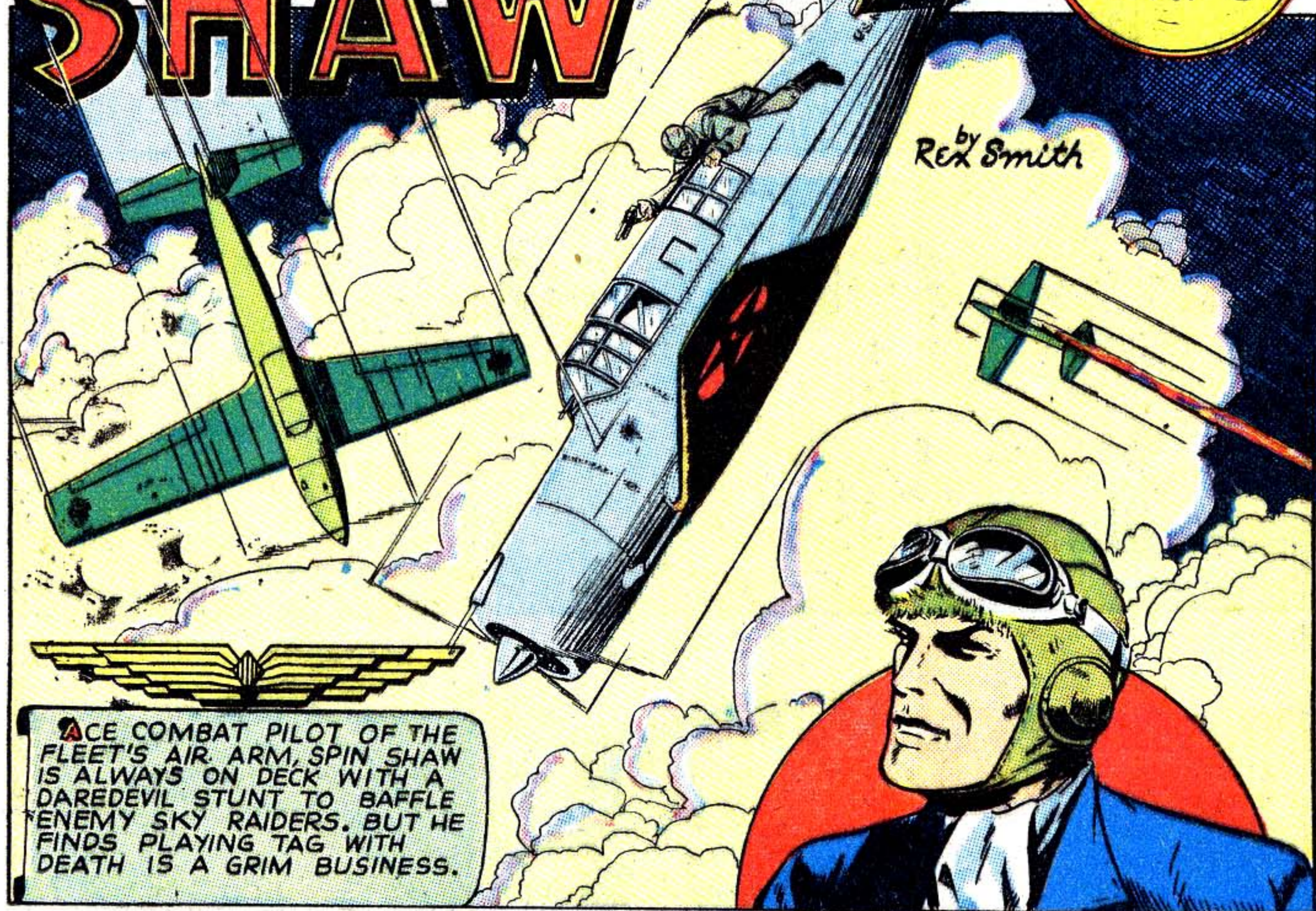


Poison Ivy will amuse you in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE
NAVAL
AIR
CORPS

by
Rex Smith



ACE COMBAT PILOT OF THE FLEET'S AIR ARM, SPIN SHAW IS ALWAYS ON DECK WITH A DAREDEVIL STUNT TO BAFFLE ENEMY SKY RAIDERS. BUT HE FINDS PLAYING TAG WITH DEATH IS A GRIM BUSINESS.

AT THE NAVAL TRAINING STATION A CADET PILOT RUSHES UP TO SPIN SHAW.

GOSH, SPIN.. I'D LIKE TO MAKE A PATROL WITH YOU!

IT'S RISKY STUFF, EDDIE BUT IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID, HOP ABOARD.



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THEY ZOOM SKYWARD..

HEY, SPIN! YOU CAN'T CLIMB STRAIGHT UP LIKE THIS!

WRONG, EDDIE.. THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING!



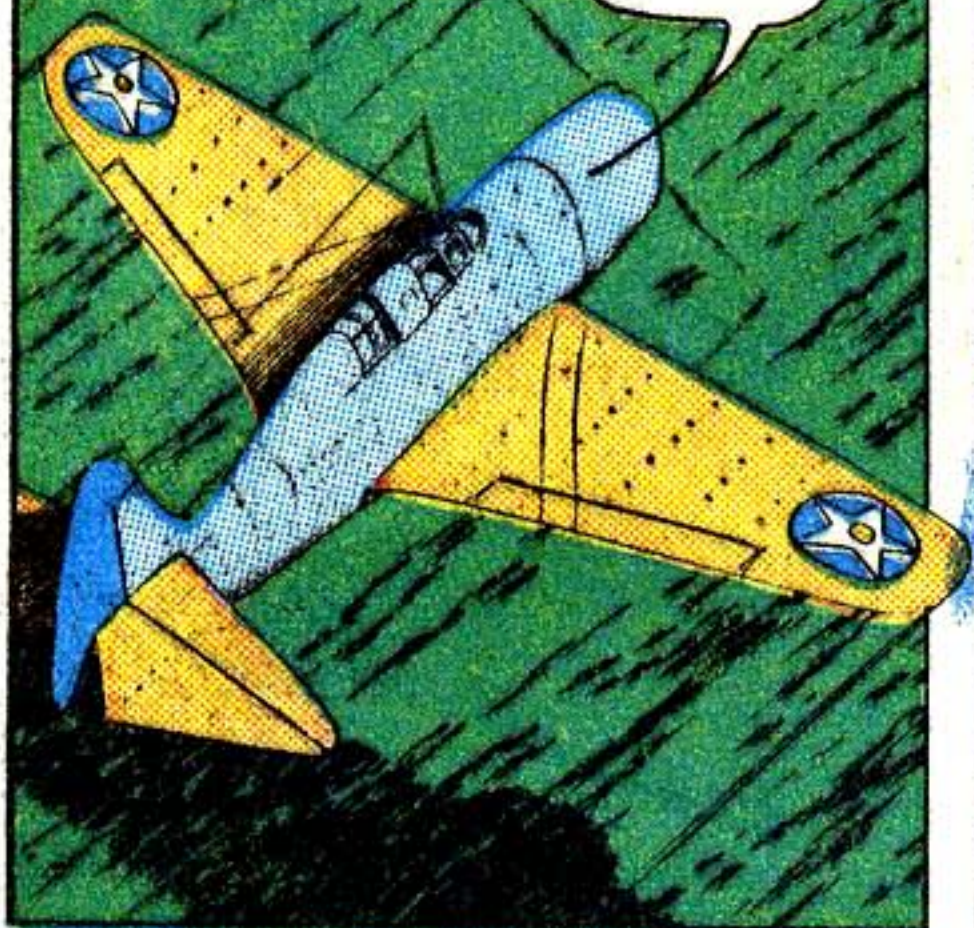
CADET BRYANT IS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE, AND PRAYING IT ISN'T THE LAST TIME!

JUMPIN' JIVES! WE'RE HALF WAY TO CUBA ALREADY.

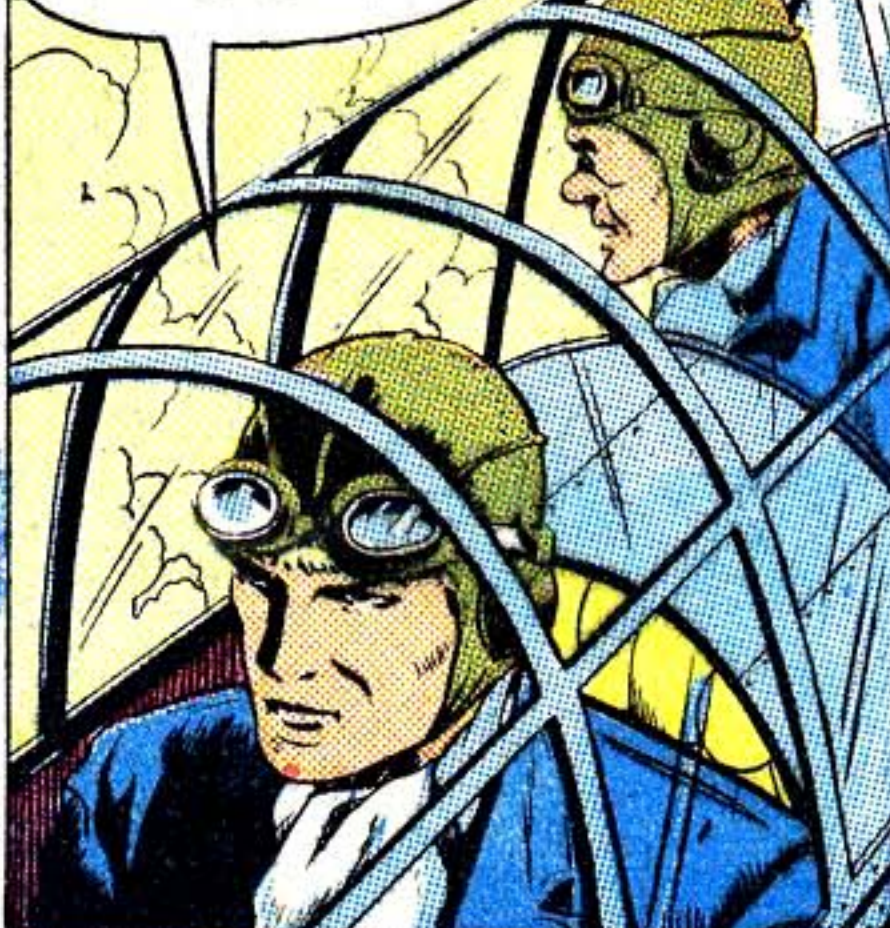


ROCKETING AT SIX MILES PER MINUTE, THEY SKIM THROUGH LIGHT CLOUDS OVER THE CARIBBEAN.

WHERE YOU HEADING, SPIN?



NOWHERE SPECIAL. THIS IS JUST MY REGULAR PATROL... ER, SEEMS TO BE A STRANGE VESSEL BELOW. HANG ON!



SPIN SHAW FLIPS HIS SHIP OVER AND POWER-DIVES TOWARD THE SEA.



HM! THAT GUNBOAT IS CHANGING HER COURSE ALREADY.

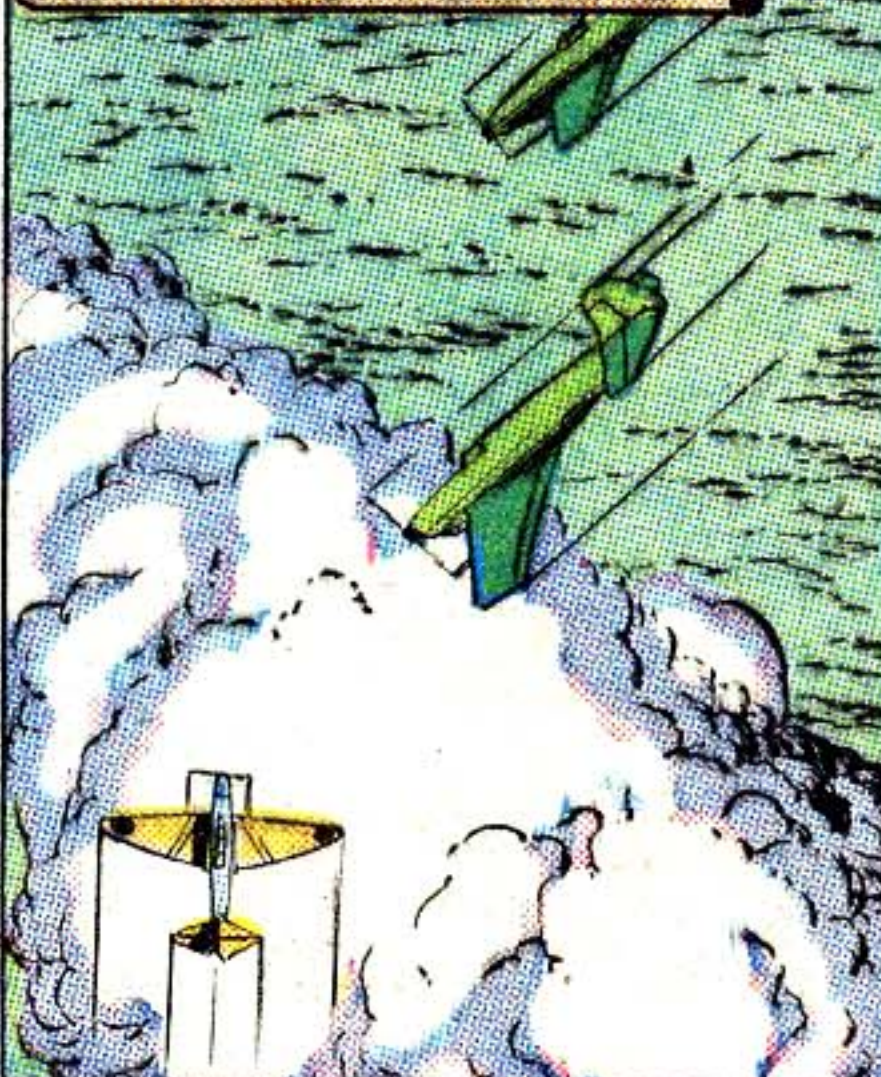
SUDDENLY, A SMOKESCREEN BILLOWS FROM THE SHIP.

GUESS THEY'RE A LITTLE BASHFUL, EDDIE... OH, YES... I MIGHT ADD THAT WE'RE HEADING FOR TROUBLE.

ER, GOSH... THAT'S SWELL. I'VE BEEN DYING TO SEE SOME REAL ACTION.



BUT A PAIR OF FOREIGN PURSUIT SHIPS KNIFE DOWN FROM BEHIND.



ABOARD THE SMOKESCREENED GUNBOAT, A WEST INDIES TOBACCO PLANTER PACES THE BRIDGE.

DON'T WORRY, SENOR GOMEZ. OUR PLANES WILL DESTROY THE AMERICAN!

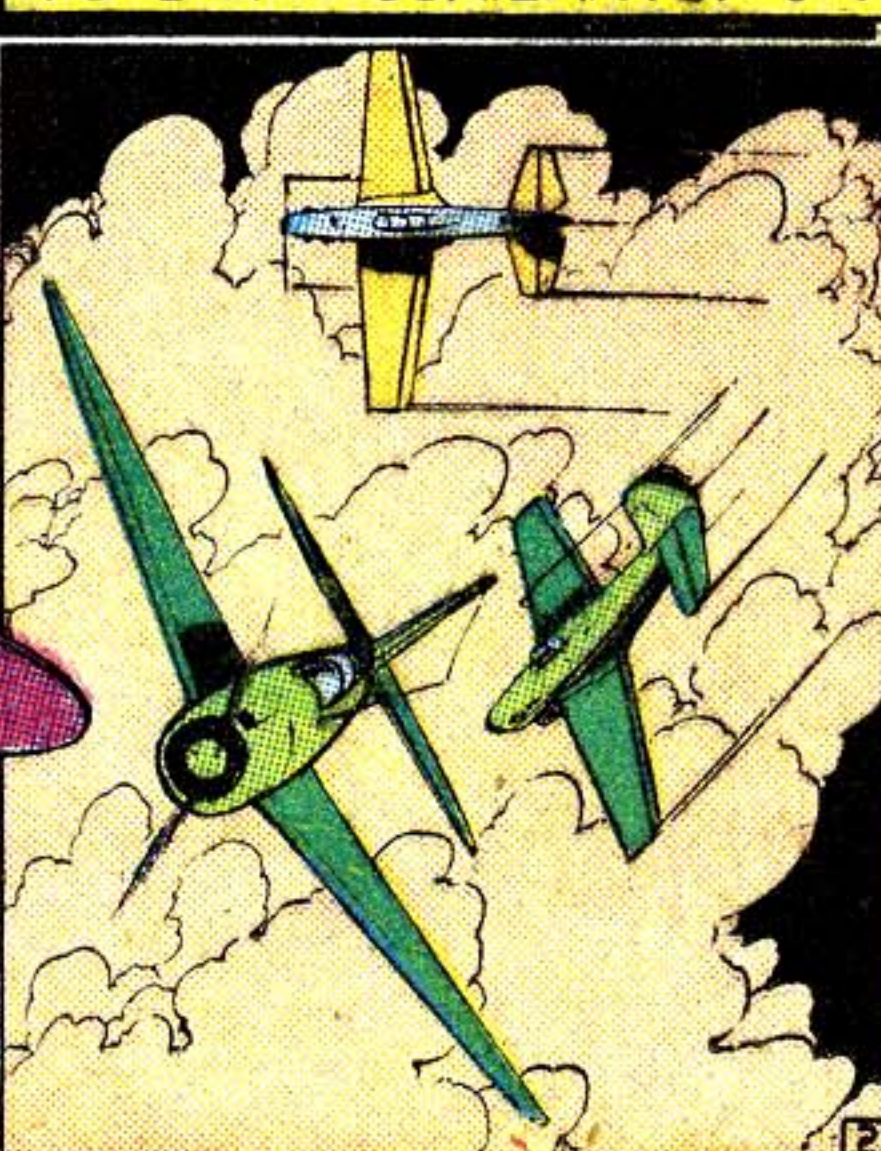
IF OUR POSITION IS REVEALED, I WILL BE RUINED, HERR KAPITAN.



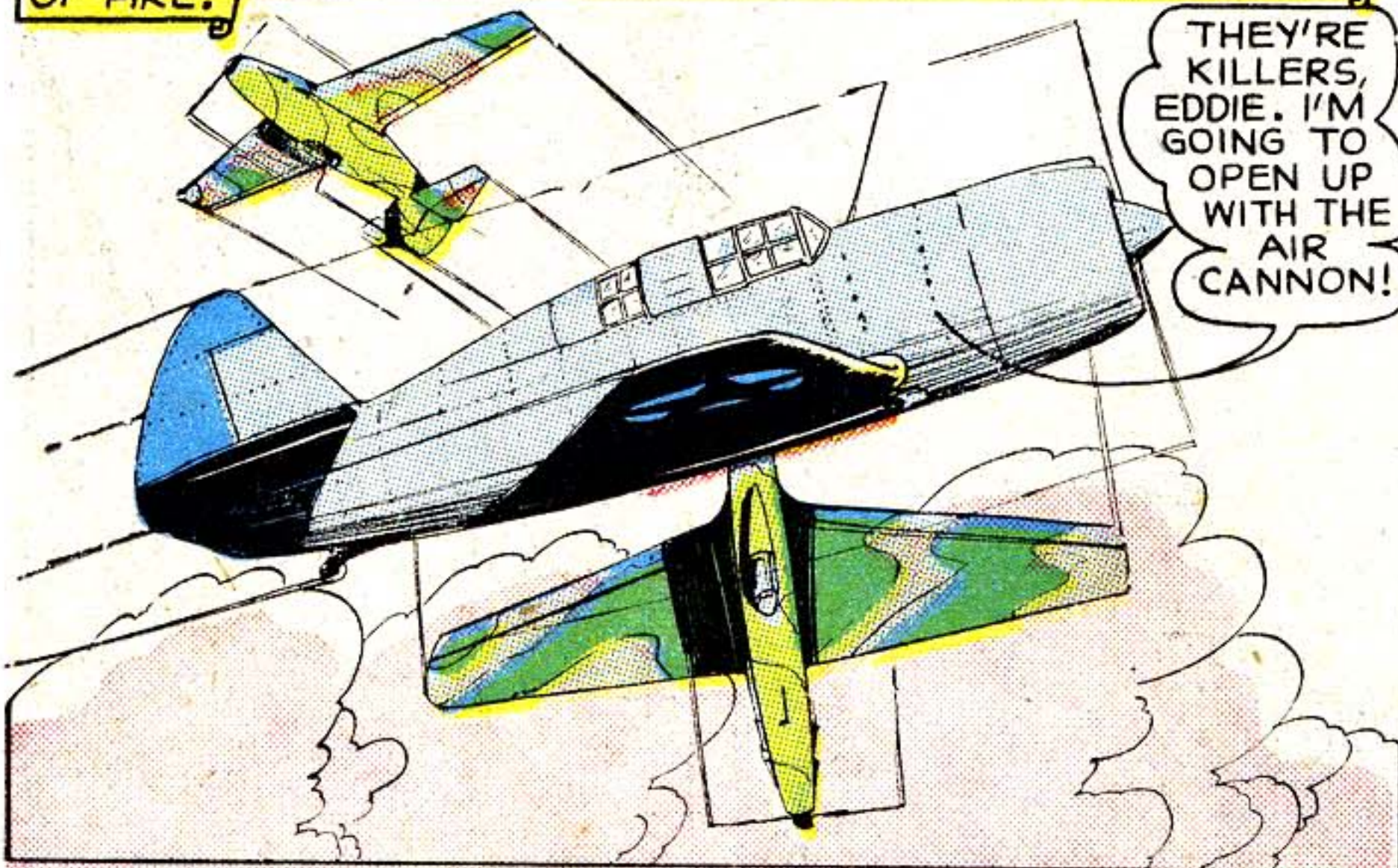
YOU HAVE MORE THAN TWO MILLION DOLLARS OF MY CHOICE LEAF ON BOARD. I'VE STAKED MY ENTIRE FORTUNE ON GETTING THIS CARGO THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE TO YOUR HOME PORT. WE MUST NOT FAIL!



THUNDERING OVERHEAD, SPIN SWAPS TRACER BULLETS WITH HIS GRIM ASSAILANTS.

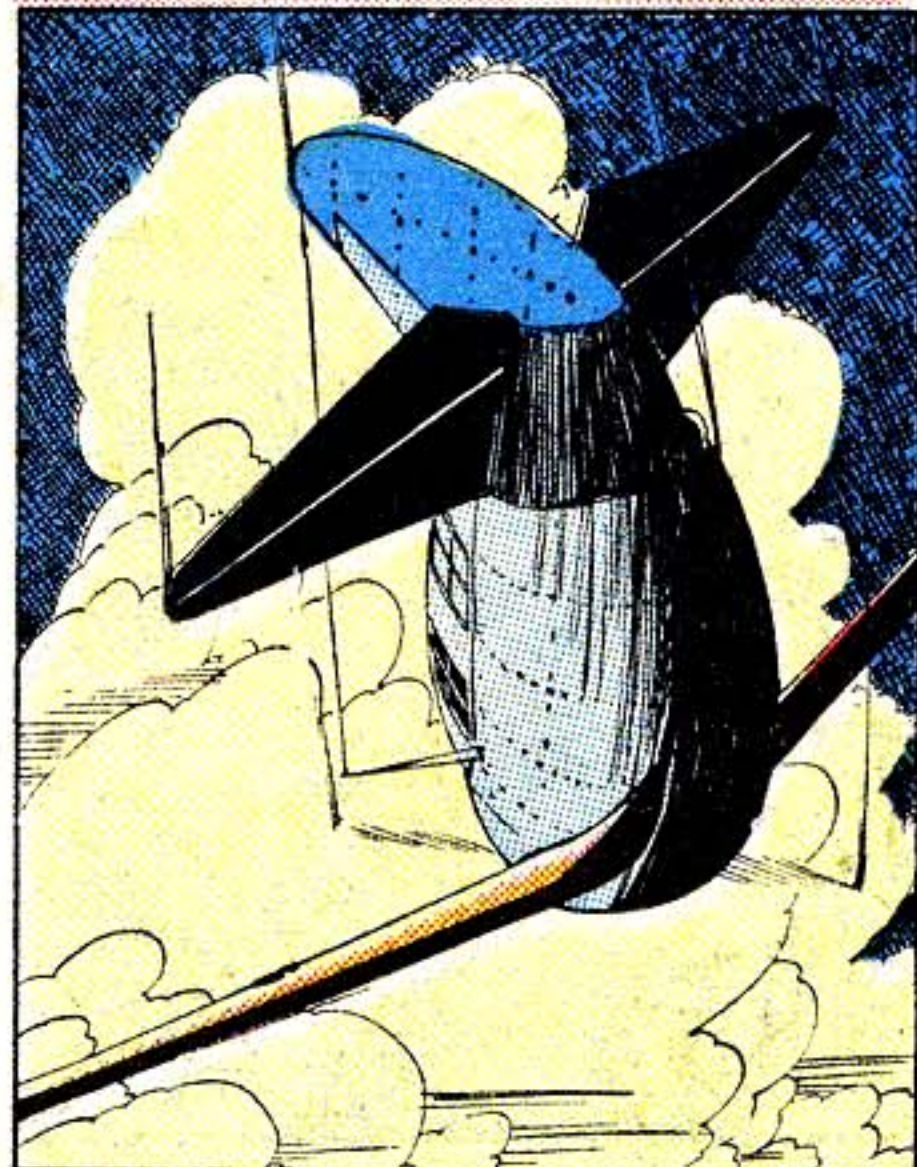


BUT THE ENEMY SHIPS MANEUVER WITH THE DEADLY SKILL OF FALCONS, DARTING IN AND OUT WITH SHORT BURSTS OF FIRE.

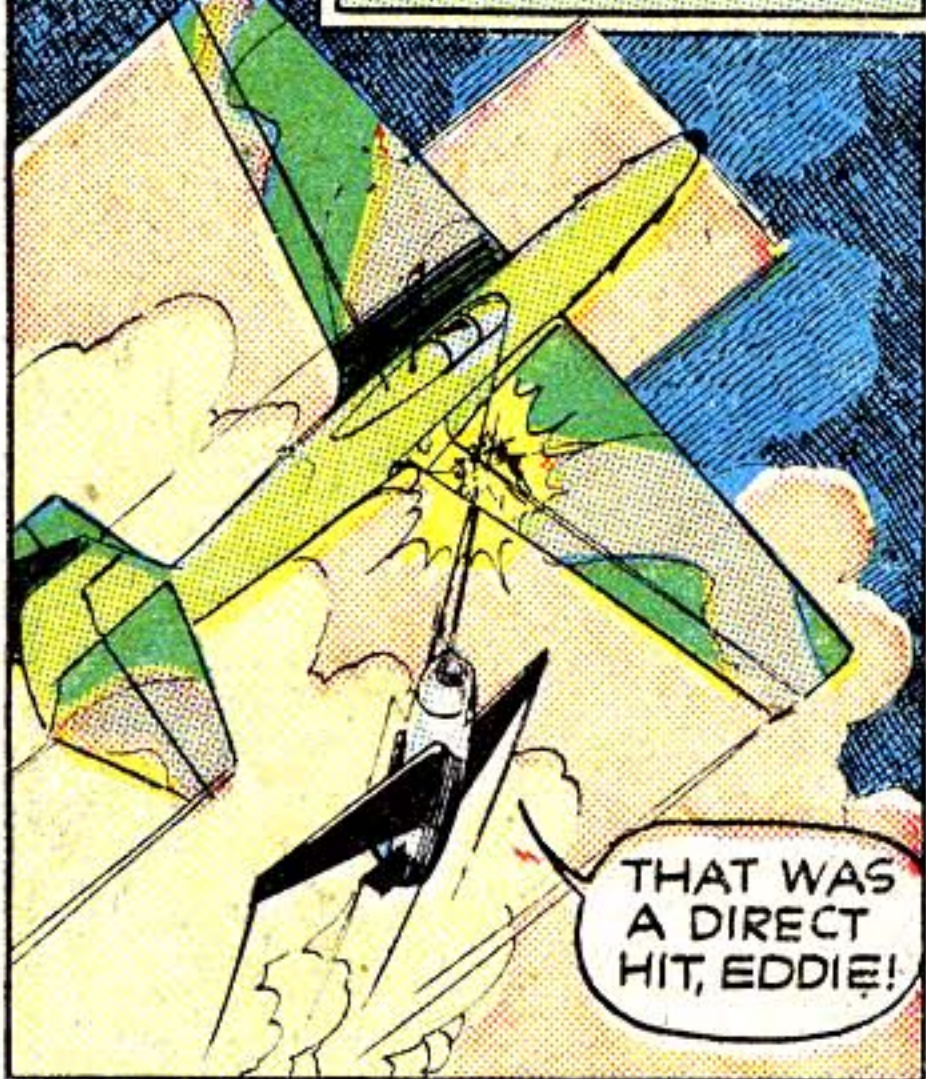


THEY'RE KILLERS, EDDIE. I'M GOING TO OPEN UP WITH THE AIR CANNON!

AT TOP SPEED THE NAVY ACE SWOOPS TOWARD HIS PREY.

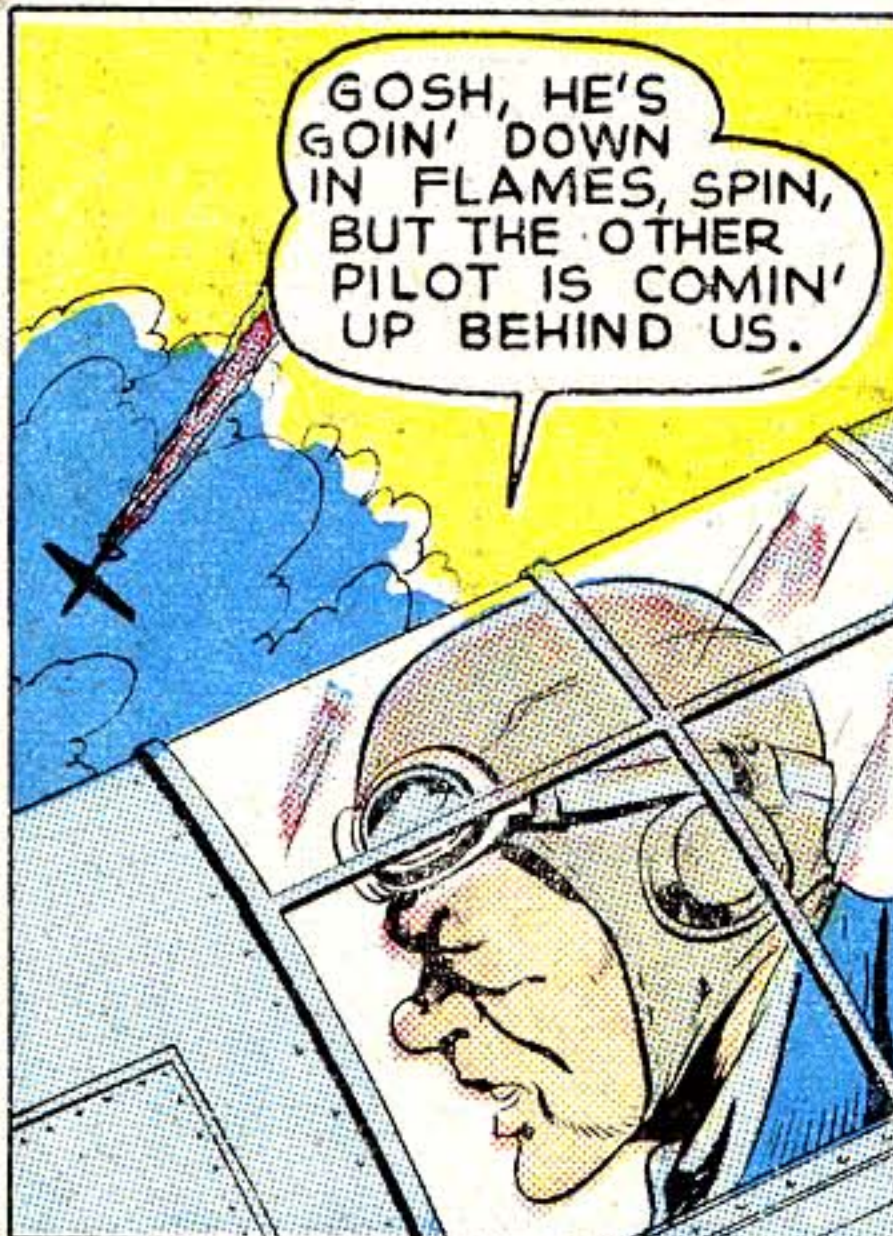


AND ZOOMS TO CATCH THE CAMOUFLAGED SHIP SQUARE ON HIS SIGHTS.



THAT WAS A DIRECT HIT, EDDIE!

GOSH, HE'S GOIN' DOWN IN FLAMES, SPIN, BUT THE OTHER PILOT IS COMIN' UP BEHIND US.



SPIN SHOTS HIS SKY FIGHTER HIGHER AS TRACER BULLETS ZING THROUGH HIS WINGS.



LET HIM COME. I'LL FLIP OVER AND PUT HIM OUT OF THE FIGHT.

COMING OUT OF A QUICK LOOP, SPIN SURPRISES HIS PURSUER.



HOW'S THAT FOR PLUCKING A WAR BIRD'S FEATHERS?

SOME AIM, SPIN!

BUT AS THEY PASS OVER THE CRASH-BOUND SHIP, SPIN'S FIRST VICTIM LANDS UNSEEN.



SAY, EDDIE... WHAT BECAME OF THE PILOT WHO BAILED OUT?

ER... YEAH... WHERE'D HE GO?

BALANCED PRECARIOUSLY THE ENEMY PILOT SLASHES HIS CHUTE HARNESS.

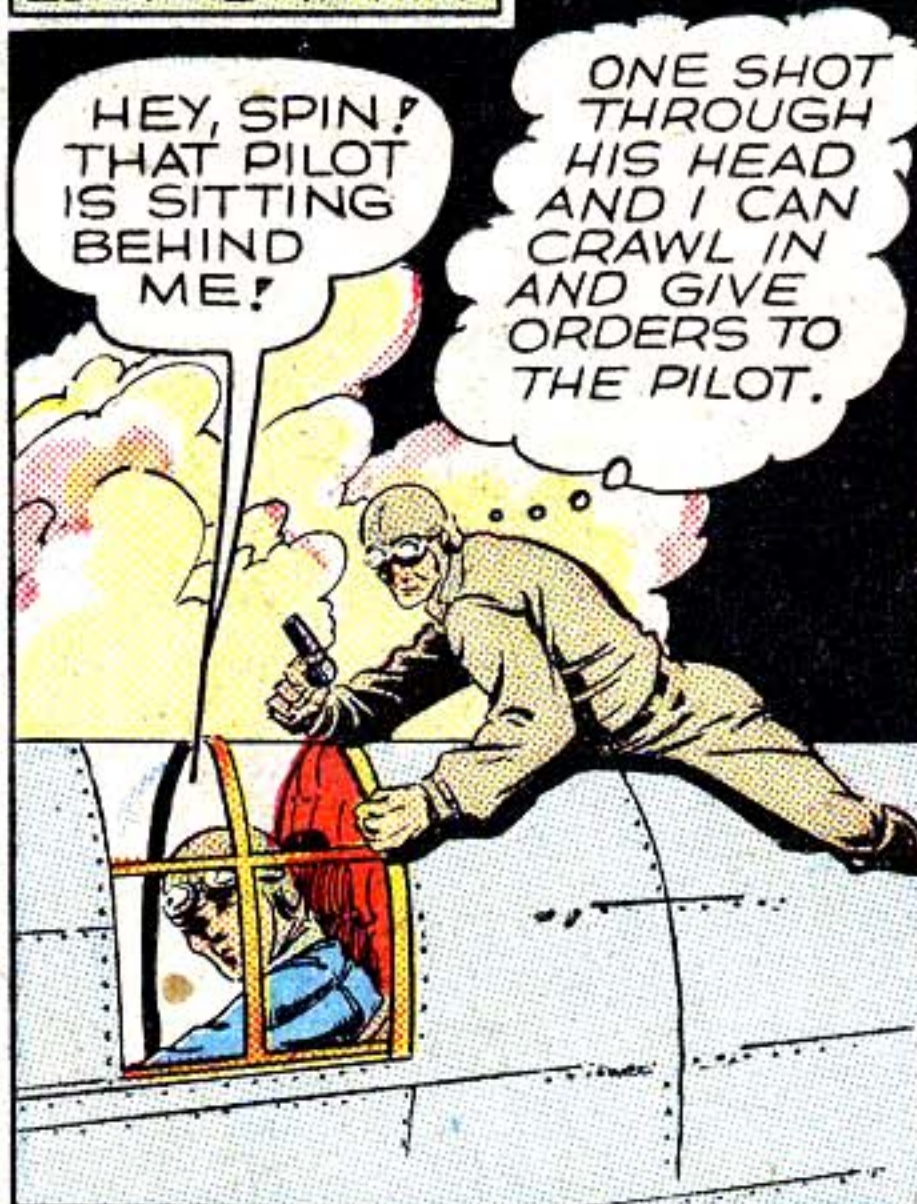


NOW FOR THE BIG SURPRISE ON THE YANKEES!

UNAWARE OF THE MENACE CRAWLING UP BEHIND HIM, SPIN SCANS THE SMOKE HAZE.



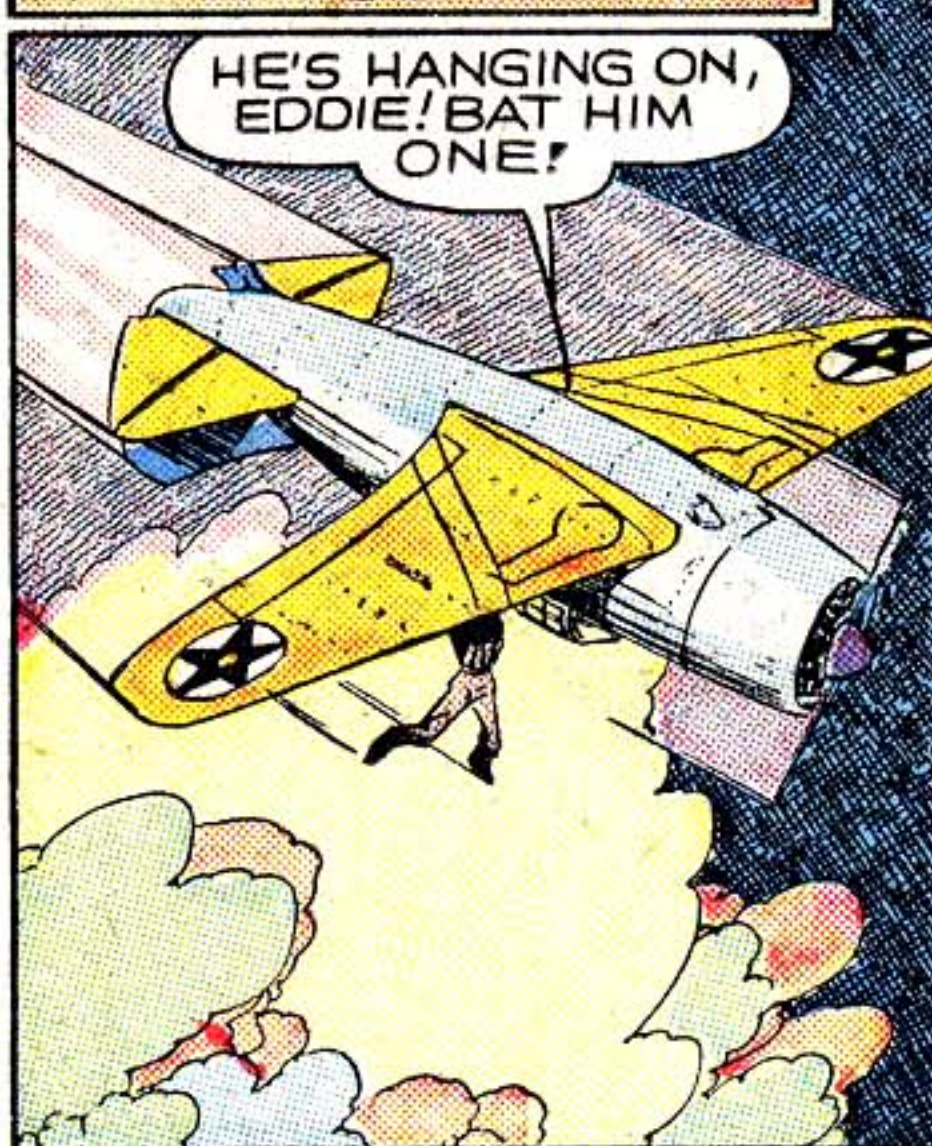
BUT A SHADOW FALLS OVER EDDIE BRYANT.



TOO TERRIFIED TO ACT, THE CADET CALLS FOR AID.



ON A SPLIT SECOND, SPIN TWISTS THE SHIP OVER.



EDDIE IS STRUGGLING TO KEEP FROM BEING HAULED OUT OF HIS SAFETY BELT.



SEEING THE CADET'S PREDICAMENT, SPIN RIGHTS HIS SHIP. AND EDDIE DRAGS IN A CAPTIVE.



ANOTHER PURSUIT SHIP DIVES IN BUT TURNS TAIL QUICKLY.



THE ENEMY PILOT FLIES TO HIS ROOST LIKE A FRIGHTENED BIRD.



FEARLESSLY SPIN SHAW STREAKS WITHIN RANGE OF THE RENEGADE CARRIER.



TURNING THE PLANE ON ITS NOSE, THE NAVY ACE PULLS BACK THE THROTTLE.



HIDDEN ON THE LEE SIDE OF THE CARRIER IS THE TOBACCO-LADEN GUNBOAT.



A TERRIFIC CONCUSSION ROCKS THE AIR AS SPIN ZOOMS AWAY.



SPIN CIRCLES OVER THE CRIPPLED AIRCRAFT CARRIER.



WITH NO MISHAPS THEY RETURN TO THE NAVAL AIR STATION.



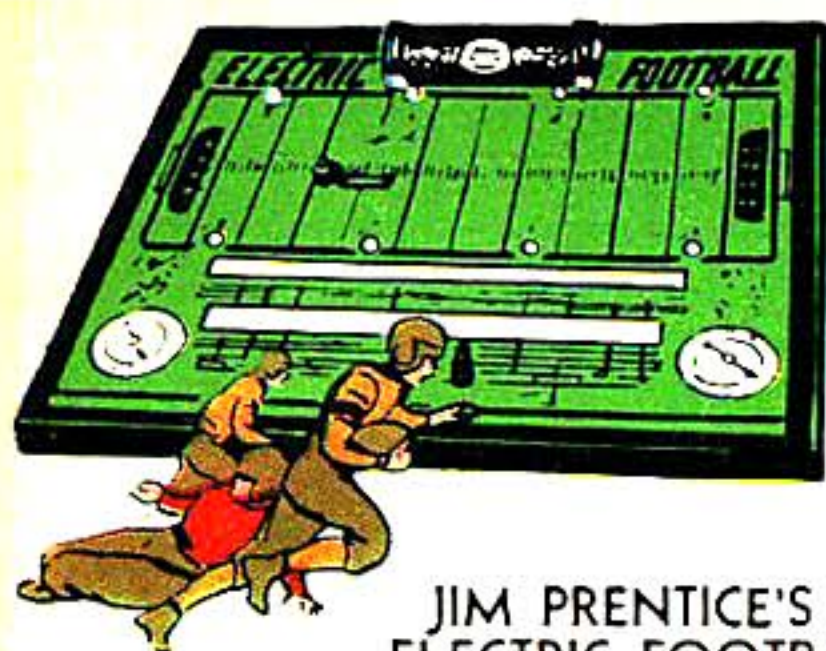
EDDIE TAKES GREAT PRIDE IN HIS PRISONER OF WAR.



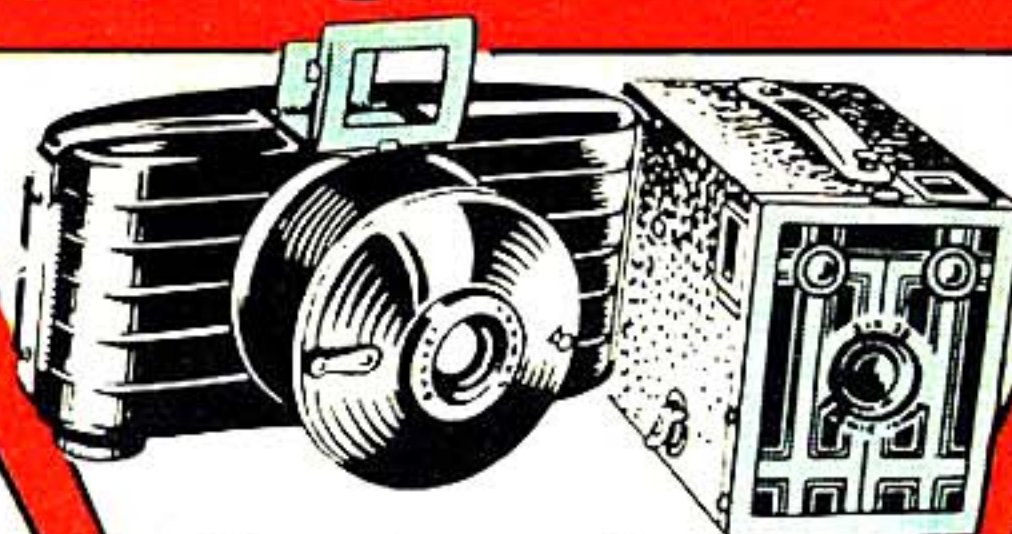
MOMENTS LATER, EDDIE PICKS UP AN INTERESTING RADIO FLASH.



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**JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS
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Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast-
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Your choice of genuine
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GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST!

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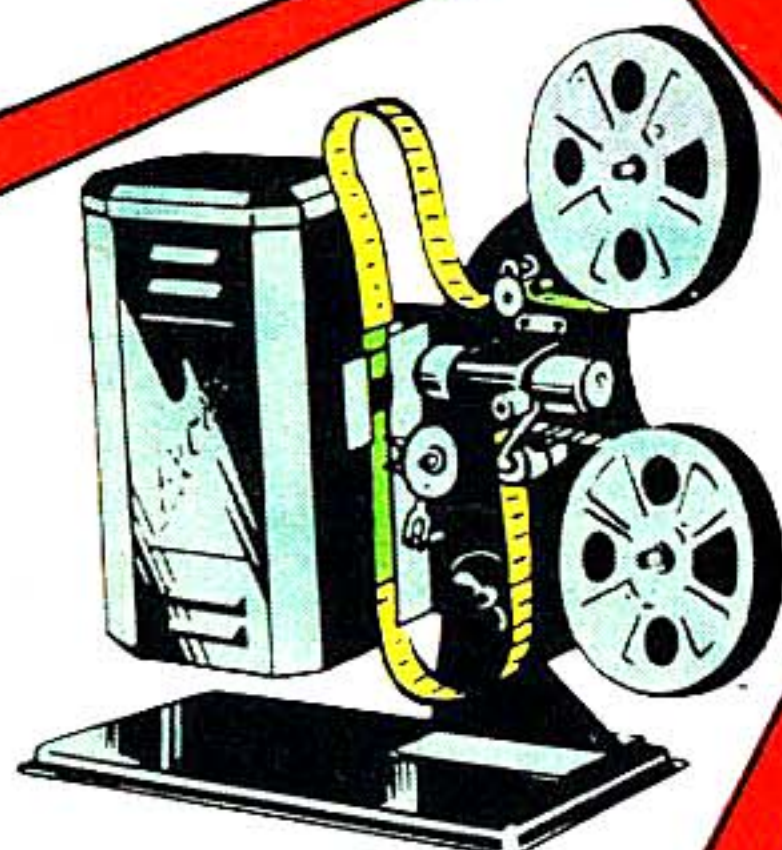
CARBINE



HEY FELLOWS!
Get Daisy's swell **RED
RYDER CARBINE**.
A lightning-load-
ing, fast-shooting,
1000 shot Air Rifle. A real
he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also
given.

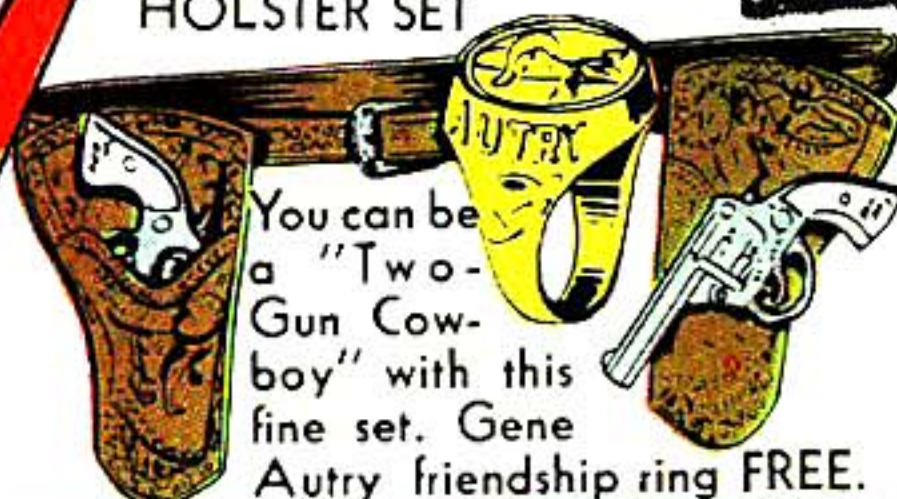


FITTED OVERNIGHT CASE
A compact handbag with
comb, brush, and mirror.



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Sell one order. Show movies at home.
Film **FREE**.

**GENE AUTRY
TWO-GUN
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You can be
a "Two-
Gun Cow-
boy" with this
fine set. Gene
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GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

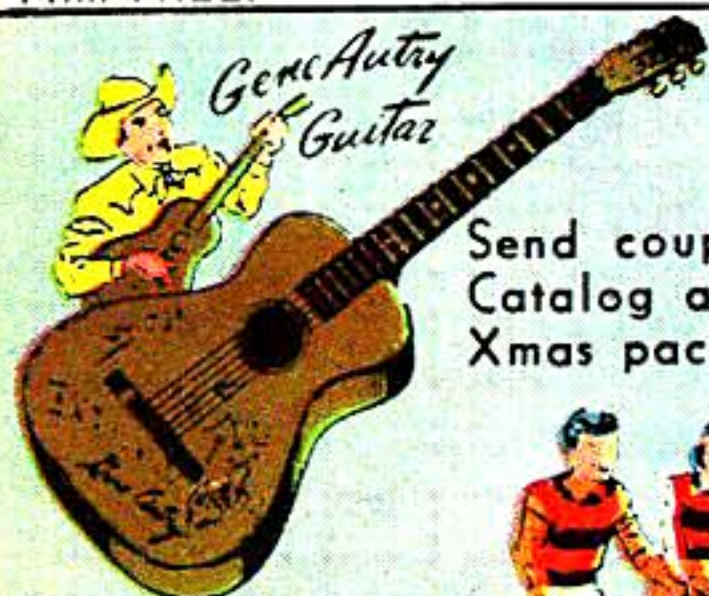
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SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

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**GENE AUTRY
GUITAR**

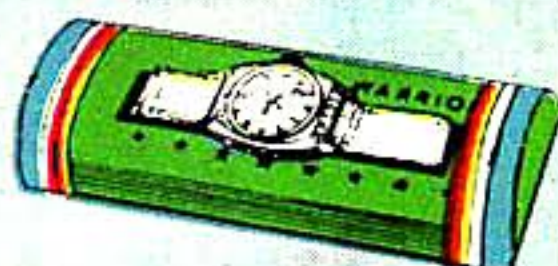
Full size, full tone,
decorated with
western scene and
Gene Autry's sig-
nature.

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Send coupon today for Prize
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Get a **STREAM-
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MILITARY WATCH for
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Fast-moving Army Train, with
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Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c
each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____